

T H E
Family Instructor.

IN THREE PARTS. $\frac{1}{6}$

I. Relating to FATHERS and CHILDREN.

II. TO MASTERS and SERVANTS.

III. TO HUSBANDS and WIVES.

V O L. I.

The FIFTEENTH EDITION, Corrected.



L O N D O N:

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Now Published,

A New FAMILY INSTRUCTOR;
in Familiar Discourses between a Father and
his Children, on the most Essential Points of the
CHRISTIAN RELIGION. In Two Parts. With a
POEM upon the Divine Nature of JESUS CHRIST,
in Blank Verse. By the Author of the FAMILY
INSTRUCTOR.



P R E F A C E.



THE first Edition of this Work was so ill printed, and by reason of the Author's Absence from the Press, was so incorrect, that it stood more than ordinarily in need of the Help of a good Introduction; yet it is hoped the Work has not dishonour'd the Reverend Person, who did it the Favour to give it the first Recommendation.

The Usefulness of the Subject, and the Honesty of the Design, has prevailed to give it a good Reception in the World: And notwithstanding the casual Imperfections of the first Part, some good Men have been pleased to accept the Performance, to usher it into the World much to its Advantage, and to recommend it as well from the Pulpit as from the Press.

The unworthy Author earnestly desired, and to his utmost endeavour'd to be for ever concealed; not that he was ashamed of the Work, or sees any Reason yet to be so; professing to have a firm Belief, that he was not without a more than ordinary Presence and

Assistance of the divine Spirit in the Performance. But being fully satisfied with the Prospect of doing good by it, he desired that his Praise might not be of Men, but of God.

To this End he took such Measures at first for effectually preserving the Secret, and for his intire remaining in the Obscurity he desired, that for some Time after the Publication, he continued unguess'd at, and he flatter'd himself for a while, that the Author would be no farther enquired into: But Satan hinder'd.

The Success of the Work, and the many Testimonies given to the good Effect it has had in Families, notwithstanding their Knowledge of the Author, has fully deliver'd him from the Discouragement he was under on that Occasion; and this alone prevailed with him for a second Edition, which he had for some Time resolv'd against. It was not without Reason that he had great Apprehensions, lest some Men suffering their Prejudices to prevail even over their Zeal for publick Good, might be tempted to lay the Imperfections of the Author of this Book, as a Stumbling-block in the Way of those who might otherwise receive Benefit by it, and so the good Effects of his Labour might be in part obstructed.

But

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But God, who as before, he firmly believes, directed his Hand in the Work, has given his visible Blessing to it; and has thereby from Heaven own'd the Author, to his inexpressible Satisfaction and Joy. To his Name be all the Praise!

AFTER THIS, let who will reject him or his Book, it is not possible to give him the least Disturbance.

AFTER THIS, if any Man will rob himself, or any one else, of the Good this Work might otherwise do, at his Door be the Sin.

The present Edition is more carefully corrected, and the Errors of the Press are so few, and of so small Consequence, that an ordinary Judgment will correct them in the reading.

The Author in revising it, has made no Additions, thinking his first Design fully exhausted, and also esteeming it injurious to those, who have bought the first, to let future Editions vary so much from it, as to make them think their Money lost, and to oblige them to buy it over again.

Some few Things are omitted indeed, but not considerable, and those principally in the Notes; from the meer Sense the Author had of the Comments being less beautiful than the

Text; and that others are able to make better Annotations than himself.

The whole Work being designed both to divert and instruct, the Author has endeavour'd to adapt it as much as possible to both those Uses, from whence some have called it A Religious Play.

It would more have answered that Title, had the Author's first Design been pursued, which was to have made it a Dramatick Poem: But the Subject was too solemn, and the Text too copious, to suffer the Restraint on one hand, or the Excursions on the other, which the Decoration of a Poem would have made necessary. 10 JA 60

As to its being called a Play, be it called so if they please; it must be confess'd, some Parts of it are too much acted in many Families among us: The Author wishes, that either all our Plays were as useful for the Improvement and Entertainment of the World, or that they were less encouraged.

The same Reason which obliged the Author to conceal his Name at the first Publication, prevails with him to forbear it now; so that tho' he neither declines owning the Work, or being known by his Name, yet referring it to Providence, he leaves the Discovery to go no farther than others think fit to carry it.



THE
Family Instructor.

PART I.

The INTRODUCTION *to the*
FIRST PART.

CATECHISING of Children, and instructing them in the Principles of the Christian Religion, has been a Practice in the Church, as ancient as Religion itself; and besides, the Nature of the Thing which requires it, was deduc'd from that strict Injunction laid upon the Children of *Israel*, Deut. vi. 7. *And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy Children, speaking of the Laws and Statutes which God then commanded Moses.* And again, Deut.

Deut. iv. 9. But teach them to thy Sons, and thy Sons Sons.

It is not the Design of this Undertaking to give a List of Authorities in Scripture for catechising and instructing of Children, or the Commendations and Testimonies given there, to those that did instruct their Children in the Knowledge and Practice of Religion: That eminent Text is sufficient to this, being the blessed Character given to *Abraham* from God himself, *I know Abraham*, says the Lord, *Gen. xviii. 19. that he will command his Children and his Household after him, &c.*

But we live in an Age that does not want so much to know their Duty *as to practise it*; not so much *to be taught*, as to be made obedient to what they have *already learnt*; and therefore I shall take up no Time in proving this Matter to be a Duty: There's hardly a Wretch so harden'd, but will readily acknowledge it.

But we are, I say, arrived at a Time in which Men will frankly own a thing to be their Duty, which *at the same Time* they dare omit the Practice of; and innumerable Arts, Shifts, and Turns they find out to make that Omission easy to themselves, and excusable to others.

One Part of this Work is pointed *at such*; if possible, to make 'em blush at their unaccountable Rashness, and to shame them out of such a sordid inconsistent Course, as that of living in the allow'd Omission of what they acknowledge to be their Duty.

The Way I have taken for this, is *intirely new*, and at first *perhaps* it may appear something *odd*, and the Method may be contemned; but let such blame their own more irregular Tempers, that must have every thing turn'd into new Models; must be touch'd with *Novelty*, and have their Fancies humour'd *with the Dress* of a Thing; so that if it be what has been said
over.

over and over a thousand times, yet if it has but a different colour'd Coat, or a new Feather in its Cap, it pleases and wins upon them; whereas the same Truths written in the divinest Stile in the World, would be flat, stale, and unpleasant without it.

If then, after all the Pains which have been taken by ministerial Labour and Instruction, and by the pressing Exhortations and moving Arguments of eminent Divines, even of all Opinions, in their Writings on this Subject, this mean and familiar Method should, by its Novelty, prevail, this will be a happy Undertaking, and at the same time be no Reproach at all to the Labours of others.

In the Pursuit of this Book, Care is taken to avoid Distinction of Opinions, as to the Church of *England* or *Dissenter*, and no Offence can be taken here either on the one Side or the other; as I hope *both* are Christians, so *both* are treated here as such, and the Advice is impartially directed to *both* without the least Distinction.

If those who call themselves Christians and Protestants, will not instruct their Children and Servants, here they will find their Children and Servants instructing them, and reprovng them too; and both they and their Children may here meet with Instructions together.

The Father represented here, appears knowing enough, but seems to be one of those professing Christians who acknowledging God in their Mouths, yet take no effectual Care to honour him with their Practice; that live in a Round of Religion, as a Thing of course; have not the Power of Godliness, nor much of the Form, a kind of a Negative Christian, a *God I thank thee, Pharisee*, sound in Knowledge, but negligent in Conversation; orthodox in Opinion, but heterodox in Practice; and that I have found out such a Person, is to signify, that let him be where he will,

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and who he will, this Work is calculated to reprove and admonish him.

The Mother here represented, is likewise a formal loose-living Christian, a Protestant Professor of Religion, without the Practice of it, *but yet* she is a *Professor*, one that knows how to talk of Religion, and makes a show to belong to it; but—alas for the rest! the Consequence will appear in the Book; in which I doubt a great many may see their own Pictures drawn: May the Sight of it have the same healing, convincing Efficacy, as appears upon the Persons here, whose Story is therefore brought for an Example to them.

May they see it *and blush*; like the Father here mentioned: Like him may they *be asham'd of their Likeness*: May they see it, *and like him effectually reform the dreadful Practice*: This would compleatly answer the End and Design of the Author of this Book, and rejoice the Hearts of all serious Christians in the Nation.

The Child, who is here made the Inquirer, has *no Questions* put into his Mouth but what are natural and rational; consistent with Principle, and as near as could be are such as are proper even to a Child; none but what the Author wishes every Body would put seriously to themselves, as often as they look about them in the World, and none but what even a Child is capable to enquire into. The Author has endeavour'd to produce the Questions with an *Air of meer Nature*, Innocence and Childhood; yet such as being naturally adapted to the general State of Things, may be apposite and direct: Such as being the meer Product of the most common Reasonings, and even of the Understandings of Children, a Child's Understanding may justly be supposed to have proposed them.

Though much of the Story is historical, and might be made appear to be true in fact, yet the Author,

resolving not to give the least Hint that should lead to Persons, has been obliged to leave it uncertain to the Reader, whether it be a History or a Parable; believing it may be either way adapted to the sincere Design: Which is (1.) to reprove those Parents who neglect the Instruction of their Children: And (2.) to direct young Persons in their first Reflections, guiding them to enquire about themselves, their *Original*, their *State*, their *Progress* in this World, the Reason of their *being born into it*, their *passing out of it*, and *which is the main Cogitation*, their Condition *beyond it*.

The Method is *new*, as is said above, but perhaps may be the more pleasing: Any Thing, or any Method, if we may but bring the main End to pass (*viz.*) to bring Young and Old to set earnestly and heartily about the great Work of serving, glorifying, and obeying the God that made them.

The Child is supposed to be come up to such Years as to be thinking and inquiring; suppose about five or six Years old; and as Nature is always prompting the Soul to be searching after something, which it did not know before, so that inquisitive Temper is in *some* sedater than in others; however, our little Child asks but very little of his Father, but what a Child at that Age may be very capable of asking.

The Scene of this little Action is not laid very remote, or the Circumstance obscure; the Father, walking in a Field behind his Garden, finds one of his Children wandering out, all alone, under a Row or Walk of Trees, sitting upon a little rising Ground, by itself, looking about, and mighty busy, pointing this way, and that way; sometimes *up*, and sometimes *down*, and sometimes *to itself*; so that the Father coming unpereiv'd, pretty near, found the little Creature very busy about something he could not tell what; when the Father, after much Observation,

tion, and some Surprize, discovering himself, asks the Child, *What he was doing?* and so sits down by him; which Question begins

T H E F I R S T D I A L O G U E.

I Was looking up there, *says the Child*, pointing up in the Air.

Fa. Well, and what did you point *thither* for, and then point *to the Ground*, and then to yourself afterward, what was that about?

Child. I was *wondring*, Father.

Fa. At *what*, my Dear?

Child. I was wondring what Place that is.

Fa. That is the *Air*, the *Sky*.

Child. And what is beyond that, Father?

Fa. Beyond! my *Dear*, why above it all *there is Heaven*.

Child. Who lives there, Father? My Nurse talks of Heaven sometimes, and says GOD is in Heaven. *Is that the Place up there?*

Fa. Yes, my *Dear*.

Child. Why *Father*, does God dwell there? Sure it is a fine Place; how do we know that he dwells there? Have you been there *Father*?

Fa. No, my *Dear*, but we know it two ways. (1.) The Scriptures tell us Heaven is his Throne, that he has spoken from Heaven, and has been seen come down from Heaven, and the *Son of God* was seen to ascend into Heaven: Besides, (2.) *Child*, he made Heaven for his eternal Habitation, and the making of, and preserving all Things, is a Token of his Being, and of his being GOD.

Child. But, dear *Father*, my Nurse tells me that God *made me too*, and that was it I was pointing to myself about;

about; if God made me, how did I come from thence hither, *Father*? I was a wondring, for 'tis a huge way.

Fa. Child, GOD made you by the Course of Nature; having made the whole World at first, and all the Things therein, he gave a Command, and with that Command, gave a Power to Nature to grow and increase; by virtue of that Command, every Thing increases, and every Creature is produced by its own Kind; but at first all was made by *his infinite Power*, who made the whole World.

Child. Why, *Father*, did God make all those Creatures we see about us, this Grass, and the Trees, and these Cows and Horses, and the Dogs and Cats, and every thing?

Fa. Yes, my Dear; He made *Heaven and Earth, and the Sea, and all that in them is*, as you read in your Commandments, *Child*.

Child. And what a Creature am I *Father*? I an't like them; I can speak; they can't speak, *Father*.

Fa. No Child, You are not like them; GOD has made you a rational Creature, and given you a SOUL.

Child. A Soul, *Father*! *WHAT IS THAT?*

Fa. It is a Part of his own Image stamp'd upon you, and the Breath of an invisible Power, by which you can think of Things to come, and remember Things past; reflect, argue, and know both yourself, and him that made you.

Child. Why, dear *Father*! cannot the Horses and Cows do so too?

Fa. No, *Child*, not at all.

Child. Why, has he made me a better Creature than they?

Fa. Yes, he has; and has given them to you for Food and Service. Don't you see that we eat them, ride upon them, and the like.

Child. I am glad I am made a better Creature than they, I'd thank him for it *if I knew how*; should I not do so, *Father*?

Fa.

Fa. Indeed you should, Child.

Child. But you never told me so before, *Father*, as I remember.

Fa. Not so often as I should have done, Child, but remember it now, my Dear. [*And kisses him.*]

Child. So I will.—But how must I thank him for it, *Father*?

Fa. You must pray to him to bless you, Child, and then give Thanks to him for your Creation and Preservation.

Child. Do you do so, *Father*?

Fa. Yes, Child.

Child. O, ho; because I never heard you do so, *Father*.

Fa. Well, but you have been taught.

Child. Yes, my Mother and my Nurse taught me to say my Prayers; but I don't see a Word there that thanks God for making me a Boy, and not a Horse or a Cow, or giving me a Soul, *Father*.

Fa. But it is included, *Child*, when in the Beginning of your Prayers you say, *Our Father*,—for God is a Father in giving you a Soul, as well as a Creator in making your Body.

Child. But may I not say so in my Prayers then?

Fa. Yes Child, if you were taught.

Child. Indeed I can say that without teaching; sure I can thank God for giving me a Soul, and making me better than the Horses and the Cows, without my Nurse. I wish I had known it sooner, *Father*; won't God be angry that I never thank'd him for it yet?

Fa. I hope not *Child*, since you did not know it.

Child. Dear *Father*, won't God be angry with you that you never told me before?

Fa. Indeed he has Reason.

Child. Dear *Father*, why did you not tell me?

[*Here the Child cries, and the Father blush'd, or at least ought to have done so.*]

Fa. Well, *Child*, do not cry, come take care you thank God for it, now you do know it. *Child.*

Child. Indeed I'll thank him for it, for my Heart jumps within me, to think he has made me better than other Creatures.

Fa. My dear Child ! *[The Father is moved with the Child's Expression, and kisses him.]*

Child. But, dear Father, if God should be angry with me for not thanking him, will he not take this Soul away again, and turn me into a Horse or a Cow?

Fa. No, Child ; God does not punish that Way : It is true, God may take away the Use of it, take away the Reason, or the Speech, or the Senses, and leave you in some kind, worse than if you had no Soul at all ; he may do all these things and more.

Child. Then should not I, when I say my Prayers, remember to pray that God would not be angry that I never thank'd him for it before.

Fa. Your Nurse will teach you to do so.

Child. Indeed, Father, I'll do that, *whether my Nurse teaches me or no* ; sure if God made me, I may pray to him not to be angry with me : If you was angry with me, Father, I don't want my Nurse to teach me to come and say, *My dear Father, do not be angry.*— Besides, if God has made me so much better than other Things, *won't he teach me to thank him for it?*

Fa. I hope he will, Child.

Child. But, dear Father, wherefore has God made me better than other Creatures ? Had he not some Reason for doing so ?

Fa. No Reason, Child, on thy Side.

Child. But does not God expect then that I should do something that the Cows and Horses cannot do ; is there not something for me to do for it ?

Fa. Yes indeed there is, Child.

Child. What is that, Father ? For I have been wondering what my Business is in this World, as well as how I came hither ; what am I to do here ?

Fa. You are to live here to the Glory of him that made you.

Child.

Child. How's that, Father?

Fa. You must fear God, and keep his Commandments.

Child. What the ten Commandments, Father?

Fa. Yes, my Dear.

Child. Truly, if God has made me, and made me better than the rest of his Creatures, and can take away from me, as you said, Father, all that he has given me, and make me worse than the Cows and the Horses; sure I should do what he commands me.

Fa. That's true, Child.

Child. But mayn't I do more than that, mayn't I love him too, Father; for sure he loves me, or else he would not have made me so, and given me all this?

Fa. Yes, Child, you must love him too.

Child. But, Father, that is not in my Commandments; won't God be angry with me if I should love him?

Fa. No, Child, to obey God, and to fear God, is to love God; for to fear him as your Father, and to serve him as your Father, is to fear him and serve him as a Child, and that is, to love him.——Don't you love me, my Dear?

Child. Yes, dear Father.

Fa. Why do you do what I bid you; and why do you cry when I am angry with you?

Child. Because I love you, dear Father.

Fa. So if you fear God, and serve God, as your Father, and as his Child, that is, loving him; for they that love him keep his Commandments.

Child. Indeed I think it need not be put into my Commandments; for sure when we know what he has done for us, to make us Souls, and not make us like the Horses and Cows, we must needs love him.——Don't you love him, Father?

Fa. Yes, my Dear.

Child. And do not every body else love him, Father?

Fa. No, Child, a great many wicked Children, and wicked People don't love him.

Child.

Child. And has he given them Souls too, *Father*, and made them better than the Beasts, as he has done for me?

Fa. Yes, *Child*.

Child. But *sure* they do not know it then!

Fa. They do not think of it, *as thou dost*, my Dear.

Child. 'Tmay be, their *Fathers* and *Mothers* never told them of it, *Father*, as you do me now.

Fa. They don't *so much* as they should, nor *so soon* as they should.

Child. I wish you had told me of it sooner, *Father*.

Fa. I hope 'tis not *too late now*, *Child*.

Child. But *Father*, if those wicked Children do not love God, nor thank God, for giving them Souls, and making them better Creatures than the Horses and Cows, is not God angry with them for it?

Fa. Yes, my Dear, God is very angry with them.

Child. But why does he not take away their Souls again, and turn them into Horses and Cows, or take away the Use of their Reason, and leave them worse than the Beasts, as you said he could do, *Father*? Sure God is not angry with them at all.

Fa. Yes, my Dear, God is angry with them for all that; but he lets them *go on*, sometimes till they amend and repent, and turn to God again, and then he forgives them; *other times* he lets them run on, and grow worse, and punishes them for all together at last.

Child. That's a sad thing, *Father*; sure God is very angry when he lets them go on, and takes no Care of them, *Father* is n't he?

Fa. Yes, indeed; it is a Sign of the severest Anger, when he lets them go on and does not punish them *till last*, for 'tis a Signal that he has no Thought of Mercy in store for them.

Child. And when God leaves them so, are they not sorry for it, *Father*?

Fa. No, no, they always grow worse and worse, till they grow meer Reprobates, and hardened against him that made them.

Child.

Child. They are sad Folks indeed ; but Father, does not God destroy them at last ?

Fa. He does *worse*, Child ; he punishes them everlastingly in Hell.

Child. Dear Father, don't let me make God angry with me as they do : Won't you tell me what I must do to save me from God's being angry ?

Fa. Yes, *I will*, Child.

Child. But you never did yet, Father, I am afraid he is angry with me already ; for I am almost six Years old, and never thank'd him, nor loved him, nor feared him, nor nothing, Father ; he has let me alone, and has let me *go on*, just as you say he does the wicked Folks ; I am sure he must be angry with me, and he will punish me everlastingly, *in Hell*, as you said, Father. *O what must I do !*

[*Here Conviction works in the Child, the Child weeps.*]

Fa. Why, Child, did you not do all this ?

Child. Dear Father, I never knew *what God was*, or what he had done for me ; you never told me a Word of him *in all my Life till now !* I never heard you pray to him *in all my Life !* I know nothing of him ; how should I, Father ?

Fa. But Child, your Nurse, and your Mother taught you that *God made you*.

Child. Yes, but they never told me *what God was*, and what *he had done* for me, and what *I was to do again*—I thought nothing not I, Father ! I lived just as I *saw you live*, Father ! I never pray'd to God in all my Life, Father.

Fa. Why, Child, did not your Mother teach you to say your Prayers every Night and Morning ?

Child. Yes, Father, I said the Prayers over, but I never thought a Word what they meant ; I only said them by rote, sure God does not take notice of that, *does he*, Father ? If he does, *our Parrot can pray* as well as I.

Fa.

Fa. True, Child; God requires the Heart, and regards no Prayers but what the Heart joins in.

Child. You say, *I may pray to God for what I want, and I may thank him for making me, and for making me better than the Horses and Cows.*

Fa. Yes, I do say so.

Child. But, Father, am I to do nothing else? Did God make me for nothing? Have I no other Business now I am made? What do other Folks do that are made as I am?

Fa. Yes, Child, you are made *to serve him*—— You know your *Catechise*.

Child. What's that, the Questions and Answers, my Nurse taught me?

Fa. Yes, the Questions and Answers. There you are told, your Business here is to serve God.

Child. Dear Father, did God make me to serve him?

Fa. Yes, Child, he made you to serve him.

Child. And do you serve him, Father?—What is it to serve him? How must I do it? I would fain serve him; because he has made me, and made me better than the Horses and Cows.

[*Here the Father weeps, and speaking to himself with a Sigh says, Lord! how this Child is made to sting my Soul to the Quick. God knows! I have neither served him, nor taught this dear little Creature to do it as I should have done!*

The Father was so struck with the Child's Question, *viz. Do you serve him, Father?* that he gives no present Answer, and the little inquisitive Creature goes on again.

Child. Dear Father, may not I be taught how to serve God?

Fa. Yes, my Dear, says the Father.

Child. Will you teach me, Father?

Fa. Yes, Child.

Child.

Child. Why, you never did yet, Father; may be I ben't big enough yet; when shall I be big enough, Father, when I am a Man?

Fa. You may learn to *serve God*, though you are a Child.

Child. Does my Brother know how to serve God, Father, *he is a great Boy*, and I never saw you teach him——Can you teach me, Father?

Fa. *God will teach you himself*, Child.

Child. God teach me himself! *How can that be?*

Fa. He has many Ways of teaching, *Child*, viz. by his Word, his Ministers, and his Spirit.

Child. What are they, Father? You said just now *you would teach me*.

Fa. I may teach you too, Child; but the Word of God is given to teach you, Ministers are sent to instruct by that Word, and Parents are Ministers of God to instruct their Families and Children, and the Spirit of God is given to seal the Instruction, and make it effectual.

Child. Do the Fathers teach their Children?

Fa. Yes, 'tis their Duty to do so.

Child. And be they Ministers to their Families?

Fa. So far as to instruct and teach their Children *they are*, my Dear.

Child. And when will you be a Minister, Father, that I may be instructed how to serve God?

Fa. My Dear, I am so much a Minister at any time.

Child. I wonder!

Fa. What do you wonder at, *my Dear?*

Child. Dear Father, you say the Fathers are to teach their Children, and are Ministers to their Families, and you are a Minister, and yet *I was never taught*; I wonder what all this is, for I have never been taught any thing but to play, and sing the Songs my Nurse teaches me, and read in my Sister's Song-book.

Fa. Well, *my Dear*, you shall not want teaching.

Child. Will you teach me to serve God, Father?

Fa. Yes, *my Dear*.

Child.

Child. I am glad of it, I would fain serve God, Father, for I * love him already, *dearly.*

[* *Conviction of Sin thus working up to a Love to God, a Fear of God, and a Desire of serving God, which is Holiness, may be very well allowed here to be an Appearance of converting Grace in the Heart of a little one.*

[The Father takes notice of it as such.

Fa. That is a true Principle to begin to serve God from, *my Dear* ; for God accepts no Fear but what is founded in *our Love* to him ; pray then, *my Dear*, that he will increase your Love to him, that you may serve him acceptably.

Child. But, dear Father, you say God dwells up there in Heaven, how can he hear *what I say* ? I can't speak loud enough to be heard so far ; and then, tho' God could hear me, how does he know when I speak as my Heart means ?

Fa. Yes, Child, God can hear and know, for he is infinite.

Child. What's that, Father ?

Fa. Why, Child, it takes in all the Attributes of God.

Child. I don't know them hard Words, Father ; pray who is God, and what is he ? Can't you tell me Father, so as I may understand it ?

Fa. It is very hard to give a Description of God to thy Understanding, *my Dear.*

Child. And that is the Reason you never said any thing of him to me, Father, is it not ? Must not I know who God is *till I am a Man*, Father ?

Fa. Yes, Child, the Scripture says, *Remember thy Creator in the Days of thy Youth.*

Child. But, dear Father, how shall I remember him ? I never heard any thing of him, you never told me a Word of him yet, *may be I an't a Youth yet* ; I long to be a Youth, Father, then you'll tell me who God is, that I may remember him, Father, won't you ?

Fa.

Fa. Dear Child! You ought to have been told who God is before now; *indeed I have neglected to instruct thee as I ought to have done*, but I'll tell thee now, *my Dear*.

Child. Is n't it too late, Father? O why would you neglect it, Father! Was you angry with me, and would not instruct me, Father? What if God should let me *go on now*, and punish me everlastingly, as you said. I wish you had not neglected it, Father.

Fa. No, Child; it is not *too late*, as you shall know by and by.

Child. Tell me then, Father, what is God! I should fain know God; can't I see him; to be sure I should know him if I could see him.

Fa. No, Child, you cannot see him, *no mortal Eye hath seen God at any Time*.

Child. How shall I know then what he is?

Fa. You must know God by the Scriptures, by reading, and by meditating on the Revelation he has given of himself there; you must read of him in your Bible.

Child. But, Father, I can't know him by reading my Book; I have read my Book often, but I know nothing about God; can't you tell me what God is, Father?

Fa. No Words can express his Being, or describe him.

Child. How shall I know then by reading, Father?

Fa. I mean, Child, no Words can express it *fully*; but the Spirit of God expounds the Word of God to us, and by that Spirit he teaches us the Knowledge of himself.

Child. But you can tell me something of him, Father; you say he dwells up there; what is he like, Father?

Fa. God is ONE, infinite, eternal, incomprehensible, invisible BEING, the first Cause of all Things; the Giver of Life and Being to all Things; existing prior, and therefore superior to all Things; infinitely perfect, great, holy, just, wise, and good.

Child.

Child. These are all hard Words; Father, how shall I understand them: What do you mean by that Word INFINITE, for I see you put that in among the rest over and over?

Fa. Why, Child, INFINITE is a Word to signify something beyond all that is known, and can only be described in *Thought*; and those Thoughts only describe it by acknowledging that they cannot describe it: but thus much you may understand by it:

That God was *before* all Things, and shall continue *after* them; that he had Power to *make* all Things, and the same Power *preserves* and *maintains* all Things, and at last will put all Things to an End: Of the Particulars *you may understand thus*; that he is infinitely *great*, signifies that he has made thee, *my Dear*, and all the People in the World; that he is infinitely *wise*, signifies that he knows every Thought in the Heart, and that implies that he hears every Word that is spoken, and sees every Action that is done, though never so secret; that he is infinitely *holy* and *just*, signifies that he hates all that is Evil, and will punish it; that he is infinitely *good*, signifies that he loves every good Action, and will reward it; that he is infinitely *powerful*, signifies that all other Powers move and act by him; *for by him we live, and move, and have our Being.* Dost thou know him, Child, by this Description?

Child. I am wondring! Father! I don't say I know, *but I wonder!* I am afraid! I tremble! Father, sure God is very dreadful!

Fa. He is so, Child.

Child. Does he never speak, Father? can't I hear him speak?

Fa. His Voice is terrible, and he is a consuming Fire; thou can'st not hear him speak, *my Dear.*

Child. My Nurse said, Father, that *when it thunder'd*, it was God spoke; what is the Thunder and Lightning, Father, *is that God?*

Fa.

Fa. No, my Dear ; it is the Work of God, *as all the rest of the Creation is his Work*, but no other wise ; The Voice of God is compar'd to Thunder indeed, but God speaks to us in another kind of Voice *than that*.

Child. What Voice is that, Father ?

Fa. The Voice of *the Gospel*, and the Voice of his *Creatures*.

Child. What is that, Father ? I never heard it ; may I hear that Voice ? I would fain hear God speak, Father, for I would do what he bids me, and never make him angry.

Fa. The *Gospel* is the Word of God, the Message of Life sent from Heaven, revealed in the Scriptures, and preached by his Servants the Ministers ; this is the Voice I mean, Child.

Child. I don't understand it, Father.

Fa. *Why*, the Bible is the Word of God, it was dictated by the Inspiration of the Spirit of God ; when you read the Bible, you are to believe that God speaks to you in the Words you read ; *this is his Voice*.

Child. *Why*, does God speak to me when I read my Book, Father ?

Fa. Yes, my Dear.

Child. But then, what if I do not understand it, then it is nothing to me ; how shall I do to know what I read ?

Fa. You should be taught, my Dear.

Child. Who should teach me ; won't God make me understand what he says when I read my Book ?

Fa. Indeed I should have taught thee, my Dear, that is true.

[The Lord pardon me, I have too much neglected it, says the Father aside, and turning away his Head, cannot refrain Tears.]

Child. Dear Father, tell me, what does my Book say ? What shall I learn there of God ?

Fa. You will learn that God is *from the Beginning*, and *to the End*, *from Everlasting to Everlasting* ; has *created all Things*, and *knows all Things*.

Child.

Child. Knows all things! that's strange, Father, does God know all things?

Fath. Yes, my Dear.

Child. If God knows all things, he knows how old I am, and that all this while I *never* thought of him, nor served him, and *never* knew any thing of him till now; and he knows, Father, you *never* told me any thing of him before now; sure he is very angry, and will punish me, what must I do?

[*Here the Child weeps again.*]

Fath. But God is merciful too, Child.

Child. What is that, Father?

Fath. Why, to those that repent of their Sins past, and reform their Lives, he is merciful; that is, upon their Repentance he forgives them, for the Sake of *Jesus Christ*, and is reconciled to them as though they had not sinned against him.

Child. *Jesus Christ*! Father, who is that?

Fath. He is God.

Child. Why, Father, you said God was one first Being; is there more Gods than one, is there two Firsts? My Commandments say there is but one God.

Fath. No, Child, there is but one God, yet *Jesus Christ* is essentially God, tho' in a second Person; he is God co-equal, co-eternal; that is, the same in Being, Nature, and Attributes. God manifested in the Flesh, sent from Heaven to redeem a lost World.

Child. I don't understand a Word of all that, Father, what does it mean?

Fath. Why, Child, you are to understand, that when the first Man and Woman in the World were created, God having made a Covenant, or Agreement, of Holiness and Life with them, and in them, with all that should be born of them, they broke that Covenant, and so involv'd all their Posterity in their Guilt, the Punishment of which was eternal Death. But God, who, as I told you, Child, was infinitely good, though provok'd utterly to destroy the whole Race for

that Sin, and being under the Engagement of that Covenant to do it, yet in the mere Operation of his own Goodness determin'd to recover sinful Men from the Gulph of Death: To make this adequate or suitable to his own infinite Justice and Holiness, he incarnated, by a miraculous Birth, the divine Nature into the human, and caus'd this blessed Conjunction to appear in the World in the Likeness of sinful Flesh; so being infinite God on the one hand, and Man on the other, he became capable of being a compleat Sacrifice for the Satisfaction of God's Justice; and afterwards suffering the divine Wrath, made Peace for us, *by the Blood of his Cross*, was crucified, dead, and buried, as you say in your Creed, rose again, is ascended into Heaven, sits at the Right-hand of Power, and shall come again to judge us all: And this, Child, is call'd our Saviour, the Son of God, and is, indeed, God himself.

Ch. I don't know how to understand all this, Father.

Fath. You must understand it gradually, *my Dear*, a little at a time: You can understand *this*, That we are all under a Sentence of Death for the first Man's Sin. *By one Man Sin enter'd into the World, and Death by Sin*, Rom. v. 12.

Child. That is a strange thing, Father: What are we all condemn'd to suffer for that Man's Transgression?

Fath. The Scripture is plain in it, *By the Offence of one, Judgment came upon all Men to Condemnation*, Rom. v. 18.

Child. But, Father, you said just now, God would be reconciled to me if I repented, and was sorry for my Sins.

Fath. Yes, Child, I did so.

Child. But how can that be, when you say I shall be condemn'd for another Man's Transgression?

Fath. It is very plain that the Effect of that first Man's Sin is a corrupt Taint which we all bring into the World with us; and which we find upon our Nature, by which we find a natural Propensity in us

to do Evil, and no natural Inclination to do Good; and this we are to mourn over, and lament, as the Fountain of Sin, from whence all our wicked Actions do proceed, and this is call'd *indwelling Sin*.

Child. Have I this in me, Father?

Fath. Yes, Child: Did you not say, how should you do this or that, for you were not taught? You can be a naughty Boy without teaching, *to sin is natural!* but you must be instructed and labour'd with to be a good Child. *To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I know not. In me, that is, in my Flesh, dwelleth no good thing, Rom. vii. 18.*

Child. What will become of me then, Father, if I was wicked when I was born?

Fath. This, my Dear, is that which I named *Jesus Christ* for.

Child. Why, what will he do for me?

Fath. He will deliver thee from this Body of Death. *Who shall deliver me from the Body of this Death? I thank God through (or, for) Jesus Christ our Lord, Rom. vii. 24, 25.*

Child. How can he do this?

Fath. He has deliver'd us from the Curse of the Law, by being made a Curse for us; and whereas we are not able to perform any thing, he hath fulfilled all Righteousness for us, if we believe in him, for being justified by Faith, we have Peace with God; and so, as by the Disobedience of one Man many were made Sinners, so by the Obedience of one, Christ, shall many be made Righteous, Rom. v. 19.

Child. But, Father, will *Jesus Christ* answer for me for that first Transgression, and take away the Sentence you say I was under? For if he does not, I am undone, to be sure I can't do it myself.

Fath. Yes, my Dear, the Blood of Christ cleanseth from all Sin, as well of Nature as of Life; and there is now no Condemnation to them which are in Christ *Jesus*, Rom. viii. 1.

Child. And now we are all sav'd again by this new Saviour's Satisfaction, an't we, Father?

Fath. No, Child, not all! we cannot say all are saved, but all those who are saved, are so saved (*viz.*) by the Satisfaction of the blessed Redeemer being chosen from Eternity by the meer Grace and Good-will of God, to whom, after they come into the World, God of the same Grace gives Repentance and Faith, sanctifies and justifies them, and then accepts them for the Sake of the Saviour of the World.

Child. So there is none saved but such as God has chosen again out of the rest.

Fath. We have no warrant to say any other are saved, and yet we dare not say who shall be saved.

Child. But who are they then that are chosen, Father, don't you know their Names.

Fath. No, Child, God has left that uncertain to us.

Child. But, dear Father, I would fain know if my Name be among them; for what will become of me, if I should not be one of them?

Fath. I hope thou art, Child; God has not let us know who are shut out, but by their shutting out themselves.

Child. But is there no way to know, Father?

Fath. Why, Child, it may be presumptively known by this, that since to all that God has thus chosen, he by his Spirit gives Faith and Repentance, Sanctification in Heart, and Justification of Person: Whoever the Spirit of God worketh this Faith and Repentance in, have a very good Assurance that they are in that Number, *The Spirit witnessing with their Spirit, that they are the Sons of God, Rom. viii. 16.*

Child. But how shall I know if I have Faith and Repentance? What are they, Father? I never heard of them in my Life, you never told me a word of them before.

Fath. REPENTANCE, Child, is a Sense of, and sincere Sorrow for Sin in all its Parts, as well original as actual; and this Sorrow must be always attended

tended with a sincere Desire of Pardon and Sanctification, and earnest Endeavours after Reformation and Amendment. And FAITH, Child, is a fiducial, filial Confidence in the Promises of God, and consequently in God himself; thereby humbly realizing and appropriating to ourselves the whole Purchase of the Death of Jesus Christ, with a relying upon his Merits, resting on him, and adhering to him for Life and Salvation.

Child. I shall never remember all this, Father; How did you come to remember it? Did your Father only tell it you, as you do me? Are there no Books to teach me? If not, won't you write it down for me, Father? You know I can read.

Fath. It is all written down already, Child, and you have it every Word in your Bible.

Child. I do remember something, Father, of Adam and Eve, were they the Folks that sinned first, Father?

Fath. Yes, Child; and han't you read of Jesus Christ?

Child. Yes, Father; but I do not understand a Word of him: No body ever taught me; besides, I have heard my Brother cry, O Jesus! and O Christ! at his Play, and Nurse chid him for it, and said, it was a naughty Word.

Fath. Your Brother is a naughty Boy, and should be whipt when he uses those Words.

Child. Who should whip him, Father? you don't.

Fath. But I shall if I hear him say so again.

Child. But why, Father? if Jesus Christ be God, how is it a naughty Word?

Fath. It is a naughty profane thing to name his Name on slight Occasions; that Name should only be named with Fear and Reverence, and on a serious Occasion, as we use it now, my Dear; your Commandments say, you must not take the Lord's Name in vain, that is, upon common Occasions; such as Passion, Play, Imprecation, profane Cursing, Swearing, and the like.

Child. But who is this Jesus Christ, Father? I have never heard any thing of him before, but only his Name.

Fath. He is GOD *manifested in the Flesh*, and the Son of God sent down from Heaven to die for Sinners, and to save us from eternal Death.

[Here the Child is silent, and Tears fall from its Eyes.]

Fath. Don't cry, my Dear, why dost' cry?

Child. I must cry, dear Father, there is something bids me cry! I cannot tell what you say at all, Father; but my heart beats, I am frightened; die for Sinners! Jesus Christ, God! God, and yet die! and die for Sinners! what is all this, am I a Sinner?

Fath. Yes, my Dear, all of us are Sinners.

Child. What, and did GOD die for me? Jesus Christ DIE for me!

[The Child trembles and cries; the Father weeps too, and kisses it, moved to see the Spirit of God visibly working in the Heart of the little Creature.]

Fath. Yes, my Dear, and will save thee, I hope, for he is thy Redeemer.

Child. Then God is not angry with me for my Fault in not knowing of him sooner?

Fath. No, my Dear, he is reconcil'd by Jesus Christ, who died to bring thee to God, to make Peace for thee by the Blood of his Cross, and procure Pardon for all thy Faults.

Child. How does he do it?

Fath. He gives Repentance and Remission! Have you not read in your Bible of Repentance, my Dear?

Child. I don't know, I believe I have, but no Body told me any thing what it is, and I do not remember, Father: Is all that in my Book too?

Fath. Yes, my Dear, I will shew it thee there, and explain it to thee, thou shalt not want teaching any longer, if thou wilt but learn.

Child. Indeed I'll learn it, Father, with all my Heart: Shall I know what God is, and what Jesus Christ is, if I learn my Book, Father?

Fath.

Fath. Yes, Child ; all that I have told thee, and a great deal more is there my Dear ; and you read the Bible, and there you will learn it all.

Child. Did you learn it there, Father ?

Fath. Yes, my Dear.

Child. But did your Father never show you where to find it, and tell you what it meant ? For I have read a deal in that Book, Father, but I never knew what it meant, and *you never shew'd it me*, Father ! You know it was not my fault, dear Father, was it ? You know I am but a Child.

Fath. That's true, Child, you will understand it better when you are a Man.

Child. But, Father, could not I understand it now, if I were shew'd ? I begin to understand a great deal of what you say, that I am born with a wicked Heart ; and that if I do not repent and believe in Christ, God, who is angry with all Sinners, will judge me at last, and punish me everlastingly ; and, Father, I understand now, *by what you said before*, that God has been very good to me, and has made me a better Creature than the Horses and the Cows, and given me a Soul, Father, and all this makes me love him ; and you say it is lawful for me to *love him*, and I am sorry I have not lov'd him before, and afraid he should be angry with me that I have not thanked him before, for what he did for me, and would ask him Forgiveness, *if I knew how* : Now, Father, you say this Faith and Repentance is to be learnt out of this Book, but should I not have some body to *teach me* the Meaning of it ? And may I not be taught the Meaning of it, Father, though I be not a Man ? What if I should die and *never be a Man* ; what will become of me then, Father ? Dear Father, won't you teach me the Meaning of this Book before I am a Man ?

Fath. Yes, Child, I will teach thee now, as far as I can, but you must read your Bible too, my Dear.

Child. What is this Book, Father, that I call my Bible? *Who made it?*

Fath. It is the Word of God, written by himself.

Child. What! did God print it for us himself, Father?

Fath. No, Child, God did not print it, or write it on the Paper, that is not the Case; it was first written by Holy Men of God, but it was dictated to them by the immediate Inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

Child. The *Holy Ghost*, Father, *What is that?*

Fath. Why that is God.

Child. Dear Father, you said first there was but *one* God, then you said *Jesus Christ* was God, now you say the *Holy Ghost* is God; are there three Gods? I remember my Commandment says, *Thou shalt have none other Gods but me.*

Fath. No, Child, there are not *three* Gods, God is but one infinite and undivided Being; but the *Godhead* is received and understood by us in three Persons, the *Father*, the *Son*, and the *Spirit*, and these three are *one* God the Maker and Judge of all.

Child. I wonder!

Fath. What do you wonder at, Child?

Child. When you speak of God, I can do nothing but wonder! I cannot think of God! He is a great Something from whom I am, and for whom I am, and to whom I am; but I can't tell what God is, *I wonder!*

Fath. He is incomprehensible, Child, *you cannot by searching find out God*: But in this Book, *the Bible*, you may learn enough to save you, and bring you to him.

Child. May I, Father? Then I'll get it all without Book.

Fath. It is not so much the getting the Words by Heart, Child; as getting *the Word of Life* wrought in your Heart.

Child. How is that Father?

Fath. Why, Child, to have the Spirit of God which wrote that Word, print it in your Mind, and give you Understanding both to read and obey it.

Child.

Child. And will he do that for me, Father? then I shall not want you to teach me: But how if he won't teach me, Father?

Fath. You must pray to God to open your Understanding, and give you the Teaching of his Spirit; for he has promised in his Word, *That he will give his Spirit to those that ask it.*

Child. Has he promis'd that? then I'll read the Bible every Day, shan't I, Father?

Fath. Yes, Child, by all means.

Child. And every time I open the Book, should I not pray for the Teaching of the Spirit to instruct me?

Fath. Yes, Child, and to guide and keep you in his Way.

Child. Why, can the Spirit do that too, Father?

Fath. Do that, Child, *the Spirit of God is God*, and therefore can do all things; but it is the peculiar Work of the Spirit in this Case; the Spirit is your Sanctifier; it is the Light of your Paths; it works Faith, and gives Repentance; it puts every good Thing into you, and works every good Work for you; it gives a saving Efficacy to every Ordinance; it brings you to Christ, to rely on him for Salvation, and he brings you to *God the Father*, whose Acceptance in Christ is your Life.

Child. And will this Spirit be had by praying to God for it?

Fath. Yes, Child, for you cannot pray to God in Faith without the Help of the Spirit; and when the Spirit works in you a Disposition to pray, it cannot but answer its own Image, and the Breathings of the Soul, which itself has created; for *the longing Soul shall be satisfy'd.*

Child. But, Father, you say the Spirit of God has given the Word, which you say is the Bible, for my teaching, and yet you say the Spirit teaches; What, do they both teach the same thing?

Fath. Child, the Bible is your Rule of Life: Tho' the Spirit is the secret Instructor, the Scripture is the Key of Instruction; there you are to learn how God is to be worshipped; how to order your Conversation aright; how to perform your Duty, and *what is it the Lord thy God requires of thee*: There you have an historical Account of the whole World, of its Creation, the Fall, the first Condemnation of it to a general Deluge, typical of the great Deluge of God's Wrath, which shall drown all ungodly Men for ever: There you have the History of God's Church, from Beginning to the Fulness of Time, and the fulfilling Old-Testament Types, and Old-Testament Promises: There you have the History of our Saviour, of his miraculous Conception and Birth, holy Life, wonderful Doctrine, stupendous Miracles, his Death, Passion, Resurrection, and glorious Ascension: There you have an Account of the first Mission of the *Holy Ghost*, and at last the whole Doctrine of the Gospel of Truth, founded upon the Redemption purchased by Christ: There you have the whole Mystery of Godliness unfolded; the great *Wonder of Wonders!* the Immortal to die! and the Eternal to begin! the great Destruction of Sin, the Condemnation of the Devil, and the Salvation of the World.

All this is to be seen in the Bible; which being *the Word of God*, you are to read it with Reverence, regard it with Faith, as the Word of God, and obey it, as your Rule.

Child. And to pray to the Spirit to help me to do so, *must I not, Father?* For you told me I could not believe or understand it without the Spirit to assist me.

Fath. That is true, Child.

Child. But, Father, are you sure that the Bible is the Word of God?

Fath. Yes, Child, very sure of it.

Child. And that the Spirit of God can only teach us to understand it?

Fath.

Fath. Yes, Child,

Child. Why don't the Ministers understand it, and teach Folks to understand it; what do they go to Church for?

Fath. The Ministers are call'd *Ministers of the Word*, that is, Expounders of the Scriptures; and the Preaching of the Gospel is one of the ordinary Means, as the Reading the Word is another, by which the blessed *Spirit of God* instructs the Hearts of his People, and turns 'em to himself; reading the Word written, *that is, the Bible*, and hearing the Word preached, that is, the Sermons preach'd by God's Ministers, are the *common* Methods appointed, by which the Knowledge of God is conveyed to us.

Child. Then I must go to Church and hear the Minister preach, as well as read the Bible?

Fath. Yes, Child.

Child. Why, Father, my Mother has carried me to Church a great many times, but I thought I was carried there only to show my new Coat, and *fine Hat*, I don't know what the Man said when I went.

Fath. But you are a naughty Boy then, you should have minded what he said, you were not carried there to shew your fine Cloaths.

Child. Why, Father, I thought so; for when it rain'd, and I could not wear my best Cloaths, my Mother would not let me go out; or when the Wind blow'd the Powder out of my Hair, my Mother would not let me go; and I heard you say, Father, last *Sunday*, that you could not go to Church, *because* the Barber had not brought your new Perriwig home; and *another Sunday*, for want of a Pair of Gloves you staid at home and play'd with me all *Sunday* long, or lay down on the Couch to sleep: I thought, Father, I had gone thither for nothing but to *show my fine Cloaths*.

Fath. No, Child, there is other Work to be done there.

Child.

Child. What, Father, to remember what fine Cloaths other Folks have on, *is not that it?* I know my Sisters go to Church, and they do nothing but look about them, to see how every Body is dressed, and when they come home, my Mother and they, *you know Father*, take up the whole Night in telling one another what every Body had on, and they do it so well, I wonder'd, Father; and I thought I'd try if I could do so too, but I could not remember half of it.

Fath. They might have been better employ'd, my Dear.

Child. What my Mother? Indeed, Father, I thought it had been all they went for; and I could not think any thing else, you know, *when my Mother did so too*; I'm sure my Mother would not have done so, if it had not been good; *for 'tis my dear Mother*, and I love her dearly, and I'm sure she would not do a naughty thing.

[*O see here the Mischief of evil Examples in Parents!*]

Fath. Well, Child, thou wilt know better in time; the Business of going to Church *is quite of another Nature*, it is to hear the Word of God expounded, and preach'd, and it is *hearing for thy Life*: It is a Duty in the Ministers to preach, they were first sent by our Saviour himself, who appointed Apostles and Prophets for the Work of the Ministry, and gave them their Errand in his Command, *Go preach the Gospel to every Creature*; and it is a Duty *in us* to hear, and to hear diligently, and not to forsake assembling ourselves together.

Child. Why, Father you seldom go yourself, it is only for little Boys to learn then, *is it?*

Fath. No, Child, it is every one's Duty to hear the Word preached, and to mix it with Faith in the Hearing.

Child. Then you'll let me go to Church, *won't you, Father?* For sometimes my Mother won't let me go to Church, if it be but a little ill Weather, and if a
little

little Wind does but blow; and if God requires me to go, and my Mother won't let me, *what must I do?* Won't God be angry with me for not going to hear his Word preached?

Fath. If your Mother won't let you go, then Child, it is none of your Fault.

Child. But will not God be angry with my Mother, dear Father, for not letting me go, *that is all one?*

Fath. Well, Child, be not troubled at that, thou shalt go to Church every Day, and not be hinder'd.

Come, my Dear, thou wilt catch cold to be so long out, let us go in to your Mother.

THE Father, as may be well imagined, warm'd with the various Thoughts that occur'd to him upon this surprising Discourse, was willing to get the Child away, that he might give Vent to his own Mind; and, bringing the Child in, *walks out* again till he was gotten to a Retirement, and then breaks out in a most passionate Manner upon himself, giving full Vent to his Convictions in such a Manner as this:

“ What an ungrateful Creature have I been to the
 “ Goodness and Bounty of God! That Goodness and
 “ Bounty which has given me so much Advantage,
 “ and so many Ways to glorify him, and honour
 “ him in the World, to whom I owe my Life, my
 “ Being and *Well-being* in the World! And how has
 “ God reprov'd me in this little dear Creature?

“ *Wretch that I am!* how have I liv'd, *as without*
 “ *God in the World!* and in my Family! that I have
 “ not so much as told my Children *who made them,*
 “ or let them know or guess by my Behaviour that
 “ there is such a Thing *as a God* in the World; or
 “ that any Worship is due to a Sovereign Almighty
 “ Being! how has this little Lamb complain'd to

“ me,

“ me, that *he has never heard me pray to God in all his*
 “ *Life!* and it is but too true! How did it reproach
 “ me when I spake to it of *Jesus Christ?* To hear
 “ the little Creature say, *Who is that, Father?* And of
 “ the *Holy Ghost, Who is that, Father?* And of serving
 “ God, *Do you serve him, Father?*

“ What a Life have I led! Good Lord! what have
 “ I been doing? How shall I account to thee for the
 “ Souls committed to my Charge? That I should have
 “ the Blessing of Children given *to me*, and my Chil-
 “ dren have the Curse of a prayerless, uninstrueting
 “ Father *to them.*”

Tears followed the Parent's Speech, and he prays earnestly to God to forgive him the Neglect and Omission of his Duty to his Children and Family, and enters into a secret Engagement between God and *his own Soul*, that for the future he will set up the due and daily Worship of God in his Family, and will diligently and carefully instruct his Children, teaching them the Knowledge of God, and how to serve him, and walk in his Ways.

After some Composure of Mind upon this Resolution, a new Trouble breaks in upon him; he had *elder Children* than this, and he had liv'd in a continual Neglect of his Duty, either in teaching them the Knowledge of God, or shewing them a religious Example: These Children had contracted a prophane Habit both in Words, Manners, and constant Practice; had little Inclination to Religion, less Knowledge, and *no Thoughts at all* about their Souls; and began to be *too old* and *too big* to be wrought upon by Instruction or Persuasion, much less by Violence and Correction.

When this Reflection came upon the Parent's Thoughts, after the Convictions he had met with from the little Inquirer aforesaid, it brought a second Flood of Tears from him, and he breaks out thus:

“ Lord,

“ Lord, what will become of my poor wretched
 “ Family! my other Children! my uninstructed un-
 “ reprov’d Children! What an Instrument have I
 “ been in the Ruin of their Souls! How does it all lie
 “ upon me as a Weight never to be removed; they are
 “ grown up, yet they know nothing of God, but to
 “ take his Name in vain! They neither call upon him,
 “ nor have I taught them to do so. If this poor Lamb
 “ reproaches me with having never pray’d with it, or
 “ for it; *and too true it is, God knows!* what may these
 “ say to me! that have let them go on thus far in a
 “ loose, profane, ignorant, irreligious Life, and have
 “ neither reprov’d or instructed them, either by Word
 “ or Example, pray’d with them, or taught them to
 “ pray for themselves? Merciful God! why have I
 “ not been removed, and in Mercy to them, as well as
 “ in Judgment to myself, been snatch’d from them,
 “ that some other Person might have been set over
 “ them more for the Good of their Souls?

Upon these Convictions *the Man prays earnestly* to the Lord to pardon the heinous Offence of his neglecting his Duty to his Children; that God would supply by the teaching of his blessed Spirit, that great Want of Family Instruction in his Children which he had been the Cause of; that he would work Convictions upon them, and would continue to stir him up to his Duty in the future directing, teaching, and governing of his Family.

But what a hard Task he has with his other Children, and how difficult a Work it is to bring Children to a Sense of God and Religion after their green and tender Years are past, in which they are moulded *like Wax to a Seal*, to receive such first Impressions as the Persuasion and Example of Parents are apt to make, *will be apparent in the following Dialogues.*

End of the first Dialogue.

Notes

Notes on the first Dialogue.

THE observing Reader will see here, that the Author, to keep a just Equality between all Opinions, and in order to make this Work generally useful and acceptable to all Denominations of Christians, and to all among them who seriously apply themselves to the great Business of their eternal Salvation, has kept himself, in the Answers to this little Child's Enquiry, to the plain general Principles of the Christian Religion, wherein he has neither prescribed himself in Method or in Words to the Catechisms of either the Church of *England*, the Assembly's Catechism, or any other; but laid down the Principles of Religion consonant to them all, as plainly as he could, as they are deduced from the Holy Scriptures, and as they agree with the several Confessions of Faith and doctrinal Articles as well of the Church of *England*, as of all the Protestant Churches and Congregations in *Europe*; who profess the same Faith, believe the same God, and hope for eternal Life through Faith in the same ever blessed Intercessor and Redeemer.

If any particular Christian's Opinions may carry them farther, or not so far as the Author has expressed himself here in the Doctrines of Original Sin, Election, of Grace, Repentance, and Faith in Christ, he prays, that while they can allow what is laid down here to be Orthodox in the Substance, they will extend the same Charity to his Design, as he does to their Opinion, (*viz.*) to leave Room for further Explanations, to judge the best, and to consider that as this Part is spoken to a Child, and is for Children to read for their Instruction, it requires to be plain and concise; and *so be it* that it be essentially right; the more adapted it is to the meanest Understandings, the better it answers the Design of this Undertaking.

Some

Some may think the Child here is brought in too often falling upon the Father with a Charge of not instructing him, and not praying with him, and not telling him these things sooner; but to such it may be sufficient to say, that as this is one of the great Designs of this Work, and is not spoken so directly to in any other Part, it required to be more than ordinarily pointed out here; especially, because that upon these little Reprehensions of this Infant, are grounded the several most considerable Parts of the Dialogues which follow in the first Part: As particularly the Convictions wrought by it upon the Father, mention'd at the End of the Dialogue, where he is brought in retiring himself, to give Vent to his Soul, in reflecting on the Breach of his Duty, and in Prayer to God; also the concurring Convictions wrought by the same Method, and by the same Instrument, upon the Mother, as in the second Dialogue, and more especially the Resolution of both to reform themselves, and to do their Duties more effectually in their Families.

These appearing, as is observ'd, to be the main Design of this first Part, and indeed something of this running through the whole Course of the Work, it could not but be needful to let those little sharp Reproofs, innocently expressed by the little Child in the first Dialogue, be often repeated, especially where the Sense brought them in with a kind of natural unconstrain'd Innocence in the Expression, as is generally carefully order'd wherever those Reproofs are to be met with: Nor, indeed, could the Expressions of the Parents, either in their private Ejaculations, or mutual Conversing upon that Part, one with another, have been consonant with the rest of the Work, or the Cadence of Things preserved, if this had not been laid as a Foundation.

These Notes are not design'd to talk over again the whole Subject of every Discourse; if the Part deserve.

serve any Comment, every considering Christian will make it to themselves as they go; but where the Case is particular, a Word may be said, which in the Dialogues would have been digressing too long, and have made it tedious.

From the Enquiries of the Child may be observ'd how naturally the Connexion of Gospel-Truths one with another, appears; I mean those essential to our Salvation: How bright a Chain, and how closely hanging one upon another, in a Climax that cannot but be admirable to observe, is the great Mystery of Man's Fall and Recovery, Sin entering into the World, Death by Sin, Nature corrupted by the Fall, sanctify'd by redeeming Grace; *by the Offence of one Man many made Sinners; by the Obedience of one many made Righteous*: Justice offended by Sin, eternal Death denounc'd as the Punishment; Justice satisfy'd by a Redeemer, eternal Life the Consequence; *No Condemnation to them who are in Christ*: These things lie so plain, so natural, and in so exact an Order, that Nature seems to direct the Child, who knows nothing of them, to force them from the Father, by the Power of the most innocent uninstructed Enquiries.

How unaccountably to blame are those Parents who let their Children know nothing of these things, till their own little innocent Enquiries extort it from them!

How naturally does the Discourse of this little Child reprove Parents for their Neglect of the Sabbath Day's Work, (*viz*) of attending the publick Worship of God; and how could the Child but suppose that going to Church was only a light Matter, since his Father went very seldom himself, and staid at home upon the most frivolous Occasions.

The Child's Discourse about going to Church only to shew his fine Cloaths, and his Mother and Sisters being chiefly employ'd there to observe the Fashions and Dresses of their Neighbours, with the Conversa-
tion

tion they have of those things after they come home, needs no Enlargements here; the Consciences of most young People in our own Families will teach them to apply that Part to themselves? and the Author is content to leave it out, if it is not generally acknowledged to be a needful Reproof. The Child is brought in here several times saying to his Father, when he speaks of serving, loving, and praying to God, *Do you do so, Father?* This puts me in mind of a Story not improper to be related: A wicked Boy that had been addicted to Swearing and ill Words, was reprov'd by his Father with more Seriousness than usual, and his Father told him that God heard him: The Father, it seems, was a Man of no Religion, or at least of very ill Morals himself; but what he happen'd to say to the Boy, struck him so deeply, that it was a Means of Conviction in the Child; but Ignorance having been the Boy's greatest Unhappiness, when he came to consider of what his Father had said, he asks one of the Family whether God could see as well hear; when he was answer'd, yes, that God was infinite, and could hear and see all things: He told them he could not believe it; *for my Father was drunk last Night, says he, sure he would not have been drunk if God could see him, else why did he tell me I should not swear, because God could hear me?*

If Parents knew, or at least consider'd, the Influence their evil Examples have upon their Children, and how fatal an Encouragement to Sin it is to any Children to be able to say, *my Father does so himself*, the Presence of their Children would be a greater Restraint to conscientious Parents, *even in things in themselves indifferent, much more in things really sinful*, than it is possible the Presence and Awe of the Parent can be to the Children: It is enough that religious Parents have to struggle with in the perverse and wicked Inclinations of their Children; but they will find, those Liberties their Children take from the
Encourage-

Encouragement of their Parents Example, will be ten times more difficult to restrain *afterwards*, than those they have from their own Inclination, or the Example of others: It enervates all the Exhortations of a Father; takes the Edge off from their Reprehension; makes their Resentment seem unjust and unreasonable, and makes the Child rather apt to retort the Practice of the Parents upon themselves, than receive patiently and meekly the Admonition.

I humbly recommend this Thought to those Parents who indulge themselves in any Vanities or Excesses, such as in Passion, in hasty Expressions, in Expences, in waste of Time, in ill Words, in Gaming, nay, or any of those things *which the World are apt to call lawful and innocent*: if such things *must* be indulg'd, and you will allow yourselves in 'em, upon a Presumption that you can do them innocently, at least then conceal them from your Children, lest what you can use with Moderation, they fall into with Excess, and justify the Practice from your Example.

It will be a very uncomfortable Reflection, and will fill the Mind with bitter Reproaches, if ever God pleases to try such Parents, when they shall see the Introduction to their Childrens Ruin formed and begun in their [*the Parents*] Example; nor will it be any Alleviation to their Sorrow, to say, I us'd those Diversions moderately, and kept myself within Compass; it was but very seldom I us'd an ill Word; I play'd at Cards but very moderately, and never for much Money; I seldom drank hard, and the like. Our Moderation in Diversion shall introduce our Childrens Excess; and if the Apostle, rather than offend a weak Brother, would wholly abstain even from part of his necessary Sustainance, (*viz.*) *eating of Flesh*; how much more should Parents refrain their Excesses, nay, even their lawful Diversions, rather than lay a Foundation of the Ruin of their Children, and prompt them

them to Sin, by giving them a Pretence from, or Encouragement by their Father's Example?

From the whole of this Dialogue, Parents may see, besides their Duty to God, what they owe to their Children in timely and early instructing them; how much instructing our Children is a Debt to them; and how unjust and injurious we are to our Children in omitting to instruct them. What moving Expressions of the Child to the Father, are these; *Dear Father*, says the Child, *Why would you not tell me of it before?* Was you angry with me Father? And what if it should be too late now! Will not God punish me everlastingly now, because I have not known this sooner? How cutting must it be to a Parent that has any Sense of Eternity, to think that his dear Children should be lost by his Example, or remain blind by his Omission.

These and many other Observations might be made here from the Particulars of this first Dialogue, but it is hoped the Reading the Dialogue itself will cause many of them to occur; and the Brevity of this Work admits not our Notes to be too long.

THE



THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

THIS Dialogue begins upon the following Occasion: The next Day after the former Discourse with the Father, the Child was carry'd to Church, and the Minister happen'd to be preaching upon the Death of our Saviour; his Text was, *God so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, &c.* And the Minister giving some historical Account of the Death and Sufferings of Christ, and making some practical Improvement of it in his Discourse, the Child, when he came home, was found crying in a Room by it self, and the Mother being call'd, begins the Dialogue thus:

Moth. **C**HILD! what dost' cry for?
After some Difficulty, *the Child answers,*
the Minister made him cry.

Moth. How so! Why, what did he say?

Child. He said that *God was dead.*

Moth. Child, he did not say any such thing, you have forgot what he did say.

Child. No I han't, Mother, I am sure he said Jesus Christ was dead, and my Father told me Yesterday that *Jesus Christ was God.*

Moth. But, Child, *Jesus Christ* is risen again.

Child. I know that, he said that too; but he was dead first, and the wicked *Jews* kill'd him; sure they were sad Folks, Mother; why did they kill him?

Moth. You will read it in your Bible, my Dear.

Child. But, Mother, the Minister says he died for us, and my Father said he died for me; did the *Jews* kill him for me, Mother?

Moth. He died for thee, my *Dear*, and me, and every Body else that believes in him.

Child. Why, did he die for me, Mother? I don't know what you mean; tell me, dear *Mother*, did I make him die?

Moth. My *Dear*, he died to save his People from their Sins, and I hope thou art one of them.

Child. Why, Mother, have I any Sins? What are they, Mother?

Moth. We are all Sinners, Child; Sin is offending God in Thought, Word, and Deed, at which he is angry?

Child. When I do a Fault, is God angry for that? Is that a Sin, Mother?

Moth. Every Fault you do, my *Dear*, is not a Sin against God.

Child. When did I make God angry then?

Moth. When you break any of God's Commandments, then you sin against God; as when you take God's Name in vain; when you disobey your Father and Mother, and the like; these are Sins against God, and these he is angry at.

Child. I never take God's Name in vain, Mother, nor never disobey you, Mother; I love you dearly, and do every thing you bid me, don't I, dear Mother?

Moth. Well, my *Dear*, and I hope God is not angry with thee; be a good Boy then, I am not angry with thee, my *Dear*.

[*Hitherto the Mother speaks coldly, and makes slight of the thing, and having no other View at first than only quieting the Child, was for going away, at which the Child cries again.*]

Moth. Why dost' cry, my *Dear*, I tell thee I am not angry with thee, do not cry.

Child. God may be angry with me for all that, Mother.

Moth.

Moth. No, no, God is not angry with thee, do not cry, my Dear.

[Still the Mother is insensible of the Work of God in the Heart of the Child, and takes all this for common Talk, but she soon sees with other Eyes.]

Child. Why, Mother, will God never be angry with me, but when you are angry? I am afraid God is angry with me, though you kiss me, and be Friends, with me, and love me.

Moth. Why so, my Dear?

Child. Why, dear Mother, my Father told me yesterday, that God has done a great many things for me, and given me a great many good things, and I never thank'd him, nor lov'd him for it yet, nor serv'd him, nor pray'd to him yet, and is not God angry with me then?

[The Child weeps.]

Moth. That is very true, my Dear, but I hope God is not angry: Do not cry, my Dear.

Child. But should not I have thanked God for all that? Is it not a Fault, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear, you should have thank'd him, pray'd to him, praised him.

Child. But how should I have done it, Mother? I did not know, and * you never told me, and my Father never told me, nor show'd me how; will God be angry that I did not thank him, when I could not tell how to do it?

*[*The Mother was but cold and indifferent all this Time, but now she found her self, TOUCH'D, and was confounded with the Child's Discourse, and taking the Child in her Arms, she kissed it, and wept, but could not speak to it a great while; at last she said with great Tenderness.]*

Moth. My dear Child, it is not thy Fault, it is our Fault; it is my Fault, and it is thy Father's Fault; we have not shewn thee, nor taught thee, nor given any

any good Example to thee, how thou should'st thank God, or serve, or know God.

Child. Yes, my Father did it last Night.

Moth. Alas, poor *Child*! Thy Father and I too should have done it many Nights and Years ago; more Shame for us that we have neglected it till thou should'st reprove us for it thyself.

Child. But my Father said it was not too late now, Mother.

Moth. I pray God it may not, but that's no Thanks to us, my *Dear*; thou may'st have cause to blame us to thy dying Day.

Child. But is it too late * for me then, Mother?

[* *Here the Mother finds the Heart of the Child is touch'd, and it immediately enter'd into her Thoughts that she might be made a Temptation to the Child to despair and cast off Conviction; this alarms the Mother on the other hand, and therefore she adds,*

Moth. No, my *Dear*, God forbid! the Sin has been ours, not thine; but it is never too late to pray to God.

Child. What must I do, when I pray to God?

Moth. You must confess your Sins to him, pray to him to forgive your Sins, to bless you and sanctify you, and preserve you; you must pray to him to give you your daily Bread, and to keep you from all Evil; you must give Thanks to him for all his Mercies, and all the good Things he has done for you.

Child. Must I thank God when I pray, Mother? How can I do so? Is that praying?

Moth. Yes, my *Dear*, praising God for Mercies received, is Part of the Duty of Prayer, as well as seeking to him for Mercies we want; for so God has commanded, in every thing by Prayer and Supplication, WITH THANKSGIVING, making our Request known unto God.

Child. But if I have made God angry, how can I ask him Forgiveness? Will God forgive me;

Moth. Yes, my Dear, he will forgive thee; he is a merciful God, it is his Nature and Property ever to have Mercy, and to forgive.

Child. How do you know it? *Are you sure, Mother, that God will forgive me my Fault, if I ask him Forgiveness.*

Moth. He has promised to do so, my Dear.

Child. Promised, Mother, how is that? I never heard him speak; did he tell you so, Mother?

Moth. My Dear, he has promised in his Word, it is in your Bible, which is the Word of God.

Child. O, I am glad if it is there; my Father told me, that God speaks to me, and I hear him speak when I read my Book; shew it me there, Mother.

Moth. There it is, my Dear.

[Here the Mother shews the Child the several Texts following, Whoso confesses and forsakes, shall find Mercy; if we confess and forsake our Sins, he is just and faithful to forgive us our Sins. The Blood of Christ cleanseth from all Iniquity.]

Child. The Blood of Christ, Mother, what is that?

[Interrupting her.]

Moth. Why, my Dear, this is that the Minister made thee cry about; Jesus Christ is that great Saviour, which the Minister told thee shed his Blood for our Sins, died, and was crucify'd to save a lost World.

Child. But, dear Mother, my Father told me Christ was God; can God die?

Moth. My Child, Christ was God eternal, one with the Father; but Christ, to fulfil the great Purpose of Man's Redemption according to the eternal Council of God before the World began, in the Fulness of Time became Man; took upon him not the Nature of Angels, but the Seed of Abraham, and this he did that he might be God-man, and therefore be a Mediator between God and Man, partaking of the Nature of both, and laying his Hand upon both, to make Peace for us thro' the Blood of his Cross.

Child.

Child. I cannot understand this; it is all wonderful! a wonderful Mystery!

Moth. It is so, my Dear; *This is the great Mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the Flesh.*

Child. And did this God-man die FOR ME, Mother, how is that?

Moth. He dy'd for the Sins of all that believe on him.

Child. But what is it you mean by dying for Sin, and dying for me, Mother, I do not understand it.

Moth. Sin, my Dear, is offending God, or making God angry; and this Sin or this Anger of God would end in Death; *for the Wages of Sin are Death:* But God, in his own original Love to us, sent his Son to die in our stead, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting Life.

Child. And so, if I sin, I must die, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear,

Child. And must you die, if you sin, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear.

Child. But you never sinn'd, I hope then?

Moth. Alas, my Dear, *I am a great Sinner.*

Child. Why, you must not die, Mother; you shall not die, Mother, shall you? [*The Child weeps.*]

Moth. We must all die, my Dear, but this is meant of eternal Death, going to Hell, Child; dying for ever. This is that which is the *Wages of Sin.*

Child. Must all that sin go to Hell, Mother?

Moth. No, my Dear, this is what I was saying before, that God being thus angry with Sinners, and the Wages of their Sin being Death, this blessed Son of God, this God-man the Mediator came into the World, and, taking on him our Nature died FOR US; there 'tis my Dear, in your Bible, Rom. v. 6. *That while we were yet without Strength, in due Time Christ died for the Ungodly.* And there again, 1 Tim. i. 15. *This is a faithful Saying, and worthy of all Acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the World to save Sinners:* And in Abundance of other Places.

Child. Let me see it, *Mother*, for my Father said God spoke in my Bible, and I shall be sure it is true, if it be there.

Moth. I'll turn the Leaf down at it, my Dear, that you may find it again.

[*The Child reads again*—Died for the Ungodly !
And looking up to its Mother, asks this very affecting Question.

Child. Dear Mother, did *Jesus Christ* die for me? what, for me? I did not know him! I have done nothing to make him die! nor I have done nothing to please him! I never lov'd him! how should he love me! And love me so as to die for me! why, for me, Mother?

Moth. This, my Dear, is the great Thing for which we should praise, and love, and adore God, and *Jesus Christ*, that all this should be done FOR US, before we had either done Good or Evil; as thou hast said, my Dear, thou hast done nothing to please him, nor hast loved him, it is all his own Love to us, not our Love to him.

Child. Why! would God love me, whether I loved him or no, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear, see in your Bible, *John* iii. 5. For God so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting Life. And again, 1 *John* iv. 10. Herein is Love, not that we loved God, but he loved us, and sent his Son to be a Propitiation of our Sins.

Child. But may not I love God now, for all this Love to me, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear, his Love to us moves us to love him; 1 *John* iv. 19. We love him because he first loved us.

Child. Indeed, I will love God! Sure I must love him if he will not be angry, though I sin against him! Don't you love him, Mother?

Moth. I desire to, love, and fear, and serve him as long as I live, my Dear.

Child.

Child. And may I not do so too, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear.

Child. And did you do so before, Mother?

Moth. I hope I did, my Dear.

Child. But I have not done it before, Mother, was not that a Fault in me, Mother? And is not God angry at that?

Moth. Well, Child, but you have heard that *Jesus Christ* died to turn away God's Anger for that, and all other Sins.

Child. Indeed, dear Mother, I did not know I must love God, and fear God *before*; I never heard any thing of it in my Life!

[*Here the Mother is stung again, and reproaches herself with having neglected the Instruction of her Child, and weeping, says to the Child.*

Moth. My Dear, that is my Sin, and thy Father's Sin, and not thine; we ought to have taught thee long ago, and we have Reason to mourn for it, and repent of it, as long as we live.

Child. But may I not love God now, Mother?

Moth. You must love God, and love *Jesus Christ*, and serve and fear him; this is one End of your Creation.

Child. How can I love *Jesus Christ* now, Mother? you say he is dead; can I love him now he is dead?

Moth. He is risen again, Child, from the Dead.

Child. Risen again, Mother! How is that?

Moth. My Dear, as I told thee before, it was necessary for him to be Man as well as God, that he might in our Nature satisfy divine Justice; so likewise it was necessary, he, that was to be a Mediator, should be God as well as Man, that he might justify us before God, and intercede with God for us for ever.

Child. How is this? I wonder at it, but do not understand it; how is it, Mother? dead! and alive again! and risen! and intercede! What is it all? I do not understand it.

Moth. As Man, he could die, Child ; but as God, he could not remain dead.

Child. Is this in my Bible too, Mother ? *Does God say this there too ?*

Moth. Yes, my Dear, look here, *Acts ii. 24. Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the Pains of Death; because it was not possible he could be holden of it.*

Child. But is he risen again for me too ?

Moth. Yes, my Dear, he hath both died for thee, and is risen again for thee too.

Child. Shew me that in my Book, Mother.

Moth. Here it is, Child, *Rom. iv. 25. Who was deliver'd for our Offences, and is risen again for our Justification.*

[*Here the Child in a little Extasy of Soul, mov'd by the blessed Spirit of God, grasps the Book and kisses the Leaf eagerly, clapping it to its Breast; at which the Mother, surpriz'd, says,*

Moth. Why dost thou do that, my Dear ?

Child. I love him ! dear Mother, I love him !

Moth. Dost thou know why thou lovest him, my Dear ?

Child. I love GOD; dear Mother, that has loved me so much before I knew him ; and I love *Jesus Christ* because he has died for me, and is risen again for me ; may not I love him, dear Mother ? for though I love him, I am afraid ; for my Father told me he is a dreadful God.

Moth. It is true, he is a consuming Fire to Sin, and the Workers of it ; but to those who love and fear him, he is a faithful Creator, and a merciful Redeemer.

Child. Then I may love him for that ?

Moth. Nay ! my Dear, you not only may, but must. *Matt. xii. 37, 38. Jesus said unto him, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy Heart, and with all thy Soul, and with all thy Mind : This is the first and great Commandment.*

Child. Will he not be angry, Mother, if I don't love him ?

Moth.

Moth. Yes, my Dear; for he has commanded you to love him. *John xv. 9. Continue ye in my Love. And Gal. v. 22. He saith, The Fruit of the Spirit is Love.* And he has promised a blessed Return to those that love him. *John xiv. 21. He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest my self unto him.*

Child. I wish I could love him more, dear Mother.

Moth. You will, my Dear, as you grow up.

Child. How, Mother?

Moth. Why, the longer, you live, the more you will know him; and the Knowledge of God, and the Experience of his Goodness will increase your Love.

Child. How shall I know him more?

Moth. I hope he will fill thy Heart with Knowledge, according to the Promise of the Covenant of Grace.

Child. What is that, Mother?

Moth. It is the blessed Declaration of God in his Word, wherein he has engag'd himself, and his Faithfulness to his believing People, both to be their God, and to preserve them in his Fear.

Child. And has he promis'd me that I shall know him, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear.

Child. Is that in my Book too, Mother?

Moth. Yes, my Dear, here it is; *Jer. xxxi. 34. And they shall teach no more every Man his Neighbour, and every Man his Brother, saying know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their Iniquity, and remember their Sin no more.*

Child. And what shall I do when I know him?

Moth. Knowing him, you will believe on him; and believing, you will have Life thro' his Name, *John xx. 31.*

Child. When shall I do this, Mother?

Moth. As thou growest up, my Dear.

Here some Family Occasions calling off the Mother, the second Dialogue ends.

Notes on the second Dialogue.

FIRST observe of the Child's being carried to Church, that by the Word Church, or going to Church, in all these Dialogues, is to be understood the Place, and *going to* the Place of publick Worship, whether in the Church-of-England-People to their Parish-Churches, or Dissenters to their several Meeting-Houses, particular Distinctions one way or another being studiously avoided here; the Subject, as the Author humbly conceives, being not at all concern'd in our Diversity of Opinions, Sects, or separate Assemblies, but equally instructing to all who call themselves Christians, and especially Protestant Christians. He believes it would be very much Wrong to lay a Stumbling-Block at the Threshold, and to put any Prejudice in the Minds of the serious Readers; which also might prevent, by Partiality to Opinions, the Benefit which may otherwise be universal to Christians of all Opinions whatsoever; and this Latitude in his Charity, and in his Design of doing good to all, he hopes none will be offended at.

The Father and Mother of this little Child appear here to be no ignorant Persons in the Principles or Duties of Christianity; but as to the rest it may be observ'd, (1) What a wretched irreligious Life some of those who have the greatest Share of Knowledge in Matters of Religion do lead, especially in their Families. (2) What Regret it brings upon their Minds, when they are convinc'd of their Wickedness in the Neglect of their Families, and when, as in this Case, much of it may be too late to be retriev'd. (3.) What bitter Reproaches such Children oftentimes cast back upon their Parents, when they [*the Children*] come to find what they have lost for want of a godly, religious Education, and early Instruction, either good Children or bad.

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If the Children prove sober and religious without the Helps of Instruction, *for the Spirit of God is not confin'd to, or constrained by these outward Helps*, how are they asham'd of, and a Shame to their Parents? And how must the Parents blush, when they may upon any Occasion be told, that the Knowledge, the Piety, the Fear of God, which is found in their Children, is no Product of their planting, no Fruit of what they had sown? Religious Children of prophane or negligent Parents are a double Testimony to powerful invincible Grace, but a dreadful Reproach to the Parents.

This may be a Thought worthy the Consideration of any Christian Parents, that have neglected the Instruction of their Families, and neglected teaching, and praying with, or for their Children; what a just Contempt will those Children naturally have for those Parents, especially if ever God comes to enlighten their Hearts, and open their Eyes, *as he sometimes does without the Help of paternal Instruction*? When the Children come to reflect how their Parents totally neglected the Salvation of their Souls, compar'd to which the Provision made for their Bodies was but of little Value, the Disgust at the Omission of the former will be too apt to take off all the Gratitude and Affection due for the latter.

Nothing but mere Duty can be supposed to preserve the Child's Respect, and even common Civility to its Parents, when he comes to be sensible how unnaturally they abandon'd his immortal Part; how unchristianly they expos'd his better, his intellectual Part, to eternal Destruction; as if the Duty of a Parent had ended in, or been restrain'd to the narrow Compass of the Office of a Nurse, or a Schoolmaster; and that they had no Obligation upon them to regard the eternal Happiness of that Part of their Posterity which can never die.

Such Parents are certainly the most unnatural, and may justly be reproach'd by their Children, not

with Neglect of their Duty *only*, but with their being without natural Affection, and consequently can by no means expect suitable Returns of Affection from their Children, when they come to be made sensible of the Treatment they have receiv'd from them; if they shew them common Respect, *as above*, it must be all owing to that very Grace, which, in spite of all the Obstruction of a godless Education, has been planted in the Heart by the powerful Influence, and invincible Operation of the Spirit of God.

For Parents to pretend Love to their Children and natural Affection, as they are the Fruit of their Bodies, and (*as it is vulgarly expressed*) their own Flesh and Blood, and at the same time neglect to instruct them, or educate them either in human Learning, or religious Knowledge, is just as if, when their Children are taken sick, they should employ themselves in mending or making them Cloaths, or dressing up fine Banquets or Entertainments for them, and wholly omit the necessary Cordials, or Applications for the Recovery of their Health; *only with this Difference*, that the Soul to the Body has infinitely a greater Disproportion than the Health, and the daily Food.

But our case extends yet farther, viz. That the Defect complain'd of here, is not the want of Education and Instruction, from the Ignorance or Incapacity of the Parent; for this had been the Hand of God immediately in bringing forth the Child from Parents that knew not God; but the *Case here* is yet more aggravated, in that *this happens* in Families where the Parents have the Knowledge, and have the Capacity, and know and acknowledge it to be their Duty to instruct their Children, and yet entirely neglect it, which adds to the Crime in the Parent, and will be Ground of Astonishment and Reflection in the Children, *if they ever come to the Knowledge of God without the due Assistance* of their Parents. Nor will the Reflections of the Parents be less

less bitter on themselves than those of their Children, as will be more lively represented in the other Dialogues of this Part.

But this Subject may also be of present Use to Children who have not the Blessing of godly Parents to instruct them, and for this it is also design'd; and these as well as those whose Parents neglect the great Duty of instructing them, are desired to consider, from the Example of this little Child, these few things:

1. That the most plain, most natural, and most easy Questions, that it is possible a Child can ask, will lead them to know both their Creator, and their Duty to him: *Such as,*

Who made me?

What was I made for?

What am I?

What business have I here?

How came I hither?

Whither am I going?

What is my End?

What is Good?

What is Evil?

The little Babe, *here presented*, infers by the mere Power of natural Reasoning,

1. That he was made better than the Brutes.
2. That it was the Goodness of his Maker which distinguished him so.

3. That Fear, Service, Love, and Obedience were natural Returns for that Goodness. *Thus* the meanest Capacity, and the youngest Child may supply the Defect of Education, if they think but a little seriously of themselves, and the Original of their Being.

It is also observable, that as soon as ever the Soul is but able to enquire rationally about itself, *Nature* and *Reason* concur to lead him to the Knowledge of a God, a first Cause, a chief Good, and an ultimate End; OF whom, and FOR whom, and TO whom are all Things; and these Impulses go on, till

till natural Religion, join'd with revealed Religion, discover Christ, and *God in Christ reconciling us to himself, not imputing our Trespases*, which is the Sum and Substance of the Christian Religion.

That is the great End of *these Dialogues*, as they respect Children, *viz.* That they may, *where perhaps Family Instruction has been wanting*, guide themselves to the Knowledge of God, and of their Duty, by these familiar Steps which Nature itself will be most certain to concur with. As they respect Parents, their End is plain, *viz.* They are a Satyr upon their Neglect of Duty, and a Reproof to them, in order to Amendment.



T H E

THIRD DIALOGUE.



THE Mother of this pretty Infant, sensibly affected with the Discourse she had had with him, in the last Dialogue; and *in teaching her Child*, being particularly taught how she had neglected her own Duty before, she hears under a great and *more than ordinary* Concern. Her Husband was under *the same Convictions*; and both were very desirous to unbosom themselves to one another, though utterly ignorant of their respective Circumstances. This occasions the following Dialogue or Discourse between the Husband and the Wife. The rest of the Family being withdrawn, the Husband perceiv'd his Wife melancholy, and that she

she had been weeping, and, *being a very tender, loving Husband*, begins with her thus :

Husband. **M**Y Dear, what is the Matter? I believe something troubles thee?

Wife. I cannot deny it, but if I did, you see I cannot conceal it.

[Wife weeps, and is backward to tell the Occasion; but her Husband presses her to tell him.]

Husb. Tell me, my Dear, what afflicts thee; if it be in my Power, to relieve it, you have no Reason to doubt, but *as in Duty I ought*, so in Affection I am inclin'd to give you all the Comfort, all the Advice, and all the Assistance I am able.

Wife. Alas! You cannot assist in my Case, no not any one in the World; and the Reason why I am backward in telling it, is because *when I do*, you will, perhaps, be so far from easing my Grief, that you will add to it, *by falling into the same yourself*, for my Affliction equally concerns you and myself.

Husb. My Dear, there is no Affliction can befall thee, but either I must have an equal Share in it, or be wanting in Affection to thee, *which I never was yet*, or want a Concern for my own Happiness, seeing ever since we have been One by Consent, or by Contract, I have but one Interest, one Wish, and one Desire with you, and this not by Duty only, but by Inclination.

Wife. I have a full Experience of that, and thought my Happiness always complete in it, and the more, in that I have not been able to charge myself with the least Breach *on my Part* to render that Affection less pleasing to you, or less satisfying to me; but we have both been wanting in one thing; and, I fear, have nothing to excuse or to accuse one more than another, and this is my present Grief.

[The Husband, touch'd before, answers with Blushes in his Face.]

Husb.

Husb. I know not what you can mean, unless it be Want of performing some Duties which we owe to God and our Children.

Wife. O you have touch'd it! *there it lies*; and if you had had such a Messenger sent from God to *reprove you for it* as I have had *to-day*, I question not but it would have touch'd you as nearly as it does me.

Husb. I know not what thou hast had *to-day*, but I had such a Lecture preach'd to me yesterday by a little dear Infant, *even our own youngest Child*, that has almost broke my very Soul within me; and you may know part of it *by this*, that you know I slept not a Wink all last Night.

Wife. O my Dear! the same is my Instructor! he has certainly been sent from God to me.

Husb. And to me too; whether it be for a blessed restoring End, or for Judgment, and the terrible Part of Conviction, He only knows!

[Here they repeat to one another the Circumstances of the former Dialogues with the Child, and the Effects which the Surprise of it had upon both their Minds severally.]

Husb. It is impossible to express to you how the little Creature mov'd me; it was a Dagger struck into my very Heart, to hear the dear Lamb ask me, Father, will not God be angry with me that I have not thank'd him, and lov'd him, and pray'd to him before? And how should I know it, Father, you never told me? When I told him he must pray to God, was it not cutting me to the Heart to hear him say, Do you pray to him, Father? And when I told him Yes, to have him say, I never heard you, Father: I was not able to bear it, I was fain to stop, and turn away from him.

Wife. I believe we may both say as the Disciples at Emmaus, Did not our Hearts burn within us when he talk'd to us by the Way? For my Part, I am amaz'd when I look upon the Child, but when I look in, and reflect

reflect how I have neglected the great Duty of instructing *not this Child only*, but all my Children, *I am confounded*, and not able to hold up my Head: How justly may my Children reproach me! not only with omitting to teach 'em to do good, but with abominably encouraging them to Vanity, and Neglect of God, by my Example: O I have ruin'd all my Children!

Husb. No, no, you have not ruin'd 'em, *it is I* have ruin'd them; for it was my Duty to have exercis'd the Authority of a Father and of a Governour of a House; to have set up the Worship of God in my Family; to have prayed *with them*, and *for them*, and instructed them to pray *for themselves*; they could not have ask'd me then whether they might pray to God, or whether ever I pray'd to God or no?

Wife. And I have been a great Cause of your neglecting that Part too, for I have slighted it, and ridiculed it in others, and thought it mere Ostentation, and Form; as if none but Persons of higher Quality should have Prayers in their Family; and thought it look'd too big for us.

Husb. Ay, but my *Temptation* has been of another kind, I have thought it a Solemnity I was *not fit* for; I have question'd my own Performance; I have often thought, if I was a *Nobleman*, I would keep a Chaplain, but I was asham'd to pray in the hearing of my Servants and Children, as if that was dishonourable and mean, which was my natural Duty; or as if I was asham'd to own that which was the Glory of a Christian, *viz. To worship and call upon him that made him*; as if Nature, which dictates to the least Child, to call and cry to its Father and Mother for Bread *when it is an hungry*, did not dictate to me, and to every rational Creature, to worship that God in whom we live, and move, and have our Being!

Wife. And what Course shall we take now?

Husb. There is no Difficulty in resolving what Course to take with this little Infant; *he is taught from*

from Heaven, and the Spirit of God is visibly working in him; if we do not *instruct* him, he will every Day *instruct* us, and *reprove* us too; but what shall we do with our other Children, who are grown up, and have imbib'd a Course of Vanity and Levity without any Restraint? There will be our Difficulty.

Wife. And who are very likely to be impatient of Restraint, and perhaps not so easy to be governed now; for my part, I do not think I shall ever be able to break my Daughter from her foolish Habits, such as playing all Night at Cards, going to the Playhouse, wearing Patches, reading foolish Romances, singing idle Songs, taking God's Name in vain, and an intolerable Looseness of Behaviour, which I have too much given her a Liberty in, and encouraged her also from my own Example.

Husb. I shall have as hard a Task with my elder Sons; they have got a Habit of Company, of ill Words and of Idleness; it is impossible to reclaim them! they are gone too far! What shall be done? they are lost through my Neglect! and justly may they lay their Ruin at my Door, both Body and Soul.

Wife. My Dear, we are in a sad Condition; and mine is worse still, for I have not only neglected my Duty to my Children, and praying with my Children, but my Duty to God too, I mean my private Duty; for I neither prayed with them, nor for them, nor by myself, nor for myself, *the common going to the publick Worship excepted*, which I have pass'd over as slightly and unconcern'd also, as if it were only a thing of Course.

Husb. This touches me too, my Dear; for it was my Duty, not only to have prayed with my Children, and with my Family, but in private *with you*, and for you, and we both ought mutually to have assisted, encouraged, and exhorted one another *in and to* our Duty; I ought to have watch'd over you, and mov'd you, and persuaded you to your Duty, and you me, both as to Private and Family Worship; It all lies at my Door,
and

and at my Hand will God require the Souls of those he had put under my Roof.

Wife. I have been as guilty as you, for I have shewn a general Contempt of this Duty, I have never encourag'd you to it, or shewn you in the least that I desir'd it, or would be willing to join in it; on the contrary you have always seen me as wild, and as vain, as if I was not a Mother of a Family, but a single Person without any relative Obligations on me.

[*Here both Husband and Wife not able to refrain Tears, from the Power of their Conviction, the Discourse breaks off for a time, till the Husband reviving it, goes on.*

Husb. Well, it must be done! however difficult; however seemingly fruitless, and to no Purpose; by how much the greater it has been a Sin in us both to neglect it, by so much stronger is the Obligation upon us both to undertake it; the poor Children are well-nigh undone already, it is never too late; who knows but God may bless Instruction, though begun at an unreasonable Time? *It may be* we may yet meet with Success in the way of our Duty, if not, we must leave that to God; *we must begin*, and we must go on, for as we both know it is our Duty, our Children *may be still lost*, notwithstanding our Endeavour; but we are *sure to be lost*, if we willingly neglect it.

Wife. Alas! what can we do? where can we begin now? which of our Children will mind what we say? how will they humble us, by throwing our own Example in our way, and object our former Practice as an Answer to all our future Instructions? *I think verily it is too late now*; it will be all to no Purpose to go about it; it will have no Effect at all.

Husb. My Dear, you say you are sensible it has been a Sin that you have not encouraged me in it, and join'd with me in it before; it must be therefore still a Sin to continue to do so, and a greater Sin than before,

by

by *how much* we are convinc'd now that it was our sinful Neglect before.

Wife. Nay, I will not obstruct it; God forbid! I only say, I fear the Event will not answer; and I am at a loss which way to go about it.

Husb. I'll tell you, my Dear, which way we will go about it; let us first join together sincerely to God in Prayer, acknowledging with a deep Humility, and hearty Repentance, our great Sin in neglecting his Worship in our Family, as well as in private, and our dishonouring him in our Conversation, imploring *for the sake of Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate*, Pardon for those our past Sins of Omission and Commission, seeking his Blessing upon our Resolution of Amendment; and begging, that our instructing our Family and Children, *however late, and long omitted*, may yet be successful, and have a double Effect, to the Salvation of the Souls of our Children, and to the Glory and Honour of sovereign Grace.

Wife. My Dear, however doubting I am of the Success, yet I'll join with you with all my Heart, and in every thing else that I can, which may serve to reform, reclaim, and restore our poor Children, whose Danger is so plainly occasion'd by our Neglect.

Husb. As to my Family, I'll tell you what I purpose to do; I desire you to let *your Daughters* know, that we are resolv'd to reform several Practices which we do not like in their Behaviour; that their Father dislikes their general Conduct; expects they'll use more Modesty in their Dress and Conversation; *will have* them wear no more Patches, go to no more Plays, spend no more precious Time at Cards, nor walk out in the Park, or Fields, any more on the *Lord's Day*: But on the contrary, that they apply themselves to reading the Scriptures, and to think of worshipping God after a different Manner than they have hitherto done; and I shall take care to do the same by my Sons.

Wife.

Wife. I will do all I can with them; tho' I fear their Compliance.

Husb. Then, as soon as they come home next Sabbath-day from the Sermon, I will call them all together, and to the best of my Capacity tell them their Duty, in general, both to God, themselves, and their Parents; and that *whereas* I have thought they have taken too much Liberty for the Time past, because I have not restrain'd them, and shew'd them their Duty, they shall have no Reason for the future to make that Excuse from me; but that from this Time I resolve to oblige all my Family to serve God both publicly and privately as much, and as well as I can, that they may both incline to pray to God themselves, and know how to do it. I shall, besides the publick Worship of God, which I shall expect they constantly attend, always have proper Times set apart for worshipping God together in the Family, will pray with them, and for them, as I am able: And having said thus, I will begin with reading the Word of God to them, and then, as well as I can, will go to Prayer with them myself.

Wife. My Dear, I'll be glad of this with all my Heart, and rejoice at the Thought of it; but O my Soul trembles for the poor vain Creatures, our Children, especially our two eldest, Son and Daughter; I am certain they will but laugh at it, and despise it; they are run on too far; we should have begun this when they were young: I know it by their Temper and Carriage in other things.

Husb. My Dear, it is your Duty to do it; and it is our Duty to make them observe it; and tho' they are too old to correct, yet I assure you, if I don't find a ready Compliance with it, I shall find ways to show my Resentment; for we have too long dallied with our Duty already, and as God will not be mocked by us, so we must not be mocked by our Children.

Wife.

Wife. My Dear, I am most desirous of the thing, only my Heart fails me in the Case of Success.

Husb. We must do our Duty; *If God will bless us in doing it*, he will bless the Work too, and will cause such an Awe of his *Majesty* to go with the Performance, as that they shall not dare to despise it, or to shew any Contempt of us for it.

Wife. The God of Heaven give it such a Blessing, if it be his Will! I go as willingly about it as you, but with many discouraging Thoughts for the *Event*; but however, I'll do all my Part according to your Direction.

The End of the Third Dialogue.

Notes on the Third Dialogue.

WHAT a great deal of Work have those People behind-hand, who do not begin to instruct and restrain their Children till they are too big for Correction! *Folly that is bound up in the Heart of a Child, says Solomon, is driven thence by the Rod of Correction.* But when it remains in the Child, and neither the Rod of Correction, or the Voice of Instruction is made use of to drive it out, till the Child grows up to be a Man, it is very hard, nay, impossible; but by a supernatural Assistance, to drive it out at all. *What this Folly is, needs no Description here, other than an allow'd Custom in doing Evil, a natural Propensity we all have to Evil; with this we are all born into the World, the Soul is originally bent to Folly; this Bent or Inclination must be rectify'd or driven out either by Instruction, or if that proves insufficient, by Correction; and it is to be done while the Person is young, while he is a Child, and then IT MAY be done.* The Child may be wrought upon; Nature, like some Vegetables, is malleable when taken green and early; but hard and brittle when condens'd by Time and Age; at first it bows.

bows and bends to Instruction and Reproof, but afterwards obstinately refuses both.

The Temper of a Child misled by Vice or Mistake, like a dislocated Bone, is easy to be reduc'd into its Place, if taken in time; but if suffer'd to remain in its dislocated Position, a callous Substance fills up the empty Space, and, by Neglect, grows equally hard with the Bone, and resisting the Power of the Surgeon's Skill, renders the Reduction of the Joint impossible.

The Heart of the tender Youth, by Forbearance of Instruction, grows opinionated, and obstinately embraces the Follies he has been indulged in, not being easily convinced of the criminal Quality of what he has been so long allow'd the Practice of by his negligent Parents; and this renders late Instruction fruitless: THEN as to Correction, the Heart being harden'd, as before by Opinion and Practice, and especially in a Belief that he ought not to be corrected, the Rod of Correction has a different Effect; for as the Blow of a Stripe makes an Impression on the Heart of a Child, as stamping a Seal does upon the soft Wax, the Reproof even of Words on the same Heart when grown up, and made hard, is like striking upon Steel, which instead of making an Impression on the Metal, darts back Sparks of Fire into your Face.

As this whole Work is chiefly design'd to convince Parents of the Necessity of beginning early the great Work of instructing and managing their Children, so two Things will run more visibly through every Part of it.

(1.) For their Encouragement, the Examples of the Easiness and Advantages of early Instruction will be seen: How soft! how pliable the Minds of little Children are: how like Wax they lie, ready to be moulded into any Form, and receive any Impression, that the diligent Application of Parents thinks fit to make upon them! From whence also Parents are warned

warned to be very careful, that by their Example or Negligence, those first softened Circumstances of their Childrens Minds *are not pass'd over* without suitable Applications to forming them aright, filling them with Learning and Knowledge, and with just Principles, both religious and moral; *above all*, that they receive no bad Impressions from the Practice of their Parents, whose Examples, *especially in Evil*, takes such deep Root in their Children, that nothing is more difficult to remove.

(2.) For *Warning*, and serious Caution, by letting them see the dreadful Effects of the neglecting their Children when young: What Work it makes for Repentance in both; what Breaches it makes in Families, when Necessity drives them to begin that Work late; what Treatment they are like to meet with from their Children; how these will think it hard to be instructed when grown up; count it imposing upon them in their Parents, reject the Arguments their Parents shall use; despise and contemn their Reproof; thinking themselves past Correction, and turn their Backs not only upon all the Methods their Parents shall take with them, but even upon the Parents themselves, when they attempt by Government and Discipline to retrieve the Error they have committed.

In this *last Dialogue* the Husband and Wife appear sensible of their Mistake this way, and the Difficulties they have before them in retrieving it, *justly appear terrible*, almost drive them to despair of the Success, and to give over any Thoughts of the Attempt; in the subsequent Part of this Work we shall find they were not mistaken in the Prospect they had of the Difficulty before them, or of the Obstinacy and Opposition which they should meet with from their Children.

As to their being *so discourag'd* as not to make the Attempt, the Husband argues wisely, that it is not

less their Duty for its having been delay'd; that it must be set about, let the Difficulty be what it will; and that therefore *he is resolv'd* to attempt it, and if possible, to go through with it, leaving the Success to God.

This is a wise and christian Resolution, and argues that the Convictions the Parents were under, were sanctify'd by the Spirit of God, and carry'd on to effectual Conversion; *for all* Convictions of Sin that do not go on to Reformation and effectual Application to our Duty, are ineffectual Convictions, *like waking in a Dream*, while the Heart is a sleep, when slumbering on, we fall into the same Dream again.

For the encouraging Parents to pursue these Convictions, and to hope for some Success in their Work, tho' begun late, and under some weighty Discouragements, *the following Part will show* how far he met with Success in his Family Reformation and Instruction; as well as what Obstruction he met with from his eldest Children, for all were not alike obstinate and refractory as the two eldest were; and the Mother was but too true a Prophetess of the Consequence from their Obstinacy.

From the Discourse between the Husband and Wife, under their Convictions, may be seen something of the Duty of such Relations.

(1.) To communicate to one another their Grievs, and most inward Afflictions of Mind, as well as their common Disasters and Troubles of the World: This is one Part of the Duty of Husband and Wife to one another, *tho' understood by few*; meant and included in that Phrase, AN HELP-MEET; and it is observable, that when such near Relations do affectionately communicate to one another their Souls Concerns *in such a manner as I speak of now*, God is often pleas'd so variously to act in the Minds of such
by

by his Spirit, that they shall in their Turns be mutually able to assist, comfort, direct, and counsel one another: This, *if it were well observ'd*, would be very useful and encouraging to christian Relations, in their most serious and reserv'd Reflections; where they might take notice how that Party that is discourag'd and dejected *to day*, and receives Support and Encouragement, Relief and Direction from the Counsel and comforting Assistance *of the other*, shall be restor'd and comforted, and perhaps enabled *the next time* to give the same Encouragement, Counsel, Advice, and Comfort to the other, who may in like manner be sunk under his own Fears and Temptations!

This I thought fit to recommend in the most earnest Terms, and from just Experience, to the Consideration of Christian Relations, as a useful Observation, *in hope* it may be improv'd by the Experience of others, to the Glory of God, and their own Comfort.

(2.) The Duty of Parents *may be seen here*, as it respects the Necessity of setting about the great Work of Family Reformation, *however late*, and whatever the Discouragements may be: *The Father here* expresses this affectionately to his Wife, *Our Children*, says he, *may be still lost*, notwithstanding our Endeavour; but we are sure to be lost, if we continue to neglect it.

From these Considerations the Father resolves to set about the Work, and immediately gives his Wife an Account of the Method he proposes to himself to go upon; in which Method, like a prudent Man, and good Christian, he proposes a serious mutual Humiliation *to his Wife* for their former Neglect of their Duty, and a fervent praying to God for his Blessing upon their Endeavours in their Family-Reformation.

Hence

Hence is intimated, and seriously recommended, to Parents and Heads of Families, the great Work which is so much neglected, or rather so little regarded, of a Family joining in Confession of those Sins, *I mean of Husband and Wife*, which they have join'd in the Committing; would Husbands and Wives join seriously in humbling themselves together before God, for those Family Sins, which they have join'd in the Guilt of, Family Reformation would be set about with much more Earnestness and Application *than now* we see it is, and many Obstructions to it, which happen by our Willingness to excuse ourselves, would be removed.

From the Manner of the Husband and Wife's Discourse here, *may be noted*, that where *thorough Conviction* works in the Mind, both Parties are, *as it is here*, forwardest to accuse themselves; whereas in most Family Cases, the Heads of Families seem always forward to shift off the Fault from themselves, tho' *they acknowledge* the Error, and see plainly the Defect, and the Consequences of it also in the Ruin of their Children; yet they are diligent, *like Adam and Eve*, in throwing the Guilt of it off from themselves, either upon one another, or upon Accidents and Circumstances, which they think may serve to *excuse themselves*; but if they were thoroughly touch'd with the Thing itself, with the Guilt of it upon themselves, and the fatal Consequences of it upon their Children, they would mutually own the first, and deprecate the last, as our two penitent Parents do here. *O! I have ruin'd all my Children*, says the Mother. *No, no, you have not ruin'd them, it is I have ruin'd them*, says the Father, *I have neglected my Duty to 'em*, says the Father. *But I have been the Cause of your neglecting your Duty*, says the Mother.

Here is a compleat View of Parents, both of their Error, their Repentance, and their Reformation; their Disease, the Effects of it, and the Manner of their

Cure; and as these are the Foundation of what follows, so the following Dialogues are an Exemplification of most of the things contain'd in these Discourses of the two Parents, and the Connexion of them will be taken notice of throughout the whole Work.



THE FOURTH DIALOGUE.

FOR the better understanding this Discourse, it is to be understood, that the Father and Mother, according to their Resolution in the last Dialogue, *had set effectually* about the Reformation of their Family, and about proper Methods for reducing their Children to an Obedience to, and Sense of their Duty.

Their Children were most of them grown up, and had run a great Length; they had been indulg'd in all possible Folly and Levity, such as *Plays, Gaming, Looseness* of Life, and *irreligious* Behaviour; not immodest or dishonest, that they were not yet arriv'd to; but they were bred up with *Gaiety* and *Gallantry*, as being of good Fortunes and Fashion; but nothing of Religion, more than just the common Course of going to Church, which they did because it was the Custom and Fashion, rather than with any other View; and being thus unhappily educated, we shall find the Instruction they were now to bear, met with the more Opposition in them, and we shall see how it had a various Effect, according to the different Temper, and Constitution of the Children.

Their eldest Daughter was about eighteen Years old, and her Mother, it seems, began with her first:
Her

Her Mother found it a very difficult Matter to deal with her; for when she came to tell her of laying by her foolish Romances and Novels, *of which she was mighty fond*; leaving off her Patches and Play-Books, refusing her going to the Park on the Sabbath-Days, *and the like*, she flew out in a Passion, and told her Mother, *in plain Words*, that she would not be hinder'd, she was past a Child, she would go to the Park, and to the Play, *and the like*, ay, that she would.

But *the Mother*, whose Resolution was too well fix'd, *after such an Occasion as has been said*, to be conquer'd by her Daughter; *having try'd softer Methods to no Purpose*, took her roundly to task, and told her, That as she took those Measures with her *for her Good only*, and that she could not satisfy her own Conscience, to see her ruin'd *Body and Soul* together; so she was resolv'd to be obey'd, and that since she would not comply by fair Means, she would take another Course; this Course, it seems, *beside other things which will appear in the following Part of this Dialogue*, was particularly, that it being then Sabbath-Day, after they came from Church, when her Mother began this Discourse, her Daughter call'd for the Coach to go to the Park, as their Custom, it seems, had always been; but *her Mother* would not suffer her to stir out, and upon her being a little stubborn or resolute, had used some little Violence with her in shewing her Resentment, and threatned her with worse, *as will appear presently*.

Upon this Repulse she flings up Stairs into her Chamber, where she sat crying, when *her elder Brother*, whom the Father, it seems, had not yet begun with, came to her, between which Couple begins the following Dialogue.

Brother. SISTER! What, in Tears? what's the Matter now?

[She cries on, but makes no Answer.

Bro. Dear Sister ! tell me your Grievance, *I say tell me*, what is it troubles you ?

[*And pulls her by her Cloaths.*

Sist. I won't ; don't trouble me, I won't tell you, let me alone.

[*Sobs and cries still.*

Bro. Pr'ythee what is the Matter, Sister ? Why, you will spoil your Face, you won't be fit to go to the Park ; *come*, I came to have you go out, we will all go to the Park.

Sist. Ay, so you may if you can.

Bro. If I can ! What do you mean by that ? I have ordered *Thomas* to get the Coach ready.

Sist. It's no matter for that, I assure you he won't do it.

Bro. I'll cane the Rascal if he don't, and that presently too ; come, do you wipe your Eyes, and don't pretend to go abroad with a blubber'd Face.

Sist. I tell you, *Thomas* will not obey you, he is otherwise order'd ; you will find that neither you nor I are to go out to Night.

Bro. Who will have the Impudence to hinder us ?

Sist. I have been hindered already ; and my Mother has told me in so many Words, I not only shall not go to Night, but never any more of a Sunday, though I think I shall fail her.

Bro. What does my Mother mean by that ? not go to the Park ! I must go, and I will go, as long as Sermon is done, what Harm is there in't ? I warrant you we will go, come get you ready, and wipe your Eyes.

Sist. You'll find yourself mistaken in my Mother, I'll assure ye ; I told her I would go, as you do me, and she was in such a Passion with me, she struck me, which she never did in all her Life before, and then read me a long Lecture of the Sabbath Day, and being against her Conscience, and I know not what ; Things I never heard her talk of in my Life before ; I don't know what ails her to be in such a Humour.

Bro. Conscience ! what does my Mother mean by that ? Why, have we not gone every Sunday to the Park,

Park, and my Mother always gone with us? What, is it against her Conscience now, and never was against her Conscience before? *that's all Nonsense*; I'll warrant you I'll go for all this new Bustle you make about it.

Sist. I'd go with all my Heart, but *I tell you* she is in such a Passion you had better let her alone; it will but make her worse.

Bro. *Pr'ythee don't tell me*, I will go to the Park if the Devil stood at the Door: what shan't I have the Liberty to go out when I please? *Sure I am past a Boy*, an't I!

Sist. *I tell you*, my Mother is very positive, and you had better let her alone, you will but provoke her; you may do as you will.

Bro. *Not I*, I won't provoke her at all, for I won't ask her; I'll go out without her.

Sist. Then you will go without a Coach too; for I assure you, as I said before, you won't get *Thomas* to go.

Bro. Then I'll take a Hackney, and go to the Mall.

Sist. Come, Brother, we had better let it alone for once; my Mother will be better condition'd another time, *I hope this will be over*.

Bro. Nay, I don't care; *come let's read a Book then*: Have you never a Play here? Come I'll read a Play to you.

Sist. *Ay*, what will you have?

Bro. Any thing.

[*She runs to her Closet for a Play Book, and finds her Plays, Novels, Song-Books, and others of that kind taken all away.*]

Sist. Oh, Thieves! Thieves; I am robb'd!

Bro. Robb'd! What do you mean, Sister?

[*He runs to her.*]

Sist. All my Books are gone? they are all gone, all stole! I han't a Book left!

[*Here you may suppose her taking God's Name in vain, very much, and in a great Passion.*]

Bro. What, all your Books?

Sist. Every one, that are good for any thing. Here's nothing *but a Bible*, and an old foolish Book about Religion, I don't know what.

[*Her Brother looks.*]

Bro. I think, *as you say*, they are all gone! No, hold, here's a Prayer-Book, and here's the *Practice of Piety*; and here's the *Whole Duty of Man*.

Sist. Pr'ythee what signifies them to me? But all my fine Books are gone; I had a good Collection of Plays, all the *French Novels*, all the modern Poets, *Boileau*, *Dacier*, and a great many more.

Bro. What's the Meaning of this?

Sist. I'll lay a *hundred Pounds* this is my Mother.

Bro. I believe so too; I wish my Mother be not mad: This is horrid! What can my Mother mean?

[*The Sister falls into a great Passion of crying; the second Brother comes up to them, and the Father had been talking to him.*]

2 Bro. What's the Matter with my Sister? What, is she not well?

1 Bro. I don't know what's the Matter *very well*, but my Mother has been ruffling her a little, and put her out of Humour.

2 Bro. What has she done?

1 Bro. Why, she won't let her go to the Park; and when she said she *would* go, my Mother struck her, and we find she has taken away all her Books; I can't imagine what the Meaning of all this is? I think my Mother is mad.

2 Bro. No, no, Brother, my Mother is not mad, if she is mad, my Father is mad too; you won't want long to know what the Meaning of it is, for you will hear of it quickly *too* yourself, *that I can assure you*.

1 Bro. I hear of it! What, from my Father?

2 Bro. Yes, from my Father; he has told me his Mind already, and the Reason and Occasion of it, and I know he is enquiring for you, to do the like.

1 Bro.

1 Bro. He may talk what he will to me, but I'll do what I please for all that.

2 Bro. Hark ! you are call'd just now ; you will be of another Mind when you come back, I'll warrant you.

[The Eldest Son is call'd to come to his Father.]

1 Bro. Never as long as I live. *[Goes out.]*

2 Bro. If my Father's Reason does not persuade him, *I can assure him*, his Authority will, for he is resolved upon the thing.

Sist. *What thing is it, Brother ?* What is our Father and Mother going to do with us ? For my part, I cannot imagine what they mean !

2 Bro. Why, really Sister, I find they have begun with the youngest first ; for my Father has been upon me, and my Mother has begun with my Sister Betty, but you will have your Turn too.

Sist. I think my Mother has begun with me already ; for I was but humming over a new Song this Afternoon, though Church was done and all over, and every Body come home ; but my Mother was in such a Passion with me, that I never had so many Words with her in my Life ; she would not let me go to the Park, and had much ado to keep her Hands off of me.

2 Bro. I heard she was angry with you, but it seems you answer'd her rudely.

Sist. I said nothing, but that I would go to the Park.

2 Bro. Well, but you told her you would go whether she would or no.

Sist. Why, was that such a Crime ? And so I would say again.

2 Bro. Well, but if you did, you would not say it was well done, would you ? And it seems, as she told you then, so I can satisfy you now, she will not take it from you, nor none of us, as she has done.

Sist. It may be so, and I have found it otherwise already.

2 Bro. What, has she not taken some Books out of your Closet ?

Sist. Some! No, she has only taken all my Books away.

2 Bro. I warrant she has left your BIBLE and Prayer-books, and such as those.

Sist. Ay those! What does that signify? She has taken away all my Plays, and all my Songs, and all the Books *that I had any Pleasure in.*

2 Bro. Yes, I heard of it.

Sist. But I will have them again, or I'll lead her such a Life, she shall have *little Comfort of me.*

2 Bro. Truly, Sister, you may fancy you may have them again; *but I can satisfy you*, most of them are past Recovery, for I saw them upon the Parlour Fire before I came up.

Sist. THE FIRE! I'll go and pull them out *before her Face.*

[*Here she is raging, and in a violent Passion at her Mother, and makes as if she would run down Stairs.*]

2 Bro. Come, Sister, you had as good be easy, for I find both our Father and Mother are agreed in the thing; and *I must own* I begin to see they have Reason for it: *For my part*, I am inclin'd to submit to all their Measures, for I think in my Conscience, *we have all been wrong*, and if my Father and Mother see Reason to have me alter my Conduct, *and especially* when I am convinced it is for the better too, I think it is my Part to submit.

Sist. I'll never submit. [The Sister cries again.]

2 Bro. Perhaps you will be persuaded, when my Mother talks *a little calmly* to you; I believe my Sister Betty is of another Mind already.

Sist. I have had Talk enough already; my Mother tells me, I shall not go to the Park, nor to the Play-house, nor patch, nor play at Cards, *I think this is Talk enough*; what, does my Mother think to make a Nun of me?

2 Bro. No, I dare say she does not.

Sist.

Sist. No, and if she does *she will be mistaken*, for I shall not be hinder'd of my innocent Diversions, let my Mother do what she pleases.

2 Bro. But, Sister, I do not think you will find my Mother unreasonable in what she desires, if you will but allow yourself Leisure *to think of it* a little.

Sist. Unreasonable in her Desires ! *Pry'thee* can you tell me what it is she does desire ? For I cannot imagine what my Mother would be at ?

2 Bro. As for my Mother, I cannot be particular ; but if you are willing to hear me, I'll tell you what my Father said to me.

Sist. You may tell me if you will, *though I don't much care*, I won't be made a Fool of. What ! *I an't a Baby*, to go to School again.

2 Bro. Why, *look ye Sister*, you may stand out if you will a great while, but *I warrant* you must be content at last, for I do not see how you will help yourself.

Sist. I warrant you *I'll help myself*.

2 Bro. Then you must renounce your Father and your Mother, and leave the Family ; and I do not see what good that will do you, for I am satisfied my Father is resolute.

Sist. Resolute, *in what, pr'ythee* ? What is it my Father would have ? Does he think to make us all Fools ? *What is it he talks of* ?

2 Bro. I was going to tell you *the short History of it*, if you would have Patience : “ Early this Morning, *before we went to Church*, my Father call'd me up into his Chamber, and after enquiring several things of me *about my Learning, my Company,* and my Behaviour in the World, to which I made as good an Answer as I could ; *he told me*, with a great deal of Tenderness, *that he lov'd me very dearly ; that he intended to do very well for me ;* and *that he had a particular Kindness for me ;* *that he had but one thing he desired of me, and that this was for my own Good too, and desired*

“ to know if I was disposed to comply with him : I
 “ told him *I was very willing to do any thing to oblige*
 “ *him who had been so good a Father to me.* He told
 “ me, all he desired of me, *was this* ; he had observ’d
 “ that his Family in general was running on into
 “ all Kinds of Levity and Looseness ; which he was
 “ satisfied would be their Ruin ; *that* he had been re-
 “ miss in his Duty of Instruction, and Reproof to his
 “ Children, but that he begg’d God’s Pardon for that
 “ Omission, and would do his best to make us all
 “ amends : He concluded with asking me, whether I
 “ had rather *be a Rake, or a sober Man ?* I answer’d,
 “ I hop’d he did not expect any Reply from me to
 “ that, and that I hoped I had not gone so far as to
 “ make him doubt in the least that I did not design
 “ to be a sober Man. *Why, Son,* replies my Father,
 “ you have no other Way to do this, but to conclude,
 “ that if there were no divine Law, no future State,
 “ no Rewards or Punishments ; yet, regarding the
 “ Honour and Character which you expect in the
 “ World, you ought to be sober, if it were only to
 “ preserve your Reputation : *He told me,* that I knew
 “ he had design’d me for the Practice of the Law ; that
 “ tho’ he would do what he could for me, yet, as he
 “ had a great many other Children, I must expect to
 “ live, *or at least to advance my self* by my own Merit
 “ and Industry ; and that a Lawyer, like a Virgin,
 “ having once lost the Reputation of his Virtue or So-
 “ briety, no Body will meddle with him.

“ I not only listned very attentively to my Father’s
 “ Discourse, but looking steadily upon him, I thought
 “ I saw more than usual Tenderness and Affection
 “ in him all the while he was speaking ; *whenever*
 “ he mentioned his having omitted his Duty to his Fa-
 “ mily, I thought I saw Tears standing in his Eyes,
 “ and to hear him say, he begg’d God’s Pardon for
 “ the Neglect of it, *brought Tears into mine* ; when
 “ he told me he would make us all amends for the fu-
 “ ture,

“ ture, it suggested to my Mind, that my Father sup-
 “ posed that this Want of more early instructing us,
 “ *who are his Children, was our Loss, as well as his*
 “ *Fault*, and that we were not such Children, as we
 “ should have been *if we had been better taught*. I
 “ must own to you, Sister, these Thoughts have since
 “ made a great Disturbance in my Mind: I thought
 “ I saw the two young Ladies at next Door, and their
 “ Brother too, look’d quite another Sort of People
 “ *than we did*; they appear *so* modest, *so* sober, and
 “ yet *so* decently and genteely - affable and pleasant,
 “ that I think they live quite another Life than we
 “ do: *They never swear, nor use lewd and profane*
 “ *Words in their Discourse; they never sit up all*
 “ *Night at Cards, or go a visiting a Sundays, nor a*
 “ *hundred foolish things that our Family makes a*
 “ *Trade of, and yet they live as merrily, comfortably,*
 “ *sociably, and genteely as we do.*

“ *I must own to you, tho’ I have often laugh’d at*
 “ *them, and ridicul’d them before, yet my Thoughts*
 “ *often told me they liv’d a more rational Life than*
 “ *we did*; and when I heard my Father talk thus, it
 “ presently came into my Thoughts, that if my Fa-
 “ ther took the new Course with the Family *as he*
 “ *talk’d of*, we should begin to be like them, and I
 “ thought that would be very well for us all.

“ Well, after my Father had gone on thus, and
 “ paus’d a while, *I suppose to hear whether I would*
 “ *say any thing to it or no*; I told him, I would be
 “ glad to do any thing to answer his End, and de-
 “ sir’d to know what it was he expected of me. *My*
 “ *Father said*, The chief End of his Discourse was
 “ then to convince me of the Reasonableness and
 “ Necessity of an Alteration in my Life, and of the
 “ Advantages of a religious Family, and of a sober,
 “ and religious Education, and for the rest, if I was
 “ first satisfied of the general, he knew it would be
 “ easy

“easy to bring me to comply with all the Measures he should take to bring it about.”

We had a great deal more such Discourse, but I told him I was very well satisfied that he design’d nothing but our Good, and I should be ready to observe all the Injunctions he should lay on me; and *truly, Sister*, now I begin to reflect upon it, I find a great deal of Satisfaction in it; *for, upon my Word*, I think we have liv’d very oddly all along, whether it were my Father’s Fault or our own, I don’t enquire: But if we knew no more, *none of us* of the Town, than we do of Religion, we should be a very unfashionable Family.

Sist. Pr’ythee don’t fill my Head with all this *canting Stuff*, I don’t value it a Farthing.

2 Bro. Why, Sister, have you no manner of Inclination to live religiously, and *like a Christian*, or to listen to what your Father may say to you?

Sist. I think I am religious enough in all Conscience; and I don’t intend to disturb my Thoughts with any more Religion than needs must.

2 Bro. You talk wildly now; *I hope* you would be a good Christian?

Sist. A Christian! Why what do you take me for, a *Mahometan*? I think I am a very good Christian.

2 Bro. Why, *suppose that too*; yet if it were no more than that my Father desires it, and says, he resolves to have it so, you will hardly persuade yourself not to submit to him; *you know* besides, that he is our Father, and we ought in Duty to obey him; and not only that, but he has been the kindest, tenderest, obligingest Father in the World to us; and it would be very ungrateful to show yourself rude to such a Father, as it would be wicked to disobey him; *I am sure* you would not be a Christian if you should.

Sist. Don’t tell me, I think myself as good a Christian as any of you, but I won’t be made a Fool of,

of, for all that ; I had as lieve you should think me no Christian, as you should think me a Fool ; sure I am past my *Horn-book*.

2 Bro. And what, because you are past your *Horn-book*, do you think you are past teaching ? Have you nothing to learn but your *A, B, C* ?

Sist. No, no, I'll learn any thing too, but I won't be taught to be a Hermit ; if they have a mind to breed me up for an Abbess, let them send me to a Monastery ; I'd as lieve be in a real *Cloister*, as be *cloister'd up* at Home ; use none of your new *Cant* with me ; I tell you, Brother, my Mother may ruffle me as much as she will, I'll have my own *Vay* still.

2 Bro. Sister ! Sister ! you may talk, and huff, and flounce about as much as you will, but you will have the worst of it at last ; for if both *Father* and *Mother* set upon it, as I find they are both of a Mind, they will conquer you at last ; and perhaps it may mortify you more than you think of.

Sist. I am not so soon conquer'd as my *Father* may think ; if they won't let me be quiet at home, I'll take another Method, I am not so much to seek.

2 Bro. Pray, Sister, don't be angry with me for my Good-will, I'm not threatning you, nor my *Father* by me.

Sist. No, no, I won't be threatened neither ; sure ! I'm too old for Correction.

2 Bro. But not for Advice, I hope, Sister, nor for Instruction ; and if my *Father* should think you deserv'd Correction, do you think there is no Way for him to shew his Resentment, but laying his *Fingers* on you ?

Sist. You may all do your worst, I won't trouble myself about it, 'tis in vain to threaten me.

2 Bro. Nay, Sister, I think you are so above my *Father's* threatning you, that you talk as if you were
threatning

threatning him; would you be willing my Father should hear you?

Sist. You may tell him if you please.

2 Bro. Though that is very disobliging, Sister, yet I love you too well to go on that Errand, or to obey a Command that would be so much to your Prejudice.

Sist. I care not a Farthing if you did.

2 Bro. It is a Satisfaction to me that I know you will be of another Mind hereafter.

Sist. *Not I,* I defy you all; I'll go as far as my Legs can carry me, before I'll be confin'd, or made a Fool of.

2 Bro. Wherever you go, I would have you take this Hint-along with you, That you *leave your Reputation behind you,* and especially *the Christian* will be left behind you.

Sist. Don't you trouble your Head about that, I shall take care of my own Reputation

2 Bro. While it is in your own keeping, *I hope you will,* Sister; but you talk foolishly enough of *going away from your Father;* if you once go out of your Father's Doors, take my Word for it, your Character is at every Body's Mercy.

Sist. *For what,* pray?

2 Bro. Why should you ask for what? Pray *what will you say,* or what would you have said to any *that should ask you,* or *ask us,* why you are gone away from your Father? *you won't venture to say,* that you *came away* because your Father was about to reform his Family; *that you came away,* because you would not submit to be instructed by your Father! *That you came away,* because your Father and Mother would have you more religious than you were before! And *if you will not say that,* pray what can you say, or what can any Body say for you?

Sist.

Sist. I warrant you I shall have enough to say; and and as for what you or others shall say, you may say your worst of me, I don't care.

2 Bro. Truly, the greatest Misfortune will be, that when we say the worst, we shall say the Truth; and that when we say the Truth, we must say the worst of you that can be spoken; and upon that Account I hope you will consider what you do, when you think of going from your Father's House, though it were to the best Friend you have.

Sist. Indeed, if they put hard upon me, I shall make no Scruple of it.

2 Bro. I cannot tell what you will say then to bring yourself off: Pray what do you call putting hard upon you? Will you call my Father's Desire to reform your Life, a putting hard upon you? I hope you will first prove that he designs to press you to some wicked Thing, some forbidden unlawful Course; but to call my Father's Desire to regulate your Conduct, and reform your Life, I say, to call this putting hard upon you, every Body that hears it will reflect upon you.

Sist. No matter for that, I won't be confin'd, not I.

2 Bro. Not from the worst Wickedness? Do you mean you will not be confin'd so?

Sist. I desire no Wickedness, I don't know what you mean, I have never expos'd myself yet, to be charged with any Wickedness.

2 Bro. But you will do it now, it seems, because your Father requires you to be sober.

Sist. Pr'ythee what do you mean by sober? I think I am sober enough, and want no more reforming than any of you; what would you have?

2 Bro. I am no way taxing your Sobriety; but should be very glad you would increase the Stock, and improve it, and I believe, my Father means no other.

Sist.

Sist. Can't I be sober as well with all my Books my Mother has taken away, *as without them?* What can you tax me with that *is not sober*, that here is such a Rout about it?

2 Bro. Dear Sister! I do not find that my Father or Mother is inclined to tax you in particular *any more than all of us*, but all of us together; nay, even our Father and Mother themselves have been negligent, godless, and graceless; and if they now resolve to repent and turn, and to carry it after another manner, and to have us do the same, *pray what taxing can you call this?* Does not my Father say, he confesses he has been negligent, and has not done his Duty, *as well as any of us?* And what is all he desires of us, *but only*, that as he begs Pardon of Almighty God for himself, *so* we should ask the same for ourselves; that as he resolves to reform his Practice, *so* we should do also; *that so* at last we may be a sober Family, a reform'd Family, and may serve God for the future after another manner than we have done: *Pray where's the Hardship of all this?*

Sist. Well, you may go on with your Reformation, and Confessions, *and all that*, if you have a mind; for my part I'll have *nothing to do with it*, I'll let you all go your own way.

2 Bro. Well, Sister, I am sorry for you; if you hold of this Mind, we are like to have a *foul House with you quickly*, for I know my Father will go thorough stitch with what he has begun.

Sist. My Father may go on with what he will, I shan't hinder him; *he may let me alone*, and reform the rest of you, can't he? I need no Reformation, as *I know of*.

2 Bro. I am not so sorry for the Difficulty my Father will meet with, *as for the Hazard you will run for yourself*, and the Breach you will make in your own Happiness; but here comes my Sister Betty, I see

see by her Looks she has something to say upon the same subject.

2 Sift. How long have you two been together ?

2 Bro. A great while.

2 Sift. I suppose I know something of your Discourse, at least, I guess at it by your looking so grave : Pray how long have you been here ?

2 Bro. I told you, a great while : but since you would be answered particularly, I believe we have been here just as long as you have been with my Mother, for I know she has been talking to you.

2 Sift. That's true, my Mother and I have been talking.

1 Sift. Talking ! Do you say ; or Fighting !

2 Sift. Fighting ! What do you mean, Sister ! Do you think I fight with my Mother ?

1 Sift. No, but it may be your Mother may fight with you ; why not with you as well as with your eldest Sister.

2 Sift. My Mother never struck me in her Life, and I never gave her any Cause that I know of.

1 Sift. That's more than I can say ; and yet I think I never gave her any more Cause than you did.

2 Sift. If my Mother has struck you, certainly you must have given her more Cause than I have done ; for every Body knows she loves you to a Distinction above every Child she has.

1 Sift. I don't believe a Word of it, nor do I desire such Love.

2 Bro. Well, Sister, but you may tell us a little how you like things, and what Discourse my Mother has had with you, for we all know the Subject already.

2 Sift. My Mother has said nothing to me but what I like very well, and am very willing to comply with.

2 Bro. I am very glad to hear you say so, I wish we were all of the same Mind.

2 Sift. I hope we shall ; I think what she proposes is so rational, and the Reasons of it so unanswerably good,

good, that I see no Room to object against it *in the least*, nor do I see any thing design'd in it at all, but what is for our Good.

2 *Bro.* I am perfectly of your Opinion, and am glad to find you of mine ; *but here is my Sister MARY* quite of different Sentiments from us all.

1 *Sist.* *And with a great deal of Reason*, for she has not been treated with the same Kindness as you have been treated with.

2 *Sist.* Wherein pray ?

1 *Sist.* Why I suppose my Mother has not been in your Chamber, and rifled your Closet, and taken all your choice Books, and your Plays, and your Songs, and your Novels, &c. and carried them away, and thrown them into the Fire.

2 *Sist.* No, no, my Dear ; for what my Mother said to me was *so* affecting, *so* fully convincing and *so* unanswerable, that I immediately fetch'd them all down myself, and put them into the Fire *with my own Hands*.

1 *Sist.* A pretty complying easy Fool ! *I warrant she kiss'd thee*, and call'd thee *dear Child*, and cry'd over thee for thy Pains, did she not, my Dear ?

2 *Sist.* I am ashamed to hear you talk *so* of my Mother, Sister ; sure you han't lost your *Manners* and *Duty*, as well as *Respect* and *Religion*, Sister ? I beseech you what is the matter with you ?

1 *Sist.* And have you really burnt all your Plays to please a Humour ?

2 *Sist.* Indeed I have burnt them, but not to please a Humour, I have done it to oblige the best Mother in the World ; and I have done it from a Sense of its being very fit to be done.

1 *Sist.* *A fine Child !* And are not you a deal the wiser for it ; do you not repent it already ?

2 *Sist.* No, Sister ! So far from repenting it, that I never did any thing in my Life that gave me more Satisfaction ; *and if it were to do again*, I should now
do

do it with ten times the Pleasure I did it then; and if God give me the Grace to keep my Resolution, I never design to see a Play, or read a Play more.

1 Sift. *Pretty Child!* Thoroughly reform'd at once; This is a mighty sudden Conversion, and may hold accordingly, *I suppose*, as most such hasty things do.

2 Sift. *It will hold, I hope*, longer than your Obstinacy against it.

1 Sift. When it has *as good Reasons*, I may think so too.

2 Sift. I shall debate that with you hereafter, when you have heard the same Reasons for it that I have heard.

1 Sift. Well, but come, *pray let's have a few of your Reasons* just now, if you can spare them; pray, what Harm is there in seeing or reading a Play? Is there any sufficient Mischief in them to justify your burning them, and to justify my Mother's using me about them, *as she has done?*

2 Sift. *In the first Place*, Sister, the Time we have before us, compar'd to the Eternity that is to be prepar'd for, is *so little*, and *so short*, that if it be possible to employ it better, there is none to spare for what has so little Good in it *as a Play*.

1 Sift. I have learnt a great deal of Good from a Play.

2 Sift. But might you not have learnt more from the Scriptures?

1 Sift. It may be not.

2 Sift. You would have been a bad Scholar then.

1 Sift. Well, and what's next?

2 Sift. *In the second Place*, the little Good which you can pretend is to be found in them, is mix'd with *so much Evil*, attended with *so much lewd, vicious, and abominable Stuff*, that no sober Person will bear with the *wicked Part*, for the Sake of the *good Part*; nor can any one justify it, that the good Part is such,

such, or so great, that so much Hazard should be run for it.

1 *Sist.* Very well; so you are afraid you should be tempted when you go to the Play; I suppose, that is because you are so tempting yourself.

2 *Sist.* No, Sister, I am in no more Danger, I hope, than another; but sure, if I am to pray to God, as in the Lord's Prayer, *Lead me not into Temptation*, I must not lead myself into it.

1 *Sist.* And is this all you have to say for throwing the best Collection of Plays, the whole Town had, into the Fire?

2 *Sist.* I have many more Reasons which I shall bestow on you when you have answer'd these, but there is one more which I will bestow upon you now, which you may give an Answer to before the rest, if you please, viz. That it is my Mother's Desire and Resolution, that I should do so; and that she declares, it is against her Conscience to permit me the Use of those things as formerly; and therefore desires, and in one kind commands, that I should do thus, and I am bid in the Scripture many Ways to obey; *Children obey your Parents in all things*, &c.

1 *Sist.* That is the best Reason you have given yet.

2 *Sist.* I think not, neither; for the other Reasons are better, as they are drawn from the Nature and Authority of God, and this but from the Authority of my Mother; which though it is great, and ought to be very prevalent with me; and ever shall be so, yet not quite equal, or up to the Authority of him that made us all; nor will my Mother think hard that I say so.

2 *Bro.* Sister, indeed I think my Sister Betty has fully answer'd you there.

1 *Sist.* Yes, yes, you are two fine new Converts.

2 *Bro.* Which I hope we shall never be ashamed of.

1 *Sist.*

1 *Sist.* Well, and pray what said you to her about going to the Park a *Sundays*? Had you nothing to say about that?

2 *Sist.* Yes, yes, my Mother shew'd her Dislike of it; and said it was a plain Violation of the Commands of God: *I mused a little while about it.* and being convinced that it was so, I presently resolved never to go any more.

1 *Sist.* So, and you had not a Box on the Ear then as I had?

2 *Sist.* I gave my Mother no Occasion for that, Sister, as I understand you did.

1 *Sist.* No, no, you are a mighty good, obedient thing.

2 *Sist.* I am not ashamed to own that. *I obey my Mother,* and am willing to do so in every thing, especially every thing that is right, more especially in every thing that is for my own Good, and most of all, where my Duty to God joins with it; if you think it below you to do so, I am sorry for it, I cannot follow you in that Example; for the Scripture says expressly, *Children obey your Parents in all things,* much more where the Command of God and the Command of our Parents concur together, as it does in this Case.

1 *Sist.* You preach nicely, Sister? you shall marry a Parson, and when you turn *Quaker* you shall be a speaking Sister.

2 *Sist.* Any thing rather than a Rebel to God and my Parents; break the Commandments of the first, and abuse the Tenderness of the last.

1 *Sist.* You are mighty mannerly to your Sister.

2 *Sist.* Much more to you, than you to my Mother; *I love my Sister very well,* but I know neither Brother nor Sister when they rise up against my Mother, and that such a Mother as ours is; who I must tell you, Sister, deserves other things at your Hands; and unless you behave better, you will find the whole

Family against you, *as well as I*, for every Body says you treated my Mother *very rudely*; the very Servants speak of it with Abhorrence, and of you with Contempt; *every Body must despise you* if you carry it so to your Mother.

1 *Sist.* With all my Heart; if *every Body* despises me, *I'll despise every Body*, and so I'll be even with you all.

2 *Sist.* You'll soon be tir'd of that.

1 *Sist.* *If I am*, I'll bear my Affliction with Patience.

2 *Sist.* You are like to be a Martyr in the worst Cause *that ever Saint suffer'd in*; no doubt but you will suffer for Conscience sake; two excellent Points in Divinity you maintain, *viz. Contempt of God*, and *Rebellion against your Parents*: I wonder what *Evil Spirit* is your Instructor.

1 *Sist.* You are very pert, *Madam*, and shew Abundance of Affection and Respect.

2 *Sist.* I follow *your own Example still*, Sister; but I'll be very honest to you, I'll neither have *Respect* nor *Affection* to you, or any Body, that shall carry it to my Mother as you have done; I would not load you, or add to your Sorrows, but no body in this House can do otherwise, who have such a Father, and such a Mother as we have.

1 *Sist.* I have no Sorrow about it, and am resolved I will have none.

2 *Sist.* I think the best way to deal with you, is to leave you; your Crime will be your sufficient Punishment: But I must tell you before I go, which I should have told you at first, that my Business was not to visit you now, but to call you to my Father and Mother, who want to speak with you in the Parlour, and where, I suppose, you will hear more of it.

1 *Sist.* I won't go.

2 *Sist.* *As you please, Sister, for that*; I have delivered my Message.

1 *Sist.*

1 *Sist.* And you may carry that for an Answer.

2 *Sist.* No, Sister, *I'll have no hand in your Misfortunes*; besides I believe here comes another Messenger from them.

[*A Servant comes up Stairs, and tells the eldest Lady that her Father and Mother wait to speak with her.*]

1 *Sist.* I am indispos'd, tell my Mother, I can't come, I am upon the Bed.

Servant. If you won't go, Madam, I doubt they will come to you.

1 *Sist.* Go you and deliver your Message.

2 *Sist.* And are you so resolute against yourself, Sister? can nothing persuade you to your own Good! certainly you will be wiser.

1 *Sist.* What would you have me do? *What is the Matter with you all?*

2 *Sist.* Nay, Sister, I am not fit to give you Advice, who are my eldest Sister; but methinks you do not want Advice to go down to your Father, when you are sent for.

1 *Sist.* I won't.

2 *Sist.* What shall I say to them? *I dare not say you won't, for your own sake.*

1 *Sist.* Tell them, *I an't well, can't you?* That I am upon the Bed, and have shut my Door, and won't be spoke with; *tell them any thing*: Don't you see I an't fit to be spoke to?

2 *Sist.* As the Maid said, *I am certain* they'll come up to you, for they know your Distemper; I would fain have you go down. *I dare say* you will be treated very tenderly and kindly; perhaps better than you can expect, especially if you do not force them to treat you ill.

1 *Sist.* Yes! After they have burnt all my Books; robb'd me of what they knew was my Delight; refus'd me the Liberty of going abroad; and given me a Blow in the Face for nothing; now they'll treat me

kindly, will they? I desire none of their Kindness:
I won't go.

2 Sift. Well, Sister, then they must wait upon you,
I suppose.

1 Sift. If they do, I won't speak to them, or open
the Door.

[She cries vehemently.

2 Sift. I hope you will alter your Mind, *I'll leave
you to think of it.*

*[The second Sister withdraws, and the other claps
the Door after her.*

THIS Dialogue needs no Observation, save on the
different Temper between Children dutifully
submitting to Family Government, and affectionately
complying with their Parents just Desires; and on
the other hand, Children obstinately adhering to the
Dictates of their Passions; and this will appear to
every common Reader; besides, much of this *first
Part* being Historical, and the Family known, I for-
bear further Observations on the particular Conduct of
the Persons. The Design of this Work being rather
to instruct other Families, than to reproach those who
may think themselves concern'd: The Author leaves
these Dialogues therefore without particular Remarks,
and leaves Room for abler Hands to annotate upon
them hereafter, when the Persons concern'd may be
gone off the Stage, and then it may rather appear as
a general Reproach to those that are guilty, than a
particular Satyr upon Persons or Families; and this he
conceives will also tend more to the Usefulness of the
Work.

End of the Fourth Dialogue.



T H E
F I F T H D I A L O G U E.



THE last Dialogue is a kind of a Sketch or Draught of the whole Family we are speaking of. The eldest *Son* and *Daughter*, as their Father and Mother had suggested, being grown up in a long allowed Course of Looseness in Behaviour, all manner of Liberties having been given them; without any Family-Restraint, *without Government*, and rather encouraged by their Parents, *than limited* either by Example or Command, prov'd, *as might well be expected*, very obstinate and refractory, *especially the Daughter*, who being hot and insolent, her Mother, *at the first Attempt*, was so provok'd as to use her somewhat roughly: The other Children, who were grown up, *being also a Son and a Daughter*, are not only brought to submit to the Reformation proposed by their Parents, but embrace it with Willingness and Chearfulness, and make their Duty be their Choice, to the great Satisfaction of their Parents.

The following Dialogue is between the Father and Mother with their said *Sons* and *Daughters* respectively, *and apart*, which are the same that are referred to in the former Discourses.

The Mother it seems began with her eldest Daughter upon something in her Behaviour about breaking the *Sabbath*, and this, by the Imprudence of the Daughter, ended rougher than she [*the Mother*] design'd it.

The Father began with his second Son, and finding him very tractable, proceeded to his eldest Son, but met with great Difficulties and Discouragements in him.

The Mother found the *second Daughter* sensibly affected with her Discourse, and chearfully willing to submit to her Instructions, which was a great Comfort to her, and encourag'd her to deal the better with her obstinate Sister.

Their other Children were younger, and rather to be govern'd by Authority than Persuasion. The Dialogue with the eldest Daughter *began thus*: After Sermon, every Lord's Day, it had been their Custom to walk abroad, to go to the Park, or a Visiting, and so to wear off the Evening, and then come home to Supper; but the Case being now alter'd, the Father had let the Servants know they must all stay at home, and had told his younger Son, with whom he had discoursed in the Morning, that he would have no more going to the Park on the Lord's Day; but the Daughter had not yet heard of it, nor the eldest Son, or if they had, they did not believe their Father was in earnest; so that, according to their usual Custom, they were preparing to go abroad, and the Son had bid their Coachman to get ready to carry them out; the Mother, perceiving the Daughter to be putting on her Gloves, calls to her thus:

Mother. WHAT are you dressing for, Child?

Daughter. To go to the Park, Madam.

Mo. I would not have you go to Night, my Dear.

Dau. Why, Madam?

Mo. I have a Reason which I had rather tell you another Time.

[Note, *The Mother having design'd to have a serious Discourse with her Daughter, did not think fit to enter into Particulars now, but her Daughter's Carriage forc'd her to it.*

Dau.

Dau. I must go, *Madam*, I have appointed Company.

Mo. Well, however disappoint them for once at my Desire.

Dau. It's impossible, *Madam*, I can't do it.

Mo. O, the Impossibility is not so very great as you make it; I warrant you, you can excuse it.

Dau. I never did such a thing in my Life, 'tis rude, *Madam*, to the last Degree, I cannot look my Lady Lighthouse in the Face.

Mo. Lay the Fault on me, my Dear, I'll bear the Blame.

Dau. I'll ev'n lay the Fault on no body, nor ask any body Pardon, but go myself.

Mo. I wonder, Child, you should force me to the Necessity of telling you, that you must not go.

Dau. Why, *Madam*, I must go; I can't put it off.

Mo. But I tell you, *Mistress*, since you will be put off no other way, you shall not go.

Dau. Shan't I?

Mo. No, you shan't.

Dau. But I will go.

Mo. I never thought to have had such Language as that from you, Daughter, and I assure you I shall not take much of it.

Dau. Why should not I go out then, as well now as at another Time?

Mo. Why, Daughter; since I must come to Particulars with you, I assure you, that you shall not only not go to the Park To-day, but never any more of a Sabbath-day, as long as I have the troublesome Office of being your Mother.

Dau. What have I done to be used so?

Mo. Nothing more than the rest, nor was I blaming you; but you have been all guilty of prophaning the Lord's Day; and to the best of my Power you shall do it no more.

Dau. Why, han't you done it yourself? And have you not always gone with us?

Mo. Tho' that is very unnatural and unmannerly in you, to reproach me with it, yet I confess it is but too just upon me, *and I deserve it*; however, I pray God forgive me, *that I have done it*, and especially, that I have let you all do it; well may you upbraid me with it, *and I desire to be ashamed* that you have had my Example to encourage you to it; but it is the more my Duty to reform it, and I expect your Compliance with the more Willingness.

Dau. I see no Harm in it, not I.

Mo. What, not on the *Lord's Day*?

Dau. No, as long as Sermon is over, and Church is done.

Mo. Why, does not the Commandment say, *Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it Holy, therefore God blessed the Sabbath-day, and HALLOWED it*?

Dau. Why, don't I keep it *Holy enough*? don't I go to Church every *Sunday*?

Mo. Well, and do you think that the *Sabbath-day* is over when you have been at Church?

Dau. Over! Why, what would you have us do after we have been at Church?

Mo. I shall take a Time to let you know what is your Duty on the rest of the Day; but I did not design to talk of that now, *nor of this neither*, if you had not moved me to it by your undutiful Language.

Dau. I don't trouble myself about it.

[*Here the Daughter turns away, and with a kind of humming low Voice, sings the Tune of a new Play-house Song.*]

Mo. Unsufferable Insolence! Have I been telling you of the Command of God to keep holy the *Sabbath-day*, and of my Resolution to do it myself, and *to cause you to do it*, and do you despise God and your Mother at this rate? *it is not to be borne with.*

[*She first apparently laughs at her Mother, and turning away from her, sings on.*]

Mo.

Mo. Your Contempt of your Mother I place to my own Account ; but for your Contempt of your Maker, take that on God's Account.

[Strikes her a Box on the Ear.]

Dau. Ha ! Is it come to that !

[The Daughter flies away in a Rage, and goes up Stairs towards her Chamber.]

Mo. Only take this with you in your Fury, That I'll have no going out of Doors.

Dau. But I will, for all this.

Mo. I advise you to provoke me no farther.

Dau. You have done your worst.

[The Mother, provok'd highly by her Tongue, follows her, and goes into her Chamber, but she had gone into another Room, and the Mother seeing the Closet Door open in her Chamber, goes in, and takes away all her Books, PLAYS, SONGS, &c. leaving only her Bible, Prayer-book, and two or three good Books in their Room.]

Mo. These are the cursed Roots from whence this bitter Fruit grows up ! Here's her Sabbath-day Study ! and the Bait to all her Pleasures ! These shall be the first Sacrifice to the blessed Resolution I have taken of reforming my Family.

[The Mother brings them all down Stairs, and after looking over the Particulars, threw them all into the Fire.]

[The Daughter going afterwards into her Chamber, and finding what her Mother had done, occasion'd the Dialogue already set down, between her and her eldest Brother.]

This little Adventure being over, and the Mother having compos'd herself, she sends for her second Daughter, about fifteen Years old, and begins the following Dialogue with her.

Mo. Child, where are you ? What, are you bespoke to Night too ?

2 *Dau.* No, Madam, who should bespeak me?

Mo. Why, your Sister, to go to the Park.

2 *Dau.* No, indeed, Madam, I know nothing of it, and if *she had* I have no Inclination to it.

Mo. How so?

2 *Dau.* I don't know, but *I never car'd for it a Sundays*, but when you go, and every Body, and then *I must*.

Mo. Dear Child, don't cut me to the Heart by telling me of my going! Your Sister has upbraided me with it just now, in her Fury, but your innocent way of telling me of it, *sinks deeper still*.

2 *Dau.* Upbraid you, Madam? It's impossible! I hope my Sister is not gone mad; sure you won't call my speaking so, upbraiding you with any Thing, *I abhor it*.

Mo. But, my Dear, I upbraid myself with it.

2 *Dau.* God forbid I should do it, dear Mother. But, was there any Harm in your going?

Mo. Only the wickedest thing in me that I was capable of doing; especially as it was an Example to you, my Dear, and to your Brothers and Sisters.

2 *Dau.* But if it was a wicked thing, Mother, it was so in me too, was it not.

Mo. Most certainly.

2 *Dau.* I cannot tell what it was, but I had always some Uneasiness when I was out at the Park, or a Visiting on the Sabbath-day; but I consider'd my Mother was with me, and sure it could not be wrong *THEN*, and that carried me on; but dear Mother, do not call this upbraiding you with it; *it would break my Heart* to have you think so.

Mo. I don't, my Dear; but I cannot help upbraiding myself with it; though no body in the World was to upbraid me with it; for I have run the risk of ruining thee, my Dear, and all the rest of my Children, both Soul and Body! and I am afraid some of them are quite ruin'd already.

2 *Dau.*

2 *Dau.* I won't be one of them, Mother; I'll do any thing you shall direct me to.

Mo. I would be glad to direct you for the best, my Dear, but the Work has been so long neglected, *I am almost discouraged*, and know not *where to begin*, or how to hope for Success.

2 *Dau.* Why, dear Mother, I hope I am not so hard to be instructed, or so backward to learn; I am sure I am willing to change my Course of Life for a better, *not only* out of Obedience to you, *as you are my Mother*, but out of meer Inclination and Choice; for I have often thought we were not in the *Way to do ourselves good*, and that the Life we led, *was not* as it should be.

Mo. I thank God for that Foundation laid in thee, my Dear, and hope the Rules of Amendment will be the more agreeable.

2 *Dau.* Dear Mother, all the Rules shall be agreeable to me, but more especially, such Rules as shall deliver me from the *Evil* of an irregular Life; sure, I cannot be so ungrateful as to neglect the Directions you shall give so much to my own Advantage.

Mo. *My Dear*, it is true, that *bare Amendment of Life* is not all the Duty that is before us; it is not enough that we forbear the Follies which we have so long committed, but we must perform the Duties we are commanded; a Christian's Life consists as well in discharging commanded Duties, as in avoiding forbidden Evils. *BOTH* must be done, and *BOTH* submitted to chearfully.

2 *Dau.* I have been uneasy a great while, at the Life we live; I always thought it was not right; but I did not know what Course to take *to alter it*, nor what I ought to do, *or not to do*; besides, *I thought* if I should refuse going to the Play, and refuse going abroad *on the Sabbath-day*, I should anger you, *Ma-dam*, for I always found *you were for them*, and yet I cannot say I took any Pleasure in them, but saw

other Families *did not do so*, and I thought they *look'd soberer*, and *liv'd better* than ours ; I thought myself in Heaven *last Winter*, when you let me stay at my Aunt's a few Weeks.

Mo. And yet these are the very things, *your Sister calls* the Pleasure of her Life.

2 Dau. Much Good may they do her.

Mo. And puts so much Value upon them, that she will affront her Mother at any Time, *rather than deny* herself the least Satisfaction of that kind.

2 Dau. She shall have *all my Share* in the Pleasure at a very low Price.

Mo. Indeed she provok'd me *just now* to the highest Degree ; when I saw her preparing to go to the Park, and desir'd her to put it off ; she told me, *'twas impossible*, and her Honour was engaged ; because, *forsooth*, she had made an appointment to meet the young Lady *Lighthouse*.

2 Dau. Her Honour engag'd ! What, her Honour engag'd to break God's Commandments ! *Sure, Ma'am*, you did not tell her, *as you do me*, of the *fourth Commandment*, *Remember that thou keep Holy the Sabbath-day*.

Mo. Yes, I did several Times ; and when, at last, I added my own Authority, and told her, *she should not go*, she told me flat and plain, *she would go*.

2 Dau. I am amaz'd !

Mo. Nay, I ought not to wonder ; for when she had laugh'd at its being a Breach of God's Command, *how could I expect* she would lay any Weight upon mine.

2 Dau. It is impossible : Certainly she could never do it in Contempt of the Commandment ; she must rather pretend it was lawful, and that it did not break the Command.

Mo. No, my Dear, no body breaks the Commandments of God avowedly, and obstinately, *as God's Command* ; no body is so absurdly wicked *as to say*, I will break God's Commandments in Defiance of him ;

him ; but she pretended there was *no Harm* in it, because *Sermon* was done ; as if God, who hallowed the *Sabbath day*, had only hallowed *so much* of it as was taken up in the public *Worship*, and no Part of the *Sabbath* was to be kept holy *but the Sermon-time*.

2 *Dau.* That's the Divinity of the Day, *Madam*.

Mo. *Nay*, and which is still more ridiculous, as if one Part of the Day being dedicated to the best Things, the worst were to come just on the Heels of them. I must own, I think People had better open their *Shops* as soon as *Sermon* is done, and fall to their *Buliness every Sabbath Evening* ; for sure it would be less Sin to spend the Day in lawful Employments, than in *Sports and Recreations*. *Worship* and *Diversion* is putting the two *Extremes* next to one another ; and it seems a Contempt of the Day to set one Piece of it apart for the best Things, and the other for the meanest, for *Recreation* is the meanest lawful thing that can be done ; but your Sister thinks her Pleasure the Reason of her Life, and the End for which she was born.

2 *Dau.* Then she seems to be born for very little Purpose ; I hope I am born for something else, *Madam*.

Mo. Yes, she thinks seeing and reading *Plays*, *Company*, *Visits*, the *Park* and the *Mall*, such material Points of Life, and so essential to her Happiness, that she will not only contradict my Authority, but *God's Command*, rather than not enjoy them.

2 *Dau.* I know *Plays* and *Romances* have been too much my Sister's Study, and mine too, but I confess I see nothing in them now so diverting as I have thought of them ; but if I did, if I thought it was displeasing to you, *Mother* ; more, if I thought it was an Error, or an Enemy to Religion and Virtue, I would soon let you see what my real Value for them is.

Mo. How dear they are to your Sister you will know to her just Reproach, when you come to hear how she treats me for taking them from her ; and how

dear they are to me, *you may guess* by my having put them into the Fire just now.

2 *Dau.* I am sorry for my Sister, and especially, dear Mother, that you should meet with so much Affliction in your Children; but depend upon it, *Madam*, you shall meet with nothing from me *to add to it*; and as to Play-Books and Novels, I hope, if they were no way offensive on a religious Account, *I could sacrifice them all* to give Satisfaction to my Mother.

Mo. My Dear, can you do so!

[The Mother weeps for Joy.]

2 *Dau.* I'll soon put you out of that Doubt, *Madam*, if you'll have Patience till I fetch them.

[She runs up Stairs to her Closet.]

Mo. Well, how said my Husband *to me*, that if we began this Work heartily, it would perhaps be blessed and succeeded *from above* beyond our Expectation! How does *this dear Child* close chearfully with the very first Notion of a Reformation! *Who knows*, but God, *in Time*, will mollify the Obstinacy of her Sister! This shall, however, encourage me *to go on* with my Work; *to continue* instructing and exhorting her, and not despair of a Blessing, tho' the Difficulties, by reason of a long Delay and Neglect, have been doubled upon me.

[The Daughter returns with a Servant, and their Laps both full of Songs, Plays, Novels, Romances, and such like Stuff, and throws them down on the Table.]

2 *Dau.* Here, *Madam*, is the willingest Sacrifice I ever made in my Life.

Mo. And do you do this freely, my Dear?

2 *Dau.* With more Pleasure, *Madam*, than ever I read them; and I resolve them to the Fire.

Mo. I think, my Dear, ~~thou~~ art the only qualified Person to be trusted with them; because *if there be any such thing as Good in them*, which I will not say there is, *thou alone* art able to pick it out, *without* touching

touching or being tainted with the Bad; of tasting what has any Relish, without being *soil'd* with the Dirt, or infected with the Disease of the other.

2 *Dau.* Well, *Madam*! but were I so capable, I am not above being entic'd; and besides other of my *Brothers* and *Sisters*, may make my Example their Rule, or may claim to use them, though in my Possession; I had rather have them follow my Sister's, and therefore make it my Desire, *Madam*, in order to put an Argument into your Mouth, for my Example, that I may put them all into the Fire with my own Hand.

[*She throws them in.*]

Mo. The Blessing of thy Father and Mother be upon thee, my dear Child! Thou hast made my Heart rejoice, that was almost sunk before, for fear lest all my Children were irrecoverably lost, by my Neglect of their more early Instruction.

2 *Dau.* My dear Mother! I am happier in that Blessing, than in all that ever you gave before.

Mo. What wilt thou say, my Dear, to thy Sister, when she hears of it?

2 *Dau.* Nay, *Madam*, what will my Sister say to me, when she shall know that I have heard how she us'd my Mother for a few Ballads and Play-books?

Mo. She will mock and flout at thee, my Dear.

2 *Dau.* Then I'll pity her, *Madam*, for I am sure she is in a worse Condition than I; I have your Blessing and Affection, *Madam*, which I value above all the World, and she would have had a Heap of Plays and Novels in the Room of it.

Mo. My Blessing, my Dear; Alas, what is that? May he be thy Blessing, whose Blessing maketh rich, and adds no Sorrow to it: If God gives thee Grace to go on, thou wilt be a Blessing to me, rather than I to thee; for I have been the Ruin of you all, and have brought you into the Danger of being never recall'd for want of instructing you before.

2 *Dau.*

2 *Dau.* Dear Mother! do not load yourself with that. I hope it is not too late for us to learn now.

Mo. It is very late, my Dear, very late! and what would have been easily taught, and easily learnt before, will be hard now both Ways; I fear, my Dear, you do not see what other things are necessary to be done.

2 *Dau.* What things are they, Madam?

Mo. Why, my Dear, on our Part, *thy Father and I*, we must set up a Family Government entirely new: *We must* be angry now at what we were pleas'd at before, and pleas'd now with what we were angry at before: What we laugh'd at, and made a Jest of in our Children before, we must now mourn over, and correct them for: What we not only allow'd to be done, but even *did ourselves* before, we must forbid now: What we accounted pleasant before, must be frightful now; and what we delighted in before, must be dreadful to us now: *IN SHORT*, every Part of our Government, or of our Children's Obedience, must be alter'd. O the Task that I have to go through! O the Difficulty of a late Reformation in a Family!

2 *Dau.* I cannot understand what all this mighty Change must be, Madam, or wherein there will be so much Difficulty; sure none of the Family can be backward to listen to such Directions as you will give 'em; will any of my Brothers and Sisters be against being made better, or render your Task difficult, when it may be made so easy, and when so much for their own Good; I am sure I will not, Mother.

Mo. I know the Mortification must be great on your Side too, I mean *all of you*; it is not an easy thing to bring Children off from their Levities and Pleasures, which are become so natural to them, by a long uninterrupted Allowance of their Parents and Governors; nay, it is not easy for Children themselves to bring their Humours and Inclinations, Fancies and Passions off from the Pleasures of Life, which perhaps they have, as all mine have, had an un-

unrestrain'd Enjoyment of; *the Work is very hard*, my Dear.

2 *Dau.* I believe it will not be half so hard to *me* to deny myself any, or all those Diversions and criminal Enjoyments you speak of, *Mother*, as to guide myself to those things which are necessary to be done, or engag'd in *afterwards*.

Mo. My Dear, a religious Conversation is not the easiest thing in the World.

2 *Dau.* But, I believe it is the pleasantest thing in the World, *Mother*.

Mo. Child, I wonder to hear thee say so; for thou hast never seen any thing of it *at home*.

2 *Dau.* 'Tis true, I have not at *home*, but I have abroad, *Madam*, when you sent me to my Aunt's, where you know I was nine or ten Weeks; I thought I was in Heaven there, *to what* I was at home; every thing *there* was so sober, so pretty, so grave, so exact, and so regular, and yet so chearful, so pleasant, so innocently merry, and *withal* so pious and so religious, that I thought nothing so happy in my Life, nor did I ever spend so many Weeks so well in my Life.

Mo. Child, your Aunt is a Dissenter you know.

2 *Dau.* But, *Madam*, my Uncle is a *Churchman*; and let them be which they will, *I see no Difference* in their Conversation, they all agree to be a religious, sober, pious *Family*: The Children are all under such Government; do all things so prettily, and their Behaviour is so agreeable; they love one another so entirely, and enjoy one another so perfectly, that I believe they are the Pattern of all the Town: *My Uncle* every Night and Morning calls them all together to Prayers: *My Aunt* takes all her Daughters together once a Day, and makes one of them read a Chapter, and then she says any thing she finds Occasion to say, to them, by way of *Reproof* or *Direction*; and I observ'd when I went up Stairs at Night, not one of my Cousins

Cousins would go to *Bed*, till they had retir'd into their Closets to their Prayers *by themselves*.

Mo. Poor Child! That was a strange Way of Life to thee, I believe.

2 Dau. I thought it strange, indeed, *at first*; but I was soon able to recollect myself, and *was asham'd to let them know* that I thought it strange, *much less* that I did not do so myself.

Mo. Poor Child! If thou hadst been taught, *as well as they*, thou wouldst have done so too.

2 Dau. Indeed, *Madam*, as I was almost left alone, I could not *but say my Prayers* too; and this kind of Life began to be so pleasant and agreeable to me, that I never enjoy'd myself *like* it in all my Life.

Mo. And didst thou not think thy Father's Family *a kind of Hell*, when thou cam'st home again, *my Dear*?

2 Dau. No, *Madam*, I confess it was odd *at first*, when, instead of a regular Family, I came home to all manner of Looseness and Liberty; but it *soon began* to be natural to me again, and I forgot my good Aunt's Instructions, *ay*, and my Uncle's too, who used to say a great many good things to me, and give me a great deal of good Advice.

Mo. How seldom is good Instruction lost or thrown away! I am persuaded the little good Advice *they gave thee*, was the Foundation of that Willingness to be govern'd or reform'd, *which appears in thee now*; my Blessing on her Heart for doing thee so much good!

2 Dau. I believe it has done me no harm, *Madam*.

Mo. How then would good Instruction have wrought upon thee, if *I had begun* it ten or twelve years ago?

2 Dau. Dear Mother, I hope it is not too late.

Mo. Well, *my Dear*, how do they spend the Sabbath at your Aunt's? *Not as we do*, I dare say!

2 Dau. No, indeed, *Madam*, after quite another Fashion: The young Ladies are obliged to be down Stairs half an Hour after Nine in the Morning, ready dress'd;

dress'd; then *my Uncle* calls to Prayers, and soon after, *they go all away*, either to the Church or to the Meeting-house; but *which soever it is*, they are *almost sure* to meet together after Sermon, sometimes at the very Door, and then, *Children and Servants*, not one stirs from home: *In the Evening* my Uncle calls them *all together*, reads to them in some good Books, and then sings Psalms, and goes to Prayers; *when that is over*, they go to Supper, *then* they spend an Hour *perhaps or two* in the most innocent, and the most pleasant Discourse and Conversation imaginable; it is always about something religious; *and then* every one retires to their Apartment, and the young Ladies spend their Time in their *Closet Devotions*, till they go to Bed.

The Sons, *you know*, Madam, are grown up, and those young Gentlemen are the very Picture of their Father! sober, virtuous, religious, and modest, and yet are really Gentlemen, and behave themselves as much like Gentlemen as any Men do: *Dear Mother*, when I came home, *and heard* my Brother *damn* the Coachman, and *curse* the Maids; *when I heard* the Noise, the Clamour, the prophane Words that our Servants have in their daily Conversation, *it amaz'd me*; I thought at first, all Gentlemen had been like my Brother, but I was soon convinc'd, when I had been a while at my *Aunt's*.

Mo. All this, *my Dear*, is the Consequence of the Difference of Education, and all signifies, *my Dear*, that your Aunt has done *her Duty*, and I have not done *mine*; nothing else has made the Difference indeed, God's Grace excepted.

2 Dau. *Dear Mother*, do not afflict yourself with what is past, *sure* none of us will be such refractory Creatures, as to resist *your good Design* of reforming us.
O. W.

Mo. O 'tis *too late* to bring your Brothers to any Government now.

2 Dau.

2 *Dau.* I hope not, *Madam*; if they are grown up, and thereby may think themselves past Government, yet *sure* they are not past Persuasion: They may want Judgment *when little*, and are then rather to be taught by Compulsion and Correction; but as they are now Masters of more Reason, *so* they will the sooner submit to the affectionate Persuasions of a tender *Father* and *Mother*, especially in a thing so apparently *and convincingly* for their own Good, *Soul* and *Body*.

Mo. I have a great deal of Reason to fear the contrary, *as well* in your *Sister*, as in your *Brothers*.

2 *Dau.* I think my *Sister* is passionate, and very fond of Pleasure and Gaiety; but, *Madam*, Time and your Authority, *I hope*, will prevail upon her to reflect upon her own *Interest* as well as *Duty*.

Mo. Go to her, my *Dear*, and see if you can work any thing upon her.

2 *Dau.* Alas, *Madam*! I shall be a very simple Instructor to her, who thinks herself so wise! She reckons me but a *Child*, fitter to come to School to her.

Mo. A less Child than you, my *Dear*, has been my Instructor; why may not you be hers?

2 *Dau.* I'll visit her, *Madam*; but I question whether she will speak to me, for I know she is in a great Passion.

Mo. Well, go, and bid her come down into the Parlour, here's your Father a coming: tell her your Father and I want to speak with her.

2 *Dau.* Yes, *Madam*.

[*She goes up to her Sister.*]

THIS Dialogue chiefly discovers the Difference of two Families, one religiously educated, faithfully instructed and taught both by the Care and Example of the Heads of the Family; the other abandon'd to the Gust of their own Inclinations, and let loose in the

the Pursuit of their Pleasures, without any Regard to their present Duty, or future Happiness.

The Benefit the young Lady received in the Religious Family of her Aunt, and the Effects of it, shew us, 1. How pleasant a Religious Life, when duly conform'd to, and willingly comply'd with, appears to be; and, 2. What convincing Force it has in it, even upon the Minds of those who have no Part in it themselves.

End of the Fifth Dialogue.



THE
SIXTH DIALOGUE.

WHILE the Mother was thus managing her Daughters, the Father was as much engag'd with the two Sons; and his Hardships were every *Fort* as great as the Mother's, and his Encouragements the same too.

It is to be observed here, that the Difficulty in this Part of Education of Children, does not lie so much in the Question, what to teach them, and *what Principles* of the Christian Religion to go upon, as to bring them by Reasoning and Argument to be *teachable*; to persuade them that they have any Occasion to learn, or that they are capable of teaching them; and to cause them to *submit* to Instruction in general.

The Father call'd his second Son up to him on a Sabbath day in the Morning, before he came down
Stairs,

Stairs, and, taking him into his Closet, began this Dialogue with him: The Son you are to suppose has been bred a Gentleman and a Scholar, was about seventeen Years of Age, and was newly come from the University.

The Father begins thus:

Fath. SON, I suppose you know what Day this is?

Son. Yes, Sir.

Fa. But perhaps you do not know, *that not you only, but all the Family, myself not excepted, have never taken a due Notice of the Sabbath-day, or of the Manner in which we ought to behave on that Day: The Duty appointed for the Day has been too much neglected; above all, the great Duty of setting it apart for the Worship and Service of God, and keeping the Sabbath-day Holy.*

Son. I remember *the fourth Commandment, Sir.*

Fa. Yes, We can all repeat the Commandments by rote, and do every Day at Church say them over and over; but the little Regard we have shewn to 'em in the Week, is too plain a Proof of our thinking but little of what we say; for, God knows, in my House there has been little Difference between a Sabbath-day and another Day, unless it be, that the Sabbath-day has been spent the worst of the two; for, excepting our just going to Church, which also is made a mere Diversion, and a kind of Entertainment, all the rest is spent in mere Reveling, Feasting, visiting, and either Riding abroad, or Mirth and Gaiety at home; and this is so notorious, more in my Family than in any other, that I am sensible it is high Time to put a stop to it, and I design to tell you all my Mind this Evening, that the Reformation may be effectual: I hope none of my Children will oppose their own Good.

Son. I hope not, Sir.

Fa.

Fa. Nay, if they oppose me never so much, I am resolved of this; if they will be foolish and wicked, they shall be *foolish* and *wicked* for themselves, not for me, or for any Body else; for my Part, when I look back upon my Family, and consider how we have lived hitherto, I wonder that the Judgments of God have not distinguish'd my Family, and made us as publick, and as much the Amazement of the World for our Punishment, as we have been notorious for our Sin; and therefore if it were only for the Fear of the Hand of Heaven, *tho' I hope I act from another Principle too*, I think it concerns me to set about a Family Reformation, with all possible Diligence and Application.

Son. Indeed I never consider'd it, Sir, till of late, but for some time past I have begun to see, we have not been right: *It is true*, we do not live as other Families do, and I have often thought so, but perhaps not with so much Concern as I should have done.

Fa. Well, Child, my Design of altering it will be so much the more agreeable to you then, when you come to practise it.

Son. If it were not, Sir, it shall be the more agreeable to me if it is your Command.

Fa. I would not command any Thing that should not be agreeable, if it were not absolutely necessary; but in Things indispensably our Duty, the Humours of any side are of no Weight at all: The Duty must be consider'd, rather than the Inclination of those who are to perform it.

Son. I am not only inclin'd to obey it, for its being your Command, Sir, but my own Inclination concurs to set about any Thing that will rectify my Life, and teach me to govern myself according to my Duty.

Fa. What you say, Child, is very obliging, as it relates to me, and as I have always shew'd you by my own Conduct in your Education, that I have entertain'd

tain'd a particular Affection to you more than to the rest of your *Brothers* and *Sisters*, so this Return is so *very pleasing* to me, that I cannot but tell you I will not forget to shew it you; and that I think myself very highly engag'd by it to distinguish you in my Affection, and in Concern for you, as you have distinguish'd *yourself* in your Duty and Regard to me on this Occasion; but the Readiness you shew to this Work of Reformation, from an Inclination to the Thing itself, is a Particular which I rejoice in, and *love for you*, with an Affection which I was not Master of before: But, *tell me, Child*, whence came this Inclination? How first came any Thoughts into your Mind about it? I am sure I have never before spoken a Word about Religion to you in my Life.

Son. I won't say so, Sir.

Fath. Ay, but I have too much Cause to say so; and I am convinced I have not only fail'd of my Duty, for which I heartily beg Pardon of Almighty God, but have been injurious to you, *Child*, and to all my Children, in not furnishing you with the Knowledge of your Duty when you were young, and giving you early Instruction, *by which* much of the Follies of your Lives might have been prevented, all the Time you have now mis-spent had been sav'd, and you had all been long ago, what now, I doubt, you will not obtain without great Difficulty to me and yourselves.

Son. I am sorry to see you afflict yourself, Sir, about that; I hope it shall not be too late still.

Fa. But, *if not too late*, the Work is double, the Task hard, the Attempt almost desperate, and the Success very doubtful.

Son. Dear Sir, You shall have no Difficulty with me; I am intirely resolved to be guided by your Instructions, to follow your Rules, obey your Dictates, and submit wholly to your Direction, let the Difficulty be what it will to me; and therefore I only desire

desire to know what *the first Steps* are you would have me take.

Fa. The first Steps, *my Dear*, are the breaking off the ill Practices of our Family, and the regulating the House by Rules of Virtue, Sobriety, and a Christian Life, Things we have all been Strangers to *here*.

Son. This, Sir, is that which I told you before, I had an Inclination to formerly, and 'tis with a great deal of Pleasure I shall close with you all Schemes of that kind; because it is some Time ago since I have seen and observed, that, *as I thought*, we did not live like Christians, but rather like Heathens; and that other Families were quite another Sort of People than we; and I could not but be in love with them, and weary of ours. For, *I cannot but think* that Nature itself dictates to a Man of Sense, that a Life of Virtue and Sobriety is more agreeable to us, *as Men*, than a vicious, wicked, profligate Course, which ever, *not only* ruins the Estate, the Conscience, the Health, and the good Name of the Person, but even his Reputation, *as to the World* also.

Fa. I was asking you before, what first rais'd these just Reflections in you, *my Dear*, for as I acknowledg'd then, *I say again*, I own thou art not beholden to me for them.

Son. The first Hints I had of this Kind, Sir, were a great while ago, from some accidental Conversation with Mr. — our Neighbour, when we were little Children.

Fa. What, the old Gentleman?

Son. No, *the Young*; and afterwards with his Mother, when after our usual Recreations, he carried me Home to their House.

Fa. How was it, *Child*? for I long to hear the Story: If any good Person has *help'd me* to do my Work, or *done it for me*, I shall be very thankful.

Son. No, Sir, not much of that; but when I first began to play with that young Gentleman *some Years*

ago,

and, his Mother heard me use some ugly Words, such as I was but too much given to then, and sending her Son away, *the old Lady* took me into the Parlour, and gave me Sweetmeats, and ask'd me a great many Questions.

Fa. What Questions?

Son. *She ask'd me*, if ever I was taught to swear? I answer'd *No*. *She ask'd me*, if my Father would not chide me if he heard me swear? I told her, *No*; but I was sorry for it, Sir, *for I presently thought*, that to say so reflected upon my Father, whether it was true or no, and that I ought to have said, *Yes, he did*, tho' it was not true.

Fa. Dear Child! The Sin was mine, and the Shame of its being true ought to be mine; and shall for ever be mine; *I am glad* thou didst not speak a false thing to her: *What said she then?*

Son. She did not say much to me the first Time, but only she told me 'twas a sad thing that a pretty Boy, *as she said I was*, should be ruin'd; and *I thought* I saw her weep.

Fa. Did you see her again after that?

Son. *Yes, Sir*, She got me in again the next Day and gave me more Sweetmeats, and ask'd me several Questions about God and Heaven; and I was sadly ashamed I could answer to nothing at all, for I knew nothing of it, but what I had heard by Chance, or learned by rote. *She ask'd me* if I was willing to know any thing for my own Good in another World? And I told her, *Yes, with all my Heart*. She told me, if I would come and visit her Son every Day, she would use me like her own Child; but she desir'd me to promise her one thing before-hand. I said, *I would promise her any thing she pleased*. Then she said, I must promise her not to swear, nor take God's Name in vain. She told me, *That I was a Gentleman*, and my Father and Mother were Persons of Distinction; that it was not only a Sin against God, but below me,

as

as a Gentleman, to swear, and use ill Words; that if I should swear when I grew to be a Man, it would spoil all my Education, and no sober Man would keep me Company; that if I would not leave off Swearing, and take God's Name in vain, she must not let her Son play with me, for she should be afraid her Son would learn such Words too, and then he would be undone.

Fa. And did you promise her, my Dear?

Son. Yes, Sir, I promis'd her, but I could not forbear crying; and when I got away from her, I could not help crying a great while by myself.

Fa. What did you cry for when you came away?

Son. I cry'd for shame, to think I should do any thing that wanted such a Reproof, and that it should be counted scandalous, or dangerous for any Children to be permitted to play with me.

Fa. And did it not make you angry with the Lady that had reprov'd you, and hate her?

Son. No, Sir, it made me love her, and ever after that, to this Day, I have at several Times gone to her, and made her long Visits.

Fa. And does she continue to talk to you so, Child, still?

Fa. Yes, Sir, to this Hour, and calls me her Son; and but that I would not dishonour my Mother, I should call her Mother too, for she has been better than a Mother to me.

Fa. How did she go on with you?

Son. When she had gain'd my Promise against Swearing, she brought in all the wicked Words I had learn'd among our Servants, and made me promise to leave them all off; sometimes she would persuade me, otherwhiles give me Money and other good things; after that, she ask'd if I us'd to pray to God? I told her, I said my Prayers. But, my Dear, says she, do you know what Prayer means? I told her, Yes; but gave her so weak an Account of it, that she told me very affectionately,

fectionately, *she would tell me what Prayer was; and after having explain'd the Meaning of it, she gave me a few short Directions what I should say when I pray'd, and then told me, I ought to pray to God every Morning and Evening, as the Jews offer'd up their Morning and Evening Sacrifice, and that God expected such a Worship; and after she had for two or three Times talk'd so to me, she made me kneel down by her, and she stood up and prayed a short Time over me.*

Fa. This blessed Woman! What does my Family owe her! *And what art thou think of it, Child?*

Son. Truly, it made my very Heart turn within me, when I heard a Stranger so earnest in her Prayers to God for me, who did not belong to her, and some of her Expressions cut me to the Heart.

Fa. What were they, *Child?*

Son. I fear they will trouble you, Sir, if I mention them.

Fa. Well, let me hear them, however.

Son. *She pray'd that God would supply the Want of Instruction to that poor neglected Child, and teach him by the powerful Influence of his Spirit; that he would give the Knowledge of himself to me, and reveal Christ in my Heart; that being taught of God, I might believe in him, and believing, might have Life thro' his Name: She prayed that God would bless her Endeavours to instruct me, tho' I were not committed to her Charge, and that I might be convinc'd of Sin, and then converted unto God.*

Fa. How can'st thou remember all this?

Son. It is written so deep in my Heart, dear Father, I can never forget it while I live.

Fa. What Effect has it upon you, *Child?*

Son. Why, Sir, *the Effect was of many kinds. First, I entirely left off all the ill Words I had used, according to my Promise, and I went about mighty pensive and sad for some Time, musing and considering what my Condition was! that I was pray'd for as*
one

one neglected and abandoned, and what she meant by the Teaching of the Spirit, and what by the Work of Conviction and Conversion, and the like.

Fa. And how were you informed?

Son. I was then as impatient to be with her every Day, as she was to have me, and I continually harass'd her with *Questions* and *Importunities*; and she open'd and explain'd every thing to me in *such a manner*, that I soon became able to understand the most difficult Points in Religion.

Fa. And what Effect had it upon thee, Child? Did'st thou not lose it all when thou cam'st home to thy Father's wicked Family?

Son. No, Sir, *not at all*; I began from that time to read the Scripture, to pray by myself, and to consider to what purpose I was born, and what was to befall me in a future State.

Fa. And how long did this last, Child?

Son. I thank God it is not wrought out yet, Sir.

Fa. And is it possible, my dear Child! Has there been such a thing as a *Child of mine* praying to God? Has there been a Creature that has thought a Word of Heaven and his Maker, in my uninstructed prayerless Family?

Son. Little enough, Sir.

Fa. And how comes it to pass, neither thy Brothers or Sisters ever heard of it, and that I never heard of it?

Son. I knew they would but *laugh at me*, and *mock me*, and think me a *Fool*, and they have done so as it is, when I would not go with them to *Plays*, and to their *Sabbath-day Rambles*.

Fa. Why, my Dear, was it *you* that refused to go; I always thought they slighted you, and did not care to take you with them, and have been angry with them for it?

Son. No, Sir, they would always have had me with them; but I *durst not go*, I abhorred it?

Fa. How cam'st thou to be against it?

Son. *My new Mother* always persuaded me against it, told me the many Judgments of God that attended *Sabbath-breaking*, and how many miserable Lives and Deaths took their Beginning at a Neglect of the *Sabbath-day*: She persuaded me too not to go to *Plays* and *Balls*, and *bad me*, if I wanted *Diversiſion*, when my *Brothers* and *Sisters* were gone to the *PLAY*, I should come and see her; and that when my *Brothers* and *Sisters* went out to the *Park*, or a *Viſiting* on the *Lord's-day*, I should come thither, and see how they spent their *Time*, or go up into my *Chamber* and pray to God.

Fa. And did you so?

Son. Yes, Sir, I went to her almost every *Sabbath-day Evening*.

Fa. What, and no-body know it?

Son. No, every Body thought I had *Companions of my own* to be merry with.

Fa. And so thou had'st, *blessed be God* for casting thy *Lot* in such *Company*, when thy *Father's House* has been a *Nest* of *Profaneness* and *Abominations*: But how did they spend the *Sabbath-day*, *Child*, when you were with them?

Son. Very well, Sir, for they are all good People; before *Supper* they were all called down to *Prayers*; Mr. — their *Father* read a *Sermon*, and every one of the *Children* read a *Chapter*, and then sung *Psalms*, and then all kneel'd down to *Prayers*.

Fa. And did you learn to pray there, my Dear?

Son. Yes, Sir. *Madam*,——my new *Mother*, us'd to take me, and let me kneel down just in her *Hand*, as it were; and when there was any *Word* spoken, that she thought I should remember particularly, she would touch my *Cheek*; and then, after *Prayer* was over, she would tell me why she did so, and how that *Sentence* was proper for me to remember, and to make use of for myself.

Fa.

Fa. *She has been a Mother to thee indeed: a truer Mother than she that bore thee! and has acted a truer Parent to thee than either thy Father or Mother ever did! God that inclin'd her Heart to pity my Children, double the Blessing of it upon her own; I'll go and thank her for it, and acknowledge how little I have done my Duty, and how much of my Work she has done for me: But, my Dear, how long ago was this?*

Son. Eight or Nine Years, Sir.

Fa. And how long did you do so?

Son. All along, Sir, till you sent me to the University for a Year and a half, and then I could not, you know.

Fa. And have you been to give her Thanks for her Trouble since you came home?

Son. No, indeed, Sir, but I have e'en given her new Trouble; for I go to her still every time I can get out not to be seen, and as often as I can find her at Leisure.

Fa. Still, my Dear! Why, what does she teach thee now?

Son. O Sir, I find more Occasion for her, the more I go to her; she has taught me all the first Principles of Religion, and, I hope, has put me in a Way how to increase and go forward in Knowledge and Experience, Piety and Virtue, till I come to be more able to instruct myself without Help; she is a most excellent Person, and all her Family are like her.

Fa. Indeed they are another kind of Family than ours is! Well, go on, my Dear, and the Lord, that has found out an Instrument to do thee good, be himself thy Instructor. As for me, how am I ashamed! when I look into my own House, and see what a Soil I have had to plant in, and have neglected to cultivate it; what Children would these have been, if I had begun betimes to instruct them! Well, go my Dear, it is late, we will talk more of this another time.

NOTE, the Father was so affected with the Circumstances which his Son had discover'd to him, that he could not contain the Surprise, but retir'd to give vent to his Passions; he found that *God* had taken his Children, *as it were*, out of his Hand; and had supply'd the Defect of Instruction, by good People in the Neighbourhood, *as if* he had not been worthy to be the Instrument of their Good; and this affected him deeply, as will farther appear in the next Discourse between the *Husband and his Wife*, when they come to talk about it.

End of the Sixth Dialogue.



T H E

SEVENTH DIALOGUE.



THE Father had not been so *happily surprised* in his Discourse with his second Son *in the Morning*, but he is as *unhappily mortified* with the Rencounter he meets with in his eldest Son *in the Afternoon*: The young Gentleman was above-stairs with his eldest Sister, as noted in the fourth Dialogue, when his Father call'd for him, and being a little ruffled in his Humour with the ill Usage, *as he thought it*, that his Mother had given his Sister, he came down with a grave, discomposed Look, and appeared not very respectful in his Behaviour: *His Father*, who knew him to be *hot* and fiery in his Disposition, was not willing to have been
angry,

angry, and design'd to treat him, *as will appear*, very kindly : But he takes up the Case first, and began with his Father.

Son. **S**IR, did you forbid *Thomas* letting us have the Coach?

Fa. I order'd *in general*, that none of the Servants should stir out to-day.

Son. I thought so, and *told the Dog*, that I was sure you had not forbid him, I'll break the Rascal's Head this Minute. *[Offers to go out.]*

Fa. Hold, George, I must speak with you *first*.

Son. I'll come again, Sir, *immediately*.

[Offers to go again.]

Fa. No, no, I must speak with you NOW; sit you down, I'll have no Body's Head broke to-day: Don't you know it is *Sabbath-day*?

Son. Better Day, better Deed, Sir; It's never out of Season to correct a Rascal.

[Offers to go a third time.]

Fa. George, sit down I say, and be easy; perhaps you may be better satisfied *presently*, if you can have Patience.

Son. Sir, *I am satisfied* from your own Mouth, that the Villian not only refus'd when I order'd him to get the Coach out, but told me a *Lie*, and said you *forbid him*, which I then told him I did not believe, and promised to cane him if it were not true, and I must be as good as my Word.

Fa. Well, well, but let it alone for the present, I say,

Son. I must and will beat the Villain, by ———

[Swears softly, yet so, that his Father overhears him.]

Fa. The Coachman's Usage is not *so rough* to you, but I think yours is *as rude* to your Father.

Son. Why, Sir, what do I say? I don't speak disrespectfully to you, Sir, but I speak of this same Fellow.

Fa. I heard what you said, Sir, and what you might be sure I did not like; and where ever you use *such Language*, if you had any Respect for your Father, you would not take that Freedom *where I am*.

Son. If it had not been in respect to you, Sir, *why did I speak softly*.

Fa. That was a *seeming* Respect indeed, but you took care I should not be ignorant.

Son. I did not design *you should have heard*; I intended no Disrespect.

Fa. Well, sit down here then, and suspend your foolish Passion about the Fellow, at least for the present.

Son. I suppose you don't keep Servants on purpose to affront me at that Rate.

Fa. If my Son had as much Patience with his Father, as he obliges his Father to have with him, he might have had an Answer to that before now; but you are too hot for your Father to talk with you, it seems.

Son. No, Sir, I am not hot, but it would provoke any Body, to be used so by a Servant.

Fa. Then you must turn your Anger this Way, and quarrel with your Father; for the Fellow has done nothing but what I commanded him.

Son. Why you said, Sir, you did not bid him refuse me.

Fa. You must have every thing nicely explained to you, it seems; I tell you, what he said to you was the natural Consequence of what I order'd, tho' perhaps the Fellow did not give you the true Reason, *but in general* I had bid him stay at home.

Son. He might have said so then.

Fa. No, perhaps I had commanded him otherwise too.

Son. I find I am not to know *how it is*, nor what it means; nor do I care whether I do or no.

Fa. In time you may.

Son.

Son. As you please, Sir.

Fa. Well in this it shall be as I please then; but if you had *thought fit* to have come to talk with me with less Heat in your Temper, and waited a little till I had spoken what I had to say to you, all your Fury at him, and your Indecency to me might have been spared.

Son. I did not know what you *sent for me* for.

Fa. And did not design to know it, *I suppose*, for you gave me no Time to speak.

Son. I only told you of the Treatment of the *Coachman*, I have no more to say.

Fa. Then I may take my Turn, I hope; *I shall tell you then*, that I sent for you, as I purpose to do for all your *Brothers and Sisters*, to tell you, *that* whereas we have liv'd in an open profess'd Contempt of *God's* Commands, Prophanation of the *Sabbath-day*, and Omission of all religious Duties, *it is high time* to take a new Course; *that* I was convinc'd of what was my own Duty as a Father, and a Master of a Family; *that* hitherto the Sin lay too much at my Door, but for the future I would discharge myself better: *That* if my Children would go on, it should be no longer through my Omission, *but their own*: To this Purpose I began with my Servants, who, as soon as I came from Church, I commanded to be all at home, and that I would have no going abroad; then I resolv'd to tell my Mind to my Children, who *I expected* would not give me the Trouble of commanding, or using the Authority of a Father or Governour with them; but that I might with Reason and Argument persuade, and with Affection and Tenderness invite them to *a Thing*, which must necessarily so far convince their Consciences, as to leave them no more Room to question *but it was* infinitely for their Advantage, and for their general Good, both *Soul and Body*.

Son. I knew nothing of this, Sir.

Fa. Well, *that's true*; but, *as I said*, you might have known it before, if you had had *Patience*, or had thought fit to have given me *Time* to speak to you.

Son. Nay, I do not understand it, *now I do know it*.

Fa. Your Ignorance shall serve you but a short while; you can easily understand this Part of it, *that* without troubling you with any more of the Reasons of it, I will have none that are under my Roof, *Children* or *Servants*, stir out of my Doors on the *Sabbath-day* after Church is done.

Son. You will take it ill perhaps, if your Children should ask you the Reason why they must be so confin'd? and *Your Children* will not fail to think it hard, to be confin'd so, *and not know the Reason of it*.

Fa. I might with much more Justice insist upon my *undoubted Right* to govern my own Family, without giving an Account to my Children of *what I do*. Also in a Case so plain as this, *methinks*, they need not seek for a Reason for such an Order; *but* since they pretend Ignorance, *let 'em read* the Commands of God to keep holy the *Sabbath-day*.

Son. Those Commands were as strong *before*, as they are *now*, and yet we never were thus confin'd before.

Fa. The worst of that is mine, *Son*, and all that can be said for an Answer to that, *is*, That *BEFORE* I was to blame, and neglected my *Duty*, *NOW I resolve*, God willing, to do my *Duty*, and neglect it *no longer*; and if it be otherwise, *they* that are guilty shall be to blame, *not I*.

Son. Every Body may do their *own Duty* for themselves.

Fa. But it is my unquestioned Duty, to make all that are under my Command, *do their Duty*.

Son. I do not desire to be confin'd.

Fa. My Desire, or my *Design* was not to *confine* you, but to persuade you to *confine yourself* by the Rules of your Christian Duty; but you have push'd it farther than

than I expected, and if you will not do it yourself, I must do it for you.

Son. I hate to be confin'd, or to confine myself.

Fa. That makes it more my Duty to confine you; and since I think your Business is to obey, and not to dispute, I desire no more of your Arguments, but expect to see my Orders observ'd, since I know they are founded upon both Religion and Reason.

Son. You may oblige us to stay within, but you cannot oblige us to be willing.

Fa. Then I must be content with as much of your Obedience as I can get.

Son. And I hope will expect it no longer than while we cannot help it.

Fa. But I will take care that you shall not help it while you call me Father; for I will not bear the Title without the Authority.

Son. Liberty is a native Right, the Brutes seek it; not a Bird will be in a Cage, if it can be free.

Fa. Liberty to do Evil is an abandon'd Slavery, the worst of Bondage: and Confinement from doing Evil, is the only true Liberty! But to cut this Discourse short, I can give Liberty no longer to any under my Roof to break God's Commands, or prophane his Sabbath, it is not in my Power; if you will not submit to my Government, you must quit my Dominions; and as I foresee you will be forward enough to carry it high, you are mistaken if you think I shall wait to be told by you, that you will go abroad, or that you will not stay in the Family; for unless you will submit to regulate your Life after a different Manner than you have done, and to receive Advice from your Father for your Conduct; flatter not yourself with your Father's Affection, I love none that hate God, nor shelter none of his Rebels; my Doors shall be open to let you out when you please.

Son. I care not how soon.

Fa. That's what I expected from you; *My Answer* shall be very plain; you shall be at Liberty to go this Hour, *Son*, before the next; but take this with you whenever you go, that if ever you set your Foot *without* the Door on this Account, you never get Leave to come *within* it again, but upon your Knees, and with the humblest Repentance and Submission both to God and your Father, for I am not in jest with you.

Note, No wise Father ought to suffer himself to be threatned by his Children, with going away from him; but rather to make their being thrust from their Parents, the greatest Punishment they have to fear.

[*The Father goes out of the Room, but returns again immediately.*]

Fa. I did not expect this Treatment at your Hands, *Son*.

Son. I do not know what you would have me do.

Fa. What I would have you do is *very plain*, and is nothing but what your Duty to God requires, *viz.* To submit to the Regulations and Orders which I shall give in my Family, for the Worship of God, and for regulating our Morals, and our Way of Living; and especially, for restoring a general Face of Religion and Virtue upon our Conversation, that we may, according to the Scripture *live soberly, righteously and godly in this present evil World*; and not be eminent in the Place we live in, for the loosest, and most profligate Family in the whole Neighbourhood.

Son. I think we are *religious enough*; what should we do more than we do?

Fa. I think my first Work is to let you know what you should *not do*; for if this cannot be obtained, *viz.* to refrain from what we do that is *wrong*, how shall we come to ascertain what is *right*; and if we know not what Evils to *refuse*, how shall we know what Duties to perform?

Son.

Son. I know nothing we do that we ought to leave off.

Fa. This is the Reason why I bewail so much your Want of Instruction and Education, and that I am so willing to retrieve the Loss: I can soon tell you what you should leave off, *viz.* you should leave prophaning the Lord's-day in Sports, Diversion, Visiting, Riding to the Park, Company, and the like, and spend it as it was appointed to be spent, *viz.* In *Acts of religious Worship*, in hearing and reading God's Word, and in other Duties proper to that Purpose. Next, you should leave off the *Play-houses*, and reading Plays, as not only introductory to Vice, and an extravagant Mis-spender of Time; but as they lead to engaging in such Society and bad Company, *as will* be destructive to any sober Character in the World. *Thirdly*, that a general Sobriety of Behaviour be fix'd upon the whole Scheme of your Conversation; *free from* Passion, ill Words, Swearing, blaspheming God's Name, and from Drunkenness, and all other Excesses: These are the main Heads of the Negatives which I speak of, and which I desire to be observ'd; and this is so just, so easy, and so equitable, that I cannot but expect, *especially considering how my Children are circumstanced*, a ready Compliance with it; I shall direct you to positive Duties afterwards.

Son. I know not how we are *circumstanced*, or what you would have me understand by that Word.

Fa. I find your Temper is such, that I am rather to let you know what I expect, *than to hope* for your observing it; and that you will put the Hardship upon me of doing all with you by force: This is a Treatment, I think, very disingenuous, and unlike a dutiful

Son. I am willing to indulge you in every thing that is reasonable and just; but as I am convinc'd what I desire is not only your Duty, but your Interest to comply with, I therefore cannot indulge you to your own Ruin; and for that Reason, if you will oblige me to use

violent Methods to restore you, and to restore my Family, altho' I shall be sorry for it, yet as it is my Duty *I must do it*; and I let you know therefore *very plainly* my Resolution and the Reason of it: If you can give better Reasons why you should not comply with these things, I am ready to hear them.

Son. What signifies giving *Reasons* against what you resolve to do?

Fa. I might take off the Scandal of Disobedience from you, when you pretend to oppose your Practice to my Directions.

Son. I don't concern myself about Scandal, *not I*.

Fa. You fortify yourself against every thing a wise Man ought to be concern'd at; and that by a general Negligence of God and Man, *as if* you were unconcern'd for Conscience or Reputation; I hope you don't desire to be known by such a Character.

Son. I don't see that I do *any thing*, that deserves Reflection.

Fa. Well, come, examine, a little, Is your *Lord's-day Conduct* to be justified? Do you think you keep the *Sabbath-day* as you ought to do?

Son. Why, Sir, *do I not* go constantly to Church?

Fa. Where do you find in God's Law, that *going to Church*, is the Sum of the *Sabbath-day's Duties*? If you can shew me that in the Scripture, *then* I am put to Silence.

Son. I see no Harm in taking the Air a little *after Sermon-time*.

Fa. If *Sermon-time* be the whole of the *Sabbath-day*, you are in the Right; but then you must prove that the fourth Commandment should have been translated thus, *viz. Remember that thou keep holy THE SERMON-TIME on the Sabbath-day*.

Son. I think there is no need of so much Strictness.

Fa. God and your *Father* are of another Opinion; *or else* neither the Rules of one, or the Discourse of the other are to be credited. I see all your Arguments

ments against these things are only in *general*, that you do not think *thus*, or you do not see *that*; but have you any just Objections against the express Commands of God? If you have, let us hear them.

Son. I do not object against the *Commands of God*; but I do not see, *on the other hand*, that I break the Commands of God, in taking a Turn in the Park, or visiting a Friend on a *Sunday after Sermon*.

Fa. I'll lock up all Argument on that Side *against you thus*; if you can prove that taking your Pleasure on the *Sabbath-day* is keeping of it *holy*, you may justify yourself, *if not*, you cannot: And for that read this Text, *Isa. lviii. 13. If thou turn away thy Foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy Pleasure on my holy Day, &c.* There is the Word of God directly against you: Would you have any further Authority?

Son. I cannot dispute of these things.

Fa. They that *cannot dispute*, should not *contradict*; however, I think it my Duty to let all of you know, that as I have no Reason to doubt but the Command of God is clear, and that I ought to see it obey'd; I join to it my Command, *viz. that in my Family I will have no more prophaning the Lord's-Day, no more going to Plays, no more Swearing, Drunkenness, or Immorality whatsoever, if I can help it; and I expect to be put to as little Trouble as possible in having this Order of mine submitted to.*

Son. I suppose you may find some Opposition *besides* what you think I shall make; you have more Children than me.

Fa. You have the *less need* to make my Task harder, and join with them; however, I am speaking now not of their Obedience but *yours*.

Son. Perhaps I may obey *as much as they*; but I suppose I may bear the Blame of their standing out.

Fa. If you do well, you are sure to be *accepted*; if not, *Sin lies at the Door*; if you are an Encouragement to their Disobedience, you take your Share of the

the Guilt, whether it be by Words or by Example; My Business, *however*, is not *with them*, now, but *with you*, and I desire to know *your* Mind, having now told you *what I expect*.

Son. I know not what you would have me *say*; you say you will be obey'd; then *I must obey, I think*; I know nothing else to be said; if you will make the House a Monastery, I must turn *Monk*, I think; but nothing is more certain than that we shall all *think it hard*, and think we are not us'd kindly.

Fa. The Commands of God *are not grievous*, nor are my Resolutions *hard* or unjust; and *that* makes the Opposition *which you make* the more unnatural: *However*, since you are not to be wrought upon to think it reasonable, I must content myself to take your outward Compliance, whether *willing* or *unwilling*; though I think your Behaviour highly disobliging, and shall always let you know I resent it *as such*.

Son. You will find ALL your Children will think it hard as well as I.

Fa. That cannot be true; for I know *some of them* to whom God has given more Grace.

Son. I am sure then *others* have not.

Fa. Yes I know your Sister has shewn herself, *much to the Disgrace of her good Breeding*, as obstinate as yourself, and has been very insolent to her Mother; and I hear she talks at a Rate of her Mother that does not become her; I assure her it shall not be borne with.

Son. I think my *Mother* us'd her very ill.

Fa. I find you are *too partial* to be Judge of it, and *therefore* ought to let it alone: What has her Mother done to her?

Son. She has taken away all her Books of *Value*, and not only ruffled her with hard Words, but even *struck her*, with very little Provocation.

Fa. You have a truer Account of the Fact, I find, *than of the Provocation*: as to striking her, I regret that she had not done it sooner, and repeated it oft-

ner; her Sauciness to her Mother, and her Contempt of God, *were insufferable*: It was her good Fortune that I was not there; and as to taking *her Books*, I have had the Mortification to look them all over, and with a great deal of Affliction, *to think* that any Children of mine should spend their Time in such foolish, filthy and abominable Books.

Son. *What*, do you mean the Plays?

Fa. Yes, I do mean the Plays, Songs, Novels, and such like, which made up her whole Study; *were they fit for a young Maid's Contemplation?*

Son. I must own I think them very fit.

Fa. Then your Sin is *come up* to a Maturity very fit for publick Reformation, and it is high time you were begun with; *wherefore I tell you very plainly*, I shall cause you to pass the same Trial with your Sister, and if I find any such like Books in your Custody, *you may be sure* they shall go the *same Way*.

Son. Then you will put me to the Expence of buying more, for I cannot be without *my Plays*; they are the Study of the most accomplish'd Gentlemen, and no Man of Sense is without them.

Fa. No Man of Vice (you may say) is without them; but I am positive against Plays, *as before*, and I had rather have you not accomplished, than that the other Inconveniences of Plays should be your Lot; but I can shew you many accomplish'd young Gentlemen, who are no ways concern'd with them.

Son. What, who never see a Play!

Fa. No, never.

Son. It is impossible!

Fa. No, no, far from impossible!

Son. I can never promise not to go to *the Play*.

Fa. Then you and I shall differ to the greatest Extremity.

Son. *This is intolerable!* I had as lieve you would turn me out of your Door; I'll be content to go to the *West-Indies*, or be a *Foot-soldier*, or any thing, rather

rather than be made such a Recluse: Why was I not bred like a Priest? Then you might have sent me to a Monastery, and I might have been us'd to a *Cloyster Life*; but to breed me up for a Gentleman, and then confine me as no Gentleman is confin'd, this is exposing me, and making me look like a Fool among all Company!

[He flies out in a Rage.

Fa. I had rather see you a *Foot-soldier*, or any thing, than list'd in the Service of *the Devil*; but here is no need of these desperate Resolutions; here is nothing required of you *but what* becomes a *Gentleman* very well, and as much a Gentleman as any *Body*: Can you pretend you cannot serve God and be a *Gentleman*? That you cannot live a virtuous Life, and obey the Commands of God, and yet be a *Gentleman*? This is a Reproach upon the very Name of Quality, and such a Slander on a *Gentleman*, as no *Gentleman* in his Senses will allow; However, this, *in short*, is the Case, *Son*, and if confining you from unlawful Pleasures, and from ruining your own Soul, will make you desperate, and you will be a *Foot-soldier*, or run away to the *West-Indies*, you must, I cannot help it; I suppose, you will be weary of it quickly.

Son. I care not what I do, or whither I go.

[He walks about in a great Passion.

Fa. Unhappy foolish Youth! had I extorted Obedience to any unreasonable unjust thing; had I put you to any Hardships, had I exposed you to any Dangers, or deprived you of your lawful Pleasures, *these things* might have been alledg'd, and you might have had some Pretence for talking thus to your *Father*; but *all this* for laying before you your unquestionable Duty; for requiring nothing of you but what your *great Maker* commands, nothing but what is *equal*, just and *good*! This is a deplorable Instance of the woful Depravity of your Judgment, and Corruption of your Nature: *However*, though I heartily

pity

city and grieve for you, yet the thing I desire is so just, so reasonable, so necessary, so much my Duty to command, and your Interest to obey, that I cannot, I will not go from it, or abate one Tittle of it; and therefore you may consider of it, and act as you will; you know my Resolution, and fall back, fall edge, I will have it done, so you may take your Choice for God or the Devil. [Father goes out and leaves him.]

Son. You may be as resolute as you will, you will never bring me to your Beck: What! must I forsake all my Mirth and good Company, and turn Hermit in my young Days! Not I, I'll go to the Gallies rather, I'll seek my Fortune any where! not go, to the Park! nor see a Play! be as demure as a Quaker! and set up for a Saint! What shall

I look like? *—I won't be a Mountebank Convert, not I; I hate Hypocrisy and Diffimulation, I have too much Honour for it. Well, I'll go up to my Sister, she is an honest resolute Girl; if she will stand to me, we will take our Fate together. What can my Father do? Sure we are too big for his Correction, we will never be made Fools on at this rate.

The Father had sent for his eldest Daughter, and she had refus'd to come, as before, and the Servant had just brought Word she would not come.

[Father returns.]

Fa. Will not come!

Serv. She said she would not, indeed first, but afterwards, she said she could not, Sir.

Fa. Go to her again, and tell her from me, if she does not come immediately, I'll come and fetch her.

Serv. Sir, she was laid on the Bed, and said she was indispos'd, and could not come.

Fa. Well, go back then, and tell her, her Mother and I will come to her.

Serv. Indeed, I told her that I thought you would do so.

Fa.

Fa. Well, and what said she?

Son. She said, Sir, *she was not fit to speak to you; I believe she is ill, for she has been crying vehemently.*

Fa. I suppose you and she have conferr'd Notes.

Son. I told you, Sir, you would have more Opposition to your Design than from me.

Fa. Perhaps by your Means.

Son. If that could be without my Knowledge, something might be; but I said before I should be tax'd with it, whether guilty or no!

Fa. I'll deal with it, *let it be where it will.*

THE Son, as soon as he could get away from his Father, goes up to his Sister's Apartment; it seems the Father, though he had resolv'd to talk to his Daughter, had deferr'd it for some time, and did not go up to her Chamber presently.

Being then in some Passion at his Son's Behaviour, and withal being preparing for the great Work which he had resolv'd to begin that Evening, he was unwilling to discompose himself, and make himself unfit for what was before him: The rest of the Conduct both of the Son and Daughter, and also the History of the Father's Management at his first beginning his Family-Reformation, will all be largely set down in the next Dialogue.

End of the Seventh Dialogue.

THE



T H E

EIGHTH DIALOGUE.

BEING between the eldest Son and eldest Daughter, her Brother going directly from his Father's discoursing him, as in the last Dialogue, up to his Sister's Chamber, and calling at the Door, begins thus :

Brother. **S**ISTER, where are you? *were not you sent for by my Father?*

Sist. Three times in vain, and ever shall be so, till they shall treat me in a better Manner, or invite me by a more pleasing Message.

Bro. But I bear all the Weight of those Refusals; my Father says they all lie at my Door, and angrily suggests that you are all made Rebels by me.

Sist. I know no Rebellion in it, *I do not understand* what they would have.

Bro. They would have you come down, and be instructed.

Sist. I sent them word *I was indispos'd*, and they cannot but believe it, when they know how they have us'd me; besides I know their Business, and desire no more of their Instruction, at *least*, of the Kind they have already given me a Taste of.

Bro. I have had a long Discourse of it with my Father.

Sist. Well, and what does the good Reformer preach? I suppose it is much the same with what I had from my Mother.

Bro.

Bro. Exactly, (*Kick and Cuff excepted*) and truly, though he kept his Hands off from me, he has not spar'd abundance of Threatnings, and other positive Testimonies of his Patriarchal Authority.

Sist. Well, but what is the Sum of the Matter? What is the Course we are to take?

Bro. I know not *in the least*; I have heard a great deal of Stuff of reforming the Family, living after a new Fashion, serving God, and I know not what: I wonder *who* my Father thinks we have been serving all this while!

Sist. And does he not say we shall not go out a Sundays?

Bro. Ay, and a great deal more than that; we must go to no more Plays or Opera's, nor have any of the Plays brought home to read, and a new Family Government is to be erected, I don't know of what kind.

Sist. Well, and when are we to begin? When are we to be cloister'd *for the first time*? Won't he give us a Week to ourselves before we begin?

Bro. Not an Hour.

Sist. Nay then, I shall break the first Commandment he gives me; for I have made an Appointment, *you know*, to be at the Play to-morrow with my Lady Lighthouse, and it is impossible to put it off.

Bro. Ay, and I will go too, or I shall think it very strange, let him say what he pleases to it.

Sist. I suppose I shall have another Slap o' th' Face for it; but I must venture it *for once*, for I will not be worse than my Word to my Lady.

Bro. What do you talk of venturing it ONCE, as if this was the last time, and we were never to go to a Play again: *Do you think* I will be abridg'd of so dear a Liberty? *No not I*, let my Father depend upon it, tho' I never come into his Doors again, *as he has threatned me.*

Sist.

Sist. Very well! What did he threaten to turn you out of Doors then?

Bro. No, not directly; but I told him, I would be a *Foot Soldier*, before I would be confin'd so; and in return he told me, if I went out in a *Huff* at this, I should never come in again, and a great deal more such as that.

Sist. Would I were a Man, as you are, if I was I'd try him; what need you care whether you come in again or no? You know you have an Estate left you by your Uncle, which my Father cannot hinder you of, you can live without him! I wish I could.

Bro. Ay, that's true, but I suppose we shall not come that Length.

Sist. It may be not with you, but I know not how far it may go with me; for I hear they are mighty hot and angry with me, which I care little for, and am resolved they shall not conquer me, whatever comes of it; I suppose they think I cannot tell where to go, or how to live without them.

Bro. They may be mistaken perhaps in that too.

Sist. Nay, tho' they were not mistaken in it, I'll go as far as a Pair of Shoes will carry me, before I'll be made a NUN of; nay, I'll go to Service first.

Bro. You need not go far, you have Friends enough, you'll be very well received at my Aunt _____'s House; and if they push these things to Extremities, I would e'en have you go thither.

Sist. And what will you do; where will you go?

Bro. Oh, I'll do well enough, I warrant you; I won't go for a *Foot-soldier*, whatever I said to him; I'll take me a Lodging at *Westminster*, take my Pleasure, and never trouble my Head with it.

Sist. Agreed then; but shan't we go abroad to Night? Shall we be baulk'd at this rate, and let 'em think they have conquered us already?

Bro. Why, 'tis too late now to go to the Park; my Lady *Lighthouse* is gone to be sure; besides we can't have the Chariot, and there's no going in a Hack.—

Sist.

Sist. I'll tell you what we will do then ; *I am for putting the Case to a Trial*, and see what my Father will do, when he thinks we have gone in spite of him ; and yet we will be able to come off of it too at last, *if we find him furious.*

Bro. That's well contriv'd, *if it can be done* ; but how will you go about it ?

Sist. I'll tell you ; let you and I go out through the Garden, and take a Walk in the Close behind, under the *Lime-Trees* : When my Father calls for me, my *Maid* shall say, *we are gone to the Park* ; if he hears it quietly, well and good, we will let him remain in the Belief of it, that it may serve another time ; if he flies out furiously, we must *come in again with good Words*, and tell him where we have been, and that we have not been any farther than the Close behind the Garden.

Bro. Admirably well thought of, *let us go immediately*, for my Father and Mother both will be here with you presently, and if you are not gone, it will spoil all the Contrivance.

[They prepare to go down Stairs, and the young Lady talks thus with her Maid.

Mist. Pru.

Maid. Madam.

Mist. Here, take the Key of my Chamber, and stay in it till somebody comes to look for me from my Mother.

Maid. What Answer must I give them, *Madam* ?

Mist. Tell them my Brother and I are gone out together ; you may say, you suppose we are gone to the *Park*.

Maid. Shall I say, *Madam*, that you said you were gone to the *Park* ?

Mist. No, no ; say you do not know whither we are gone, but that you suppose we are gone thither ; *do we not use to go thither, you Fool you ?*

Maid.

Maid. If they should be very inquisitive, they may ask me *what Reason I have* to suppose so.

Mist. Is not that a good Reason *for you to think so*, because we used to go thither always on Sunday Night; *without saying*, that we told you so.

Maid. Yes, *Madam*, I think it is; for indeed, if you had said nothing to me, I should have thought you had been gone thither, and *ha'told'em so* of my own Accord.

Bro. This is a clear Thought, *my Dear*, but now we must do it *quickly*; for I find we are to have a general Conference here *this Evening*, and I suppose we, that they call CHILDREN too, are to be tutor'd before all the Servants.

Mist. Pru, if you find my Father and Mother make a great Stir for us, slip out *thro' the Garden*, and perhaps you may find somebody at the *back Gate* to tell you where we are, and then you may come and bring us Intelligence.

Maid. Yes, *Madam*.

[*They go out together a back Way thro' the Garden.*]

Bro. Come, we are far enough here, we are quite out of Sight of the House; and *if your Maid comes*, we shall see her at the *Garden Gate* well enough.

[*They are walking under a Row of Trees, just where the Father found his little Child in the first Dialogue.*]

Sist. Now I cannot but laugh to think what a Fright my Mother will be in when she misses me.

Bro. As bad as if you were run away with a *Chaplain*.

Sist. She has not been without some Whims of that kind in her Head too; *but she need not*, I am not so fond of a preaching Husband.

Bro. I doubt we shall discompose them for their new Devotion which they are setting up to-night.

Sist. Pray, *Brother*, have you learn'd *what they are to do?* They treat me so oddly, they will have me comply with *I know not what*; I want to know *what their*

their Design is, and what they pretend we are to do, or to be; it is all a Heap of Nonsense to me.

Bro. O! they talk of a great Family Reformation, and we must submit to such Rules, and such Orders as they shall please to give us; and as I told you, we two were to be call'd down together, to be talk'd to among the rest of the Children.

Sist. What? are we to turn Babies again, and say our Catechism?

Bro. I don't know, but my Father, as I hear, intends to make a long Discourse of his new Schemes for the Management of his Family, to give them all new Rules, and tell them what shall be the standing Orders of his House for the future.

Sist. We ha' Preaching enough at Church, I think, can't he let us alone at home.

Bro. I can't tell what to say to it, but he will do it, and e'en let him go on in his own Way, let him make a School of his Family, turn Pedagogue himself, and make all his People School-boys; let him but let me alone, I care not what he does.

Sist. Why, that's what I said before; the Servants are here to-day and gone to-morrow; if he can't get a Parcel of Fools this time, he may another, and in time, perhaps, he may get a whole House-full of good pious Creatures, that will say as he says, and do just as he bids them; there's my Brother Will, and pious Betty, they are grown mighty good Things already; and for the little Children, they may make them do what they please, but as we are grown up to be past it, they may e'en use the Rod and the Frown where it is fit to be used, and let us answer for ourselves; I think they cannot in Reason deny us this.

Bro. Besides, had they done this gradually, and begun it sooner, we might by degrees have been brought to ha' lik'd it, or at least to have borne with it; but to be driven headlong into a thing of this kind, and forced at once to a whole Change upon every

Part

Part of our Lives; this is the foolishhest thing: *What shall we look like in the World?*

Sist. *What indeed?* I am in a fine Case already; I can say nothing to my Lady Lighthead, but make a Lie, and send her Word I was not well.

Bro. Yes, you may say you are *but a Child*, and your Mother box'd your Ears for being a naughty Girl, and would not let you go abroad.

Sist. Yes, and you may say to my Lord —, when he asks you why you disappointed him, that *you are but under Government*, and your Father would not let you stir out of Doors.

Bro. To be sure I shall affront all the Persons of Quality of my Acquaintance, and shall look always like a *School Boy*; when I am in Company they will ask me *how I escap'd out*; if I have given my Governor the *Slip*; and if I have *play'd Truant*: When I am for breaking off at Night, and not willing to stay, they'll mock me and tell me I must go home to *Family Duty*, and go say my *Prayers* like a good Boy!

Sist. Yes, and that if you stay any longer you *shall be whipp'd*, or lock'd out of Doors when you come home.

Bro. In short, I had as good be out of the World; I am sure I shall be fit for no Company in the World.

Sist. I wonder my Father should not consider these things; he is no ignorant Man, he knows well enough what belongs to being *Genteel*, and has kept as good Company himself as any Body.

Bro. Why, *that is true too*; but he is so bewitched with this new *Whimsy* of having neglected the Education of his Children, and the Government of *his Family*, that he is coming to Confession *even to us*; he talks of asking God Forgiveness for it, and I know not what, *a deal of such Stuff*; I am persuaded he will bring his whole Family into Confusion.

Sist. I can't tell what to make of it all; *it is the oddest thing that ever I saw in my Life.*

Bro. However, since he will do so, and we cannot help it, I think it may be our best Way to let him alone, let him go on, only let him leave us out, we are past Tutelage, out of our Minority, and I think they may let us alone, that's all I'm for asking of him.

Sist. I wish they would but hear Reason; if they would let us alone, we would let their Reformation go on as it will.

Bro. But I see it will not be done; my Father is so over-submissive in his Confessions, and so warm in his Proceedings, that I doubt he will also be obstinate, for nothing is more so than these Enthusiastick Fits of Repentance.

Sist. What a Tale is this! HE repents, and WE must perform the Penance; for my part, Brother, I cannot entertain any settled Thoughts of the ridiculous Change of Life my Mother talk'd of; there's not the least Consistency in it. She says, she has sinned in neglecting to instruct us, and therefore we must all be cloyster'd up upon the Notion of Reformation; if she has sinned, she must repent of it, I think, what is that to us? We did not make her do it; what can we do in it? We are brought up now, she cannot educate us over-again.

Bro. Yes, she says we should have been taught so and so a long time ago; and since it was not done then, it must be done now.

Sist. What will she teach us?

Bro. Nay, do not ask me; I suppose she told you herself what she would teach you?

Sist. No, she did not; perhaps she intended it, but she flew out in a Rage, and her Passion would not give her leave to say it out.

Bro. She says she intended to have discoursed at large with you quietly and calmly; but you provoked her, and would not give her Time, for you began.

Sist. Indeed I was vex'd, that we might not go out as we used to do, and I think it was Reason; but that was

was over, and I was only humming to myself the Tune of the last Opera, and she flung to me, and struck me, because it was *Sabbath-day, forsooth* ; for my part, *I know no harm in it, not I*. I did not sing the Song out, as I told you, I only humm'd softly, it might be a *Psaln Tune* for aught she knew.

Bro. Well, but come, *Sister*, what shall we do next ?

Sist. We must take our Measures according as the Conduct of my Father and Mother shall direct.

Bro. Yonder's *Pru*, I warrant she brings some News she stays at the Garden Gate.

[*Mistress goes towards her.*]

Mist. Well, what is the Matter, *Pru* ?

Maid. Matter, *Madam* ! I beseech you come in ! I fear my Master will go distracted, and you'll all be ruin'd.

Mist. Pr'ythee don't tell me of that ; let him be mad if he pleases : Did they ask for us ? Tell me the Particulars.

Maid. Ask for you, *Madam* ! Yes, you may be sure of it.

Mist. Well, how ! Tell us all, *Pru*.

Maid. Why, *Madam*, about half an Hour after you were gone, your Mother sent Mrs. *Betty*, your Sister, up to your Chamber for you ; she ask'd for me, and I said, as you bid me, you were gone out ; she ask'd whither ? I told her, *I did not know* : Why, said she, she is not gone to the Park, is she ? I told her, yes, *Madam*, I believe she is, for I heard her speak of it.

Mist. Well, that was right ; what said *Betty* ?

Maid. Poor young Lady ; She fell out in the greatest Passion imaginable, weeping and crying out for her dear Sister, meaning you, and that you were lost and undone both Soul and Body.

Mist. Poor Child ! What follow'd that Scene ?

Maid. She went down Stairs to your Mother, and the old Lady came up immediately, and soon after her came your Father, all into your Chamber.

Mist. Very well, it works as I would have it now: What said they to you, Pru?

Maid. First they examin'd me *where you was?* then, *when you went out?* and *whether you were alone,* or your Brother with you? I told 'em, I believed you were gone together; but I was not sure, nor did you tell me whether you went.

Mist. Well, that was right again, Pru; what said they then?

Maid. Your Father made few words, *but it might easily be observed* they were both very angry; your Mother said you would repent it, and I perceived *Madam*, tho' your Mother said most, yet your Father seemed most provoked; *he said*, he would not discompose himself then about it, for he had other Work before him; but he would take a Course to prevent his being insulted at this Rate, *and so* went down.

Mist. And is that all, Pru?

Maid. No, no, *Madam*, that is not all, *I assure you.*

Mist. Well, go on then.

Maid. Why *Madam*, my Master called all the Family together, and ———

Mist. What! And made a long Preach to you all, did he?

Maid. Dear *Madam*, do not mock at your Father; *I am sure* there was not a Child and a Servant in the House *but wept*, and I am persuaded had you been there, you could not have refrain'd.

Mist. What are you grown Godly too, Pru?

Bro. Nay, Sister, come, don't let us jeer them to the Servants neither.

Mist. Well, but, Pru, come tell us the whole Matter.

Maid. I cannot repeat Particulars, *Madam*; but when your Father had call'd us all in, *the Minister*, for my Master had sent for him on Purpose, made a Discourse for about half an Hour about Family-Worship,

ship, and took his Text in *Jerem. x. 35. Pour out thy Fury upon the Heathen that know thee not, and upon the Families that call not on thy Name.*

Mist. Why then you have had a Sermon, *Pru!* What has my Father set up a Meeting-House?

Maid. Good Madam, do not let me tell you any more; *it grieves me for you, to hear you make a Jest at good things, and at your own Father too.*

Mist. Go on, *Mrs. Pert*, you was not sent to *Preach* too, was you?

Maid. I wish you had heard *what I have heard*, if you had had a Heart of Flint, it would have moved you; but my telling you will do no good *I fear*, I wish you would excuse me, Madam, and if you love your own Welfare, *I beseech you come in*, there is *ONE STEP* left you to save all still, *and but one*; if you miss it, *I am sure you are undone.*

Mist. *Prithee Pru*, first tell us the History, and give your Advice when you are ask'd for it.

Maid. I will, Madam, *if you will have Patience with me*: The Minister, I told you, made a Discourse about Family-Worship, and directed himself *chiefly to us Servants*; he told us that our Master and Mistress being sensible that they had too long neglected the Instruction of their Children and Servants, and omitted the Worship of God, and setting up good Orders in the Family, *were resolv'd to alter the same*, and he desired us to consider the Reasonableness of it, and how much it would be to our Advantage, that we would all yield a chearful Obedience to such Orders as should now be set up in the Family, and to behave ourselves soberly and modestly in the House; avoiding loose prophane Talk, wicked Words, Oaths, Drunkenness, *and the like*; and if we were all willing and desirous to be thus reformed, he desired we should signify our Willingness *by standing up.*

Mist. And did you stand up, *Pru?*

Maid. Yes, *Madam*, do you think I would not? And every Servant in the House stood up too, but *Thomas* the Coachman went farther than any of us.

Mist. What did he do?

Maid. He stood up, and making a Bow to the Minister, he said he agreed to it *with all his Heart*, and he thank'd God, that he had heard such a Proposal in the House, and a great deal more that I can't remember.

Bro. He is a Hypocritical Rascal, I owe him a Canning for all this.

Mist. Let us hear it all, Brother; *Well*, and what then, *Pru*?

Maid. *Why, Madam*, after the Minister had done, my Master, directing his Speech to the Minister, said, he thought it his Duty to acknowledge with Shame, that he had, in a great measure, been the Ruin of his Family; that he had totally neglected either the Worship of God in his House, or the teaching and instructing his Children; what he meant by what followed, I cannot tell, but he held your little Brother Tommy in his Hand, and lifting up the Child, and kissing it, he said these Words: *This little Creature has been the blessed Messenger from God to alarm me, and convince me of the great Breach of my paternal Duty, and has innocently reproach'd me with not praying to God for it, or with it, and with not instructing it or teaching it to pray for itself.* Then turning to us all, said he, ye have all Cause to reproach me with it as well as this Child, and more too, for he is not too old to receive Impressions yet, as I doubt some of you are, and, as appears by their Absence, my eldest Children seem to be, whose Ruin both of Soul and Body lies at my Door.

Mist. Did my Father say all this?

Maid. Yes, *Madam*, and a great deal more that I cannot repeat.

Mist. It was very moving, I confess.

Maid.

Maid. It was so ; and that made me say, *Madam*, I wish you had heard it, as I did.

Mist. It is as well from thy Mouth, *Pru*, for I see thou art affected with it, and so am I a little too, I think, in spite of my Resolution to the contrary.

Maid. How would you then, *Madam*, to have seen your Father when he spoke of you two that were absent ? How the Tears ran down his Face, and he was fain to stop speaking a good while ; do you think you could have contain'd ? I assure you, *Madam*, there was not a Servant in the House could refrain weeping.

Mist. You almost persuade me to cry, *Pru* ; but go on.

Maid. When he had said this, *Madam*, he told us how he was resolv'd to live, and that since, we had all expressed our Readiness to comply with it, he was very thankful that he should have so little Trouble : He told us, that all he expected was easy and reasonable, and nothing but what every one would acknowledge was most suitable to the Happiness of us all, as Men and Women, as well as Christians : that he required nothing uneasy, nothing but that all manner of Vice might be refrain'd, and a sober and well-order'd Life might be our Rule ; that the Sabbath-day might be strictly observ'd, and that all his Servants should attend Family Prayer, which he resolv'd to have kept up every Night and Morning.

After this the Minister went to Prayers, and after the Minister, my Master, *Madam* ; but had you heard him !

Mist. What then, *Pru* ?

Maid. I would have gone a Mile on my bare Knees that you had heard him.

Mist. Heard what, *Pru* ? What should I have heard ?

Maid. You would have heard what you never heard in your Life.

Mist. That's true, *Pru*, for I never heard him pray in my Life, nor no body else, I believe.

Maid. Well, *Madam*, I wish you had heard it now.

Mist. What was it that would have mov'd me so, *Pru*?

Maid. Would it not have mov'd you, *Madam*, to hear your dear *Father* pray for you at the same time that you are grieving them as you do; and beg of God to forgive you, and reclaim you, and to restore you to him, that you might still be a Child to him, and he may have an Opportunity to make up to you what Injury he had done you by his Neglect in your Education, and that your Ruin may not be the Effect of his Omission? would not this have mov'd you, *Madam*?

Mist. Truly, *Pru*, I cannot tell but it might.

Mist. If the Words had not mov'd you, it would have made some Impression on you to have seen the rest of the Family.

Mist. What are they concern'd in it?

Maid. Why, they are all concern'd for you two!

Mist. For what, *Pru*! -

Maid. If you will not be displeased, *Madam*.

Mist. No, *Pru*, speak freely.

Maid. And if my Master will not be offended neither.

Bro. No, no, *Pru*, let us know it all, and speak your Mind freely.

Maid. Why, really, *Madam*, they are concern'd on several Accounts, to see such a Breach in the Family; to see my Master so grieved at it, and yet to see him so resolute against you, that they see plainly it will be the Ruin of you both, and then to think upon how unjustifiable a Ground you act; pray pardon me, *Madam*, it is not fit I should talk thus.

Mist. Go on, *Pru*.

Maid. Why, *Madam*, was it ever known that a young Gentleman and a young Lady, the eldest Branches of the Family, should break all to pieces with

with their Father, *and such a Father too*, and on no Quarrel, but that he would have them reform; and serve God! What will the World say? I beseech you, Madam, consider of it, all the House condemn you now, and all the World will condemn you as soon as you are gone.

Mist. Well, *Pru*, but we are not gone yet.

Maid. I am afraid of it.

Mist. Why so, *Pru*? I suppose that belongs to the latter Part of my Father's Discourse.

Maid. Yes, Madam.

Mist. Tell us that too, *Pru*.

Maid. *Why*, that is it which gives me the greatest Concern for you, Madam, that when my Master had prayed so earnestly and so affectionately for your reclaiming and returning to your Duty, *he went on to pray for himself*, that he might not be suffer'd to yield to your Obstinacy; that his Affection might not prevail over his Duty; that if God in Judgment had resolved totally to cast you off, he might be able to do so too; and that in the mean time he might be supported in maintaining his Resolutions of not receiving you again but as Penitents, and on good Assurance of your Reformation as well as Repentance; and this, Madam, made me so earnest with you; I think I shall break my Heart for you. [The Maid weeps.]

Mist. Pry'thee don't grieve, *Pru*, but tell us what is to be done then! What do you mean by talking of our coming in? I don't see what we have done, that we must repent so much.

Maid. Why, no, Madam, I hope not, if you will but be prevail'd on now, and that made me say there was ONE STEP left to save you still.

Mist. I observ'd you said so, *Pru*; pr'ythee good *Pru*, What Step is that? I did not think things were come to such an Extremity with my Father.

[She seems to be concern'd, and lets fall some Tears.]

Maid. Why, Madam, all this and more that I have not told you, is upon a firm Belief that both your Father and Mother have, that you are *both* gone to the Park, as you know you bad me say.

Mist. That's true.

Maid. Now, Madam, if you will give me Leave to go in, and say you are both of you here, and have been no farther, perhaps this will alter the Case.

Mist. You do not know my Father, *Pru*, he is not so soon alter'd.

Maid. Perhaps, Madam, you may not know him neither *in this Case*: Do you think if he reckons your Disobedience or Fault so much his Affliction, he will not be glad to hear that you have not been guilty?

Mist. Guilty of what, *Pru*? What is the Fault?

Maid. Why, Madam, my Master believes, that in defiance of his Command, and God's Command, and on purpose to let him see you resolve not to regard what he has said to you, *you are both gone to the Park*, to take your Pleasure now on the Sabbath-day; and on this Supposition he has commanded, when you come back, *none of the Servants* shall dare let you in till they call him, and that tho' he be gone to bed, he will be call'd up.

Mist. Nay, I knew if he was angry, *he would be very warm*.

Maid. Now, Madam, here are a few Minutes left; my Master may be convinc'd you have not been any farther than this Place, and you may come in the same way you went out, and I dare say my Master will be glad of so just an Occasion not to be severe wth you; try him, Madam, dear Madam, for your own sake do, *you are quite undone* I am sure, if you do not.

Mist. He won't believe us now, *Pru*.

Maid. I shall be a Witness for you, Madam; besides your *Brother there* is in his Gown and Slippers, and that will prove he cannot have been at the Park.

Bro.

Bro. Ay, ay, he cannot but be satisfied, go *Pru*, let it be so, we will follow you; I would not push things too far neither, *Sister*.

Sist. Indeed we have try'd far enough for the first Time, we'll go in after her then.

Maid. If you please to be walking a little while, I'll make you a Signal when to come nearer.

Sist. Do so, *Pru*, we will come forward till we are in Sight; if my Father continues very angry, do you open my Chamber Window, and then we will come into the Garden.

Bro. Come, let's go directly in after her.

Sist. No, let us wait a little, that will look as if she had fetch'd us.

Bro. I can't think of provoking my Father too much neither.

Sist. But let us get off of this then as well as we can.

[*They continue walking.*]

[*Pru, being come into the House, makes as if she came down Stairs from her Mistress's Chamber, and meeting the Mother, she begins weeping.*]

Pru. Oh Madam, I am undone! 'Tis I have made all the Mischief!

Mo. Why, what's the Matter, *Pru*?

Pru. Why, Madam, I told you I thought my young Master and my Mistress were gone to the Park, and that made my Master so angry with them both, and 'tis nothing like it, 'tis all my Fault!

Mo. How do you know that, *Pru*? I should be glad for their own sakes it was as you say, and so would their Father too; for tho' he is resolv'd to resent it as he ought to do, being Master of his Family; yet, as a tender Father, I am sure he would rejoice if it were not so.

Pru. So, Madam! Do but go up Stairs to our Window, you may see them walking together in the back Close, under the Lime Trees.

Mo.

Mo. That may be, *Pru*, then they are come back.

Pru. Nay, Madam, that is impossible too; for my young Master is in his Gown and Slippers, and I dare say, if you send up into his Chamber, you will find his Clothes there.

[*The Father comes.*

Fa. What is that *Pru* says? Are they come back? Has any of my Servants let them in? I assure them I'll be as good as my Word if *they* have, no such Servant shall stay another Day in my House.

Mo. My Dear, be not too rash, we are all mistaken, come along with me; look yonder they are, and *Pru* says they have been there all this while.

[*They go up Stairs, and look out of the Window.*

Fa. I am not to be cheated; this is a Feint, they have their Intelligence within Doors, and are come back, and walk there to blind us; but it will not do, I will not be impos'd upon, and I hope you will not neither, *my Dear*.

Mo. No, *my Dear*, I will not be impos'd upon neither; but if it be really so, I believe you would be glad to be satisfied, and you would be agreeably disappointed, *as well as I*; for I know your Resentment is the Effect of your Duty, and not the Defect of your Love to them.

Fa. Indeed I would be so glad to know that they were not guilty, that I could let out some of my Blood to have it so; but I can receive no Satisfaction in being impos'd upon; I never believe a thing *merely* because I would have it so,

Mo. Nor I neither; but *Pru* says they cannot have been farther, for they are undress'd, and I am going to my Son's Chamber, *to see* if it be so.

Fa. Do so, that may be some Satisfaction.

[*Pru throws open her Mistress's Chamber Window, and they see the Signal, and come on to the Garden.*

Mo.

Mo. The thing is plain, I hope, for here is his Hat, and Sword, and Coat. [*The Mother returns.*]

Fa. He may have come in and undress'd him.

Mo. Somebody must have let him in then, and you know we have had all the Servants in our View; besides, they would not have been so weak, when they had gotten in, to have gone out again, after bearing what Orders we had given; and that Servant who had been so kind to have let them in, would not fail to have told them of it.

Fa. *That is true*; I begin to hope they have not been so wicked as I fear'd. I am sure I shall be very glad of it, if it prove so.

Mo. Look, they are coming into the Garden, it does not look as if they were guilty, I confess.

Fa. I'll go and try them before they shall come within my Doors; for not to keep Laws, is all one as not to make them.

[*They sit down together in the Garden, the Father goes out to them.*]

Fa. I desire a positive Answer to a plain Question from you both; where you have been since you went out?

[*They stand up, perceiving their Father very angry.*]

Son. We have been walking under the Lime-Trees, Sir.

Fa. *That I know*; my Question implies, *where else?*

Son. My Answer was so simple and plain, I did not think it could have been suspected, Sir; and therefore I did not add, though it is most true, *we have been no where else.*

Fa. Your Conduct justifies the Suspicion; why was no Servant acquainted with it, that when you were call'd for, might have answer'd for you?

Son. That might be an Omission, but could not be a Design.

Fa. Why not a Design?

Son,

Son. Because it seems to answer no End, or at least, that I know of.

Fa. Perhaps you was willing to try me with a Belief of your being gone to the Park, contrary to my express Command; I am not fond of being play'd with in such things as these.

Son. It is a Sign to me, Sir, that you are very angry at something, that you can suppose such a thing of me; unless there were some great Satisfaction in your Displeasure; it can be none to try whether you can be angry or no.

Fa. I see no other End in your walking here so long.

Son. You having expressly forbidden our going to the Park, I could not but think our walking here ought to be taken for a Compliance with your Order.

Fa. While you disputed the Reasonableness and Justice of my Order, I had the more Reason to suspect your Compliance.

Son. But if I complied, when I disputed the Justice of the Command, it would more unanswerably argue an entire Obedience to it *as your Command only.*

Fa. I had rather you had obey'd it, *as God's Command*, than as mine, and then you would no more have spent your Time *here*, than at the Park.

Son. But if it be the first, Sir, your present Displeasure will remove, if it was raised upon a Supposition of our having been at the Park.

Fa. Your Absence on another Account has been offensive.

Son. But cannot be justly charg'd as a Fault, Sir, for I had no Command, except a Negative, not to go to the Park, which you will easily see is obey'd.

Fa. I must suppose it.

Son. Our Dress will be Evidence for us, if your Suspicions are not to be satisfied by the Assurance of one who never prevaricated with you; perhaps if I could

could have dissembled *more*, as others have, I might have been *less* suspected.

Fa. You have much Advantage, you think, in not being guilty this time; I should have been more glad to have seen your Inclination reformed too.

Son. I do not see my Inclination vicious, and am not a little surpriz'd at the Construction that is put upon my most Innocent Actions.

Fa. And I do not see that what I expect is unreasonable, and am as much concern'd to see myself contradicted by my eldest Son and Daughter, in a Proposal to their Good both for Soul and Body.

Dau. I oppose nothing as I know of.

Fa. And comply with nothing.

Son. We had no Command from you to stay within.

Fa. I demand of you both, whether you have been in no Company, or any where else than, *as you say*, walking under the Lime-Trees, and I expect to be answer'd without the least Prevarication.

Son. You may be assur'd, Sir, we have been nowhere else.

Fa. I am glad for your own sakes; for the Measures I had resolv'd to take, would have been very irksome to me, though absolutely necessary: *I shall say no more now*, it is on the Condition only that your Answer is literally true, that I can admit you to come into my Doors: I shall state your Duty more exactly to you in the Morning, and perhaps too exactly expect your Compliance.

[The Father goes away.]

Sist. I never saw my Father look so in my Life, I am frightened.

Bro. He convinces me he is in earnest, after a Manner I never expected: It falls out very well that we contriv'd this Shift, we should have made such a Breach as would never have been reconcil'd; *I'll carry the Jest no farther.*

Sist.

Sist. What must we do then? I cannot think of being a Nun, and being abridg'd of those Liberties and Pleasures I always enjoyed: Why did they not bring us up to it from Children, then it had been natural to us, and we had known no better.

Bro. I'll tell you, Sister, what I'll do; my Father promis'd me I should travel. I'll see if I can get Leave to go Abroad, then I shall be a little out of Company, and shall not look so like a Fool under Government, as I must do now.

Sist. And what must I do?

Bro. Ask their Consent to go and live at your Aunt's, as we said before.

Sist. So I will then.

[They go in, and go up Stairs, and in the Chamber they meet the Maid.]

Bro. Well, *Pru*, how stand Matters?

Maid. I'm glad you are come in, *Sir*, I trembled for fear you should quarrel, when I saw my Master go to you, for he was in a great Passion, and he declar'd when he went out to you, that if he was not very well satisfied that you had been no farther than the *Lime-Trees*, you should not come within the Doors.

End of the Eighth Dialogue.



*A short Discourse between the Husband and Wife,
which finishes the History of the Conduct of their
Children.*

Husband. **M**Y Dear, we have had a hard Day's Work, but I hope it will issue well.

Wife. Alas! How easily had all this been prevented, if we had begun well, and how great Advantage have they who begin their Family-Work when they begin to have Families.

Husb. I have eased my Heart in the publick Acknowledgement I have made of that Omission, and I hope we shall testify our sincere Repentance for that Sin, by our exact observing our Duty in Time to come.

Wife. But the Difficulty of our two eldest Children, I doubt, will every Day renew our Affliction.

Husb. I must take it for a just Punishment upon my past Neglect, but I will not *for that* cease to go through with my Work; *I will not cease* to pray for their reducing, NOR to use my Endeavour, as well by Persuasion, as by Severity, to oblige them to a reformed Life; and I have a full Dependence upon God's Goodness, that he will restore them *both* to me *yet*, though they may stand out a great while; and *this Hope* preserves my Resolution to omit nothing that may reclaim them.

Wife. I see them both so wedded to their Pleasures, that they think it a most intolerable Burden to be abridged of them, and I find my Daughter sullen and melancholy upon it; she tells me, she cannot appear among Company, and she is ashamed to be seen, and desires me to let her go to her Aunt's, and live with her a while.

Husb.

Husb. By all means, *let her go*; I think it a Step of that Providence to reclaim her, that I was telling you *I hope in*; for my Sister will allow her, or encourage her, in none of her Levity, *I am sure of that*; and my Brother keeps just such an orderly House as I ought to have kept, and hope to keep for the future.

Wife. Indeed I am very willing to it, for her Sister owns to me, she received the first Impressions of Religion and serious Thoughtfulness *at her Aunt's*; *I'll e'en send her away.*

Husb. But what shall we do with *your Son*? For I have a secret Hint given me to-day, that he designs to ask me Leave to travel, and pretends that I promised him.

Wife. Yes, and I have been told, that if you refuse him, he will go without your Consent, depending upon his own Estate.

Husb. I shall be more willing to let him go now *than ever*, because as I would have no Obstruction to the Resolution I have taken to reform my Family; so I would be very sorry to see him expose his Reputation so much as to contradict me in it, *and appear obstinate in doing so*, which must imbroid me with him, for I shall not yield to my Son, especially where I am sure he is in the Wrong; and indeed, his Carriage hitherto has been a very great Affliction to me; if he proves impertinent, I shall be obliged to resent it: Therefore I shall only put in one Condition, if he asks me, (*viz.*) That he take Mr. B—— for his Tutor to travel with him, and he shall go when he will.

Wife. That I dare say he will not do.

Husb. Then he goes without my Blessing or Consent.

The Daughter is sent to her Aunt's, where having a sober religious Family to converse with, she begins

gins to be less fond of her old Humours, and a Foundation is laid there in her, by the Instruction and Example of her Aunt and her Children, which ends at last in her compleat Reformation, by marrying one of her Cousins, a sober religious Gentleman.

The Son travels without his Father's Consent, spends his Estate, gets a Commission in the Army, is disbanded, comes home a Cripple and a Beggar; and though always very penitent for rejecting his Father's Government and Instruction, yet never submits himself to his Father, so as to be received again, and dies miserable, as will be seen in the last Part of this Work.

The End of the FIRST PART.

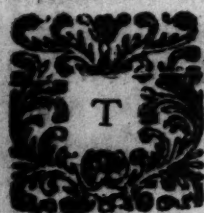
THE



T H E
Family Instructor.

P A R T II.

The INTRODUCTION.



THE first Part having historically treated of a Father's Conduct with his Household, the Foundation of his Resolution to reform his Family, instruct his Children, &c. I hope it may afford suitable Lessons to Fathers, Mothers, Masters of Families, &c. in their Duty of Family Instruction; as also Examples and suitable Hints to Children, to warn them against despising and contemning the Instruction of their Parents, from the Consequences on either Side, which appear in the forgoing History of this unhappy, yet happy Family.

The ensuing Part will go the same Length in the following Cases, *viz.* (1.) Masters to Servants. (2.) Servants to Masters, and to Fellow-servants. (3.) Companions and 'Sociates one to another; from all which may be learnt some Lessons to instruct us how to fill up every Relation, every Occasion, every
Cir-

Circumstance of Life, and every Conversation, with something useful and instructing to one another.

The Scene lies now among the meaner Sort of People, where the Value of a Religious Family, the Extent of its Influence, and the Advantage of good *Family Government*, as well to those who are out, as to those who are in the Family, may be particularly observed from the remarkable Conduct of some Persons belonging to Two or Three Families in a certain known Country Corporation at some Distance from *London*.

THERE lived in a Country Town, an industrious Trading Man, in middling Circumstances, whose Employment being a Clothier, caused him to take several Apprentices, and several Journeymen; and who had also several Children of his own: He was a Man of an exact, upright Conversation, of a most devout and religious Behaviour, but more especially in his Family; one that constantly maintain'd the Exercise of religious Worship in his House, instructing and educating his Children and Servants in the Fear and Knowledge of God, with great Care and Regard, *as well* to their Good, *as* to his own Duty; and this with all possible Modesty and Caution, avoiding all hypocritical Shews and Appearances of Ostentation; being a serious, useful Christian in every Respect, and his Wife was in her Place every way like him.

There was in the same Town a wealthy Shop-keeper, a Man in great Business, a Magistrate or Alderman of the Corporation, who had likewise a large Family of Children and Servants: The Man was bred to Business, drove a great Trade, and grew Rich apace; he was an honest, sober Man, had the Reputation of a very fair Dealer, the Credit of what we call a good Man, that would do no Body any wrong; but as to Religion, he made no
great

great stir about that, he served God *a Sundays* as other People did, and troubled his Head very little with any Thing that was religious all the Week after; indeed, he lived in a constant Hurry of Business, so that he had really no Time to think of, or to spare, about religious Affairs.

His Children, as they grew up, he put honestly to School, enquired sometimes superficially if they were good Boys, and learned their Books, and the Master as superficially giving an Answer, that they did pretty well, he was mighty easy as to their doing well in the World.

As to his Servants, it was none of his Care in the least what they did, so they minded his Business; as to Idleness, he took pretty good Care to prevent that, by finding them constant Employment in his Warehouses, and about his Business; and as to either their Morals or Religion, he counted it none of his Business, except at any time some gross Indecency came in his Way, which obliged him to find Fault, and then his Displeasure respected the Neglect or Obstruction of his Business; or some Complaints or Uneasiness in the Neighbourhood, rather than any thing of Religion.

It appears by the Story in hand, that two young Lads, much about the same Age, and pretty near the same Time, came Apprentices to these two Men; the Youths were very different in their Behaviour, tho' otherwise agreeable to one another; their Conduct was, *as in such Cases it will be*, suitable to the Families of their Parents, with whom they had been educated; *the one* a sober, well inclin'd, serious Lad, that had been brought up by religious Parents, well instructed, and form'd early to desire the best things; *the other* a loose, profligate, prophane Boy, perfectly wild, that had been taught nothing, and desired to learn nothing *but his Trade*, given to Swearing, Lying, and ill Words, but of good Capacity enough to learn,

learn, if he had been taught in time, so that he was merely lost for want of early Instruction.

The sober religious Lad was unhappily put Apprentice to the rich Shop-keeper, who regarded no Religion but his Trade; and the wild prophane Boy was put Apprentice to the religious Tradesman, the Clothier, and being Neighbours, the Boys became acquainted, it seems; altho' there was very little Suitableness between the Manner of the young Mens Education, yet their Age, Neighbourhood, and Opportunity of Conversation concurring, and other Circumstances perhaps in their Temper, or in the Time of their coming to their Masters, making them more agreeable to one another than ordinary, they became Companions, and contracted an intimate Friendship, the Consequence of which will appear in the following Dialogues.



THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

AFTER, as it is noted, the two Youths had contracted an Intimacy, so that it was grown up to a kind of Affection between them, they agreed in the first Place to call Brothers, *and then*, that every Evening, when their Shops were shut up, and their Business over, they would spend any Time they had to spare, always together, either at their Master's Door, or walking, or as their Liberty would permit; and, *as may be supposed to be pretty usual in those Cases*, it was *they ask'd one another at these*

these Meetings, how they liked their Masters, their Employments, their Usage, *and the like*. In these Discourses it fell out they wanted no Grievances to complain of on both Sides; for that neither of them, tho' they had both gone so far as to be bound, liked their Circumstances; but it seemed that the greatest of their Dislike was at their Masters, and the respective Management of their Families, rather than at any thing in the Trades they carried on, which they otherwise liked well enough.

Says *Will*, who lived with the good Clothier, I'll tell you plainly, Brother *Tom*, I am quite tir'd out with my Master, I can't imagine what my Father meant when he pickt out such a Man for me; I'm sure my Father is none of those kind of People himself; why, our House is a Monastery, instead of a Shop, or a Work-house.

A Monastery, *Will*! says the other, what *do you mean by that*? Don't we hear your People and your Servants about their Business every Day; they don't dress Cloth, and comb Wool in the Monasteries.

Why no, *Brother*, says *Will*, it is not a Monastery so, I don't mean *that*, but we have such a World of Ceremonies, and religious Doings among us, 'tis enough to weary a Body off their Legs: I'm sure I shall never endure it long.

Tom. Perhaps you are sooner tired with these Religious Doings, Brother, that you speak of, than you would be with other things: Is not that it, Brother *Will*, speak honestly?

Will. Nay, I do not know much about it, I confess; it don't signify much, I suppose, but to torment us.

Tom. Nor do you mind it much, I suppose, when you are at it, Brother, do ye?

Will. No, indeed, not I; I take care to get a good Sleep all the while, if I can.

Tom. Fie upon you, *Will*.

Will. Why, what does it signify to me?

Tom. What, their Prayers, *Brother*?

Will. Ay, their Prayers; why they pray for themselves, not for me, do they?

Tom. No doubt they pray for you too.

Will. I don't care whether they do or no.

Tom. Nay, there I think you are wrong, *Brother Will*; should we not be glad to have any Body pray for us? I remember at Church there are Bills sent in, for the Minister to pray for Folks; they would not put up Bills to be pray'd for, if it was of no Signification.

Will. Ay, that's when they are sick, *Brother*, but what's that to me, I am well enough, and it is but when they desire it; now I never desir'd 'em to pray for me, what need they trouble their Heads about me in their Prayers?

Tom. Well, but *Brother*, you say they pray for themselves, why should you be against that?

Will. Not I; but then they may do it by themselves, can't they? What need they keep us up at Night, and raise us up in the Morning? Can't they let us alone, we work hard enough all Day, they ought to let us sleep at Night, sure.

Tom. Why, do they take up so long Time at it?

Will. Ay, I think it is long for us that work hard at our Business all Day; here we are haul'd out of our Beds, every Morning by Six o'Clock to come to Prayers, before we open the Shop, or go into the Work-house, and at Night we are kept up, I know not how long, to read, and to go to Prayers, when we might be all a-bed and asleep; I tell you 'tis a mere Monastery, I cannot endure it.

Tom. Well, but *Brother*, I remember one thing by the by, it seems this can't be much Trouble to you, for you acknowledge you sleep all the while, if you can, so that you do not lose so much of your Rest.

Will. Ay, that's true, but that can't be always; besides every now and then they catch me at it, and then there is such a Noise with them———Then there's our Master's Son, he is such a religious Monkey, he is always a jogging a Body, that I can't get a good Sleep for him; but this is not all, *Brother*, we have abundance of strange Doings of this kind, besides going to Prayers.

Tom. But hark you, *Brother Will*, about calling you up in a Morning, let me hear that again; you say your Master calls you up by Six o'Clock in the Morning to come to Prayers.

Will. Yes, and that is, I say, just as they do in the Monasteries: *I know 'tis so*, for I had a Cousin that was a Nun, and made her Escape out of a Nunnery, and she is turn'd Protestant; and she used to tell me, they were oblig'd to rise at such Hours in the Night to go to Prayers, I wonder my Master don't do so too; I don't question but in a little time he will, and we shall be all Monks instead of Clothiers.

Tom. But, *Brother Will*, you must do your Master justice now; for, if I mistake not, you wrong him very much by your own Account, *as I was going to say*.

Will. How, *Brother*? I don't wrong him at all.

Tom. Why, you suppose of him he takes the Time he spends in those religious things out of your Sleep, or out of the Time when you ought to be in Bed, and you think that an Injury to you, because you work hard; pray what time do your hired Journeymen come to work in a Morning.

Will. At Six a Clock.

Tom. Well, and do they exactly go to work by Six o'Clock.

Will. Yes, why not? Is not that the usual time?

Tom. Yes, *Brother*, but then you say your Master does not call you up till Six, and then he goes to Prayers; now if he did not go to Prayers, he would

go

go to work, and you could not expect but to be at work, who are his Apprentices, as well as the Journey-men; so that the time he spends at Prayer he takes out of your Working-time, and not out of your Sleeping-time, and the Loss is his own, not yours; I think there you do your Master wrong, *Brother*.

Will. What care I whose Time it is? I wonder what need there is for making such a Pother, I am as tir'd as a Dog with it; I warrant they do so at your House.

Tom. Our House, *Will*! No, indeed, we are not troubled with it, I never heard a Chapter read, or a Word spoke of Prayer since I came in the House, and that's as much my Uneasiness as this is yours.

Will. You you very happy, *Brother*, I wish I had been in such a Place.

Tom. I cannot be of your Mind, *Brother*, what makes you talk so wickedly?

Will. What do you mean by wickedly? I say you are happy that you are not tormented as I am.

Tom. Ay, *Will*, but at the same time all this that torments you is, that your Master calls you up in the Morning, and keeps you up at Night to do your Duty, and what you ought to love, I mean, to go to Prayers, and the like.

Will. Why ay, is not that Torment enough? What do you tell me of their Prayers and Duty? I desire none of it, not I.

Tom. You make me tremble, *Will*; I am frighted at you.

Will. Frighted! At what?

Tom. Why, if I should talk as you do, I should be afraid the Devil would take me away alive: Do you know what you are talking of?

Will. Yes, sure, I speak plain enough.

Tom. Why, is not all you complain of nothing but serving God, as you are commanded to do? And are we not all to do so too, if we would be saved?

Will. Pry'thee, *Thomas*, don't thou talk Gospel too; I ben't against their serving God, not I.

Tom. But you a'n't for doing it yourself tho', and you speak contemptibly of the Thing itself.

Will. I don't know what belongs to it, not I; what need they make such ado about it?

Tom. About what, *Will*? What, about serving God!

Will. No, about their saying so many Prayers.

Tom. You are mighty uneasy, methinks, about saying your Prayers; is not that serving God? I am amaz'd at you, indeed, *Will*.

Will. Why, but as I told you, *Brother*, that is not all.

Tom. No, is not that all? What then?

Will. No, nor half; for every Night in the Week we must read every one a Chapter, and there our Master tells us a long Story of something or other about what we read; and asks us a great many foolish Questions, that I can give no Answer to; then every Sunday we are examined about what the Minister said at Church, I never heard of such blind Doings; why, how should I remember what he says, it may be I am at play without Doors, or in the Church-yard half the Time.

Tom. Well, but *Brother*, you should not, you ought not to do so, you know that, I hope; and I suppose your Master puts you to remember what the Minister says, that you may be obliged to stay, and hear him, as you should do; I think he is very kind to you, I wish I had such a Master, *Will*.

Will. I don't value such Kindness, let him be kind to me in other things.

Tom. Why, can any thing be kinder than to keep you from doing what you should not do, I mean, playing in the Fields, or Streets, or Church-yard, all Sermon-time?

Will. Yes, I would fain have him let me go home every Sunday to my Father's, that would be kind to me, but he won't let me do that.

Tom.

Tom. Brother, that would not mend the Matter, to be sure your Father would take care you should go to Church all the Day, and go to Prayers again at Night, and you say you can't abide that.

Will. You are quite mistaken in my Father, he is none of them ; he goes to Church himself indeed, but he never troubles himself to hinder us, we may go where we will for all him ; if he would but let me go home to my Father, I should do well enough.

Tom. Well, nor don't your Father call you to Prayers at Night ?

Will. No, indeed, nothing like it, he knows better Things.

Tom. What, nor a *Sunday Night* neither ?

Will. No, nor a *Sunday Night* neither ; Prayers ! I dare say no body ever heard my Father say any Prayers in his Life, except when his Horse fell on him and broke his Thigh, and every Body thought he would have died, or must have had his Thigh cut off ; then he sent for the Minister indeed, and they had a deal of Prayers in the Chamber, I remember ; but as soon as that was over, and my Father was well again, he never troubled his Head any more with it ; what should he for ? There was no need of it then, you know.

Tom. For the Lord's sake, *Will*, do not talk so !

[*Thomas starts as if he was frightened.*]

Will. What do you mean ? What do I talk ?

Tom. Talk ! Why, you talk Blasphemy, almost ; you have been dreadfully educated, *Will* ; pr'ythee what is your Father ? Is he a Protestant ?

Will. Talk Blasphemy ! What do you mean, *Tom* ? What did I say ?

Tom. Say ! Why I am afraid to repeat what you said.

[*Tom looks earnestly upon him, and upon the Ground about him.*]

Will. What makes you look at me so, *Brother* ? you look as if you were scared ? What ails you ?

Tom. Truly, *Will*, you have terrify'd me; I was looking at you, to see if you did not begin to look pale, and stagger, for I wonder God did not strike you dead when you talk'd so horridly.

Will. And what did you look about upon the Ground for?

Tom. To see whether it did not begin to cleave and part; for I expect every Moment it should open and swallow you up?

Will. You Fool you, what do you mean?

Tom. Indeed, I should have expected all that, if I had said so.

[Mark the Tendernefs of the Child that was religiously educated.]

Will. What did I say, that you make such a stir about it?

Tom. Truly, *Will*, I wish you would consider a little yourself what you said, or at least, what you meant, when you said your Father knew better than to pray to God, and that, after your Father had broke his Thigh, and was well again, there was no need of praying to God: Are not these dreadful Words, *Will*?

Will. No, I think not; what Harm is there in them? I thought no Harm, not I.

Tom. But are you in earnest, *Will*, when you say your Father never prays to God.

Will. Nay, *Tom*, I did not say never; I told you he went to Church a *Sundays*.

Tom. Well, but never else, never at home; never call'd his Family to Prayer, as your Master, you say, does?

Will. No, never in his Life, that ever I heard of.

Tom. Why, what is your Father? Is he a Heathen, or a Christian? Is he a Papist, or a Protestant?

Will. My Father a Heathen! no, I think not, he is as good a Christian as any of our Neighbours.

Tom.

Tom. Ay! That's strange; I thought there had been no Christians lived so, *Will*: Is he a Protestant, or a Papist?

Will. Why, a Protestant, what should he be? Do you think my Father a *Papist*? No indeed, my Father's as good a Protestant as any of you; did not I tell you he went to Church every *Sunday*; nay, sometimes, *especially when it is bad Weather*, he goes to the Meeting-house, because the Church is a good Way off.

Tom. *Will*, *Will*, I never heard the like, or saw the like, till I came to my Master; I thank God I have never been bred up among such Christians, or among such Protestants; I thought there had been no such Protestants in the World; nay, there is a Popish Family lives next Door to my Father's, and they are constantly Morning and Evening, and often at other times of the Day too, at their Worship and Prayers, serving God in their Way; nay, I have heard, that the *Turks* say their Prayers five times a Day: Why, it is natural to pray to God, *Will*; did not he make us?

Will. I can't dispute, not I; what do you call serving God? Is not going to Church serving God? I told you my Father went every *Sunday* to Church. I think that's serving God, is n't it! And he may say his Prayers at home too for aught I know; I suppose he does not tell Folks when he does that, as my Master does, who makes all the House hear of it.

Tom. But, *Brother Will*, thou talk'st as if thou had'st been bred a Heathen, and not a Protestant; pr'ythee, *Will*, did'st ever read the Bible?

Will. Yes, I learn'd to read in it at School.

Tom. Was that all? Did you never read at home? What have you never a Bible in the House?

Will. Yes, we have a great Bible in the Parlour Window.

Tom. What, and does no body use it?

Will. Yes, my Mother reads in it sometimes, and my Father sets down how old his Children are, in it; there's the Time when we were all born.

Tom. But were you never us'd to be bid to read in it by your Father and Mother?

Will. Yes, my Mother would sometimes call me from Play to come and read my Book; but I would not come, I lov'd my Play too well for that.

Tom. What, would not you come!

Will. No, not I.

Tom. What, not when your Mother call'd you!

Will. Mother! no, what car'd I for my Mother!

Tom. I never heard the like in my Life; why 'tis a Sign you never read the Bible.

Will. Why, what if I had?

Tom. Why there you would have read, *Cursed be he that sets light by his Father or Mother*, Deut. 27. 16. Besides, *Will*, cannot you say the Ten-Commandments?

Will. Yes, I think I can.

Tom. Well, and don't you remember the Fifth Commandment, *Honour thy Father and thy Mother*.

Will. Why, what's that to my going to Play?

Tom. But it was something to your refusing to come and read your Book when your Mother call'd you.

Will. What signified that? I knew my Mother was not angry, she did not much trouble her Head whether I came to read or no.

Tom. So indeed it is plain as you said, that neither your Father or your Mother troubled their Heads about you, whether you served God or no! I do not wonder that you think it so troublesome that your Master goes to Prayers, and serves God in his Family; I wonder how you, that have been bred so wickedly, came to be put out to so religious a Family as your Master's is!

Will. Why, I heard my Father say once, before I came to my Master, that he was the willinger to
put

put me to him, because he was a good Man, and I might learn good things there, for I had never learn'd any at Home.

Tom. So that your Father owns then, *Will*, that these are good things, though he does not practise them himself; that is very strange, *Will*!

Will. Yes, yes, My Father us'd to say he lov'd my Master, because he was a good Man, and that he was a Man kept good Orders in his Family! And one Day he told me, that if I was a good Boy, and follow'd my Master's Advice, I should be made a good Man, better than ever my Father was; and that my Master went to *Prayers* and served God, and such as that, but I knew nothing what he meant; if I had known how it was, I should never have come.

Tom. Why, you own, that though your Father did not call you to *Prayers* himself, he lik'd your Master the better because he did; why should not you too?

Will. Not I, I lov'd to live as I had been bred.

Tom. But you see that your Father own'd that your Master was a better Christian than himself, and that the Orders he kept in his Family, was the Way to make you a good Man, nay, to make you better than your Father too; methinks you should believe your Father.

Will. I don't know as to that, but I don't like it, not I.

Tom. You are then, not for being made a good Man, or else you don't believe your Father.

Will. I don't see how he'll make me any better than I am; I tell you I don't like it at all, I dare say you would not like it neither.

Tom. Would I not! I wish I was to be try'd, *Will*.

Will. I wish you were, I am sure you would be sick of it.

Tom. Why now, Brother *Will*, that cannot be, for my Grievance is just the contrary to yours, for I

have been the uneasiest Boy alive : I have got a Master that lives exactly like your Father.

Will. My Father ! Alas, my Father is but an ordinary Man, your Master is an Alderman.

Tom. I mean as to Religion, *Will*; 'tis true, my Master goes to the Meeting-house, and my Mistress goes to Church, and they serve God there after their Way, and we have nothing of Swearing, Cursing, or Drunkenness in the House, or such as that, I must do them that Justice ; but as to Religion, I never heard a Word of it in the House since I came to it.

Will. Well now ; and yet every Body says your Master is a very good Man.

Tom. That may be.

Will. Why then, *Brother*, you see you were mistaken before, when you fancied a Man could not be a good Man without making such a Pother about his *Praying* and *Religion*, as my Master does ; I do not see that my Father is one jot a better Man than yours.

Tom. Nay, *Will*, it was not I was mistaken, it was your own Father was mistaken, who, you acknowledge, told you, *he loved your Master because he was a good Man, and that you might learn good things there, and that if you followed your Master's Advice you would be a good Man too, and a better Man than your Father ;* he must be mistaken in all that, *Will*.

Will. Well, but I an't talking of my Father, they may be any of them better than my Father, he knows that himself ; but I speak of your Master, every Body says he is a *good Man*, and a *religious Man*, and he has the best Reputation in the Town.

Tom. Ay, *Will*, he is an honest Man, a very fair Man, he does no Body any Wrong, but I have never been bred that Way in my Life ! I have never heard any such thing as praying to God, or reading the Scriptures in the House since I came thither, and yet
when

when I came to him I was told he was a mighty religious Man.

Will. Why, *that's what I say*, he is counted a religious Man, and they say he goes to the *Meeting-house* too.

Tom. So much the worse for him if he appear religious only, and his Practice makes him appear to be otherwise; however, I will not say what he is privately; but this I am sure of, it does not appear in his Family; we that are Servants see nothing of it, nor his Children either.

Will. Why, that is as I would have it be at our House; he is a very good Man, every Body says so, and what need he trouble you with it? I don't like this making such a Show of Religion; can't they be religious, but they must trouble all the Family with it? I believe your Master is a very honest good Man, *Tom*, though he makes no Show of it, as mine does.

Tom. You talk prophanely again, *Will*; I am no more for making a Show of Religion than you, but if there be no Religion where there is some Show of it, to be sure there is no Religion where there is no Show at all of it: But what do you call *Show*? Is it not every Christian Man's Duty to teach his Household and Family to serve God? Do you call that a Show? Every one ought to make such a Show of Religion, and if he does not, he plainly makes a Show of having very little Religion himself: I might give you a great many Places out of Scripture for this, but it seems you han't read much out of the Bible.

Will. Why, what would you have your Master do? You would not have him make such a Rout as my Master does, would you?

Tom. I would have him serve God in his Family, as other religious good People do.

Will. Well, but you say they all serve God a *Sundays*.

Tom.

Tom. What's that to his Family? We may run about where we will for all him, *Sabbath-day*, or any Day or Night, he never takes any Thought for us; if we are but in the Compting-house next Morning, *when he wants us*, we may serve God or the Devil, it's all one to him.

Will. That's what I want now; *I wonder* you should be uneasy at it.

Tom. I have not been us'd to such a Life, *Will*, though you have; it terrifies me so I cannot bear it.

Will. What would you have? what is it to you what your Master does.

Tom. A great deal; God has said, *He will pour out his Fury upon the Families that call not upon his Name*, Jer. x. 25. And I am one of the Family now.

Will. Well, but can you not say your *Prayers* by yourself?

Tom. Truly, I have no manner of Convenience for that neither; for we all lie together in a Room, and at first I used to kneel down and pray by myself, but the rest of the Apprentices jeer'd me out of it, and made such a Noise at me, I was forc'd to leave it off, and now I go to Bed and rise like a Beast, as they do; but it grieves me so, I cannot tell what to do, for I am sure it is a Sin to do so, and I am afraid God should show some Judgment upon me for it.

Will. Why, is there any Danger of that, *Tom*! Why, I never *prayed* to God in my Life.

Tom. Then you are in a sad Condition, *Will*, and so am I too; sometimes I think it will break my Heart; I think my Father has put me in the Devil's Mouth, and I am going the strait Road to Hell; I am sure he does not do so himself.

Will. And so you have left off saying your *Prayers*, *Tom*, now quite; han't you? And then you live as bad as I do, don't you?

Tom. No, I han't left off *praying* neither; for if my Master does but send me of an Errand, I *pray* as

as I go along the Streets; and sometimes I get up into the Hay-loft over the Stable, or any where that I can be private; but this is so seldom, and it grieves me so, that when I came to *pray*, I can do nothing but cry, I can't speak a Word hardly.

Will. I do not understand these Things; sure I am a strange Creature! Why, it never troubles me; I don't know, what 'tis to *pray* to God; I never knew there was any Harm in not doing it; I wish I could learn, I'd say my *Prayers* too.

[The Boy begins to be touched with the Discourse.]

Tom. You have a good Master to teach you; I have a Master will do nothing but teach me to forget all that my good Father and Mother have been teaching me these fifteen Years.

Will. Why, if what you learn'd is good, what need you forget it?

Tom. Why, I'll tell you, *Will*, when I was at home, and had all the Encouragement in the World by the Example and Instruction of my Father, and the Exhortation of my Mother, telling me my Duty, and strictly charging me never to lie down or rise without *praying* to God, in the Eveing for Protection, in the Morning for Direction; yet I found a wicked Inclination within me, often prompting me to omit my Duty; *and now* when I want these Helps of Example and Instruction, and instead of them have had so many Discouragements, and find it so difficult to get a retired Place for it, I find that wicked Inclination to omit my Duty increases, and sometimes I am for persuading myself I have a sufficient Excuse to leave it quite off, and I am afraid some time or other I shall do so, and so grow an Atheist, and then I shall live without God, *like a Heathen*, just as you do, *Will*.

Will. Indeed, *Tom*, I have liv'd like a Heathen all my Days, I begin to see it now; but what must I do? How can I help it now?

Tom.

Tom. Do, *Will!* You must leave it off, and learn to live a better Life.

Will. But Brother *Tom*, how must I do that? I am a poor ignorant Wretch, *I know nothing at all*, I have never been taught any thing in my Life; if to live as I do, is to be a Heathen, my Father is a Heathen, and my Mother is a Heathen, and my Brothers and Sisters are all Heathens.

Tom. You are in a sad Condition, *Will*, as I said before, and I think I am in a worse.

Will. How can that be, *Tom*?

Tom. Why; you have been taught nothing, and I am in a fair Way to lose all I have been taught; I think my Condition is worse than yours.

Will. No, no, You know what to do, and what you ought to do; you have been well educated, *Tom*, I have no Body to teach me any thing: Tell me, dear Brother, what must I do; teach me what is my first Duty, I begin to see something very desirable in Religion, that I never valued before.

[The first Motions in an uncultivated Mind, generally, are to see a Beauty in the Ways of God, and to have a Desire to imitate them.]

Tom. Why, *Will*, I am but a Boy, as well as you, and can't teach you much, but I can tell you what my Father used to tell me, and what he taught me to do.

Will. Do, tell me that then, for I long to hear.

Tom. Why, he used to tell me, that God made me, and that being born in Sin, and liable to eternal Death for Sin, *Jesus Christ* redeemed me.

Will. All that I have heard too, though I do not understand a Word of it.

Tom. Then he told me, I must every Day pray to God to bless me, to preserve me, and to pardon my Sins for *Jesus Christ's* sake; that I must give Thanks to him for my Life and Preservation in Health, and for all things that I receive; that I must pray to him

him for my daily Bread, and to give me Wisdom and Direction in all I go about.

Will. How can I do this?

Tom. I remember I ask'd my Father that very Question, and he answer'd me thus: Do you not come to me, Child, when you want Cloaths, and ask me for them; and to your Mother when you are hungry, and ask for Victuals; and do you not do this without teaching?

Will. And what did you say?

Tom. What could I say? I kneeled down every Night and Morning, and said over the *Lord's Prayer*, then I got a good Prayer out of a Book, and said that, and sometimes a Word or two would come into my Thoughts, that I would say of my own Head, as I thought of such things as were proper.

Will. I shall never learn! why, I can hardly say over the *Lord's Prayer* without Book!

Tom. I'll tell you, *Will*, if I thought you were in earnest, I would do my Endeavour to teach you; but you that have led such a wicked Life, and cry out of your Master and Mistress so much about praying, I don't think you mean any thing but to jest with me.

Will. No, but I do not jest now; you say it is so wicked a thing, and I am in such a dangerous Condition, that you look'd for the Ground to open and swallow me up; why, you can't think I would be willing to have the Devil take me away, *whatever I may say sometimes*; but I am a poor ignorant Boy, how shall I know what to do?

Tom. Truly, *Will*, and I also am but ignorant, as I said before, and unfit to teach you, I am but a Boy, you know, *but this I know and have been taught*, that God has made me; do you believe that, *Will*?

Will. Yes, sure.

Tom. Well, if God made you, then he can destroy you.

Will.

Will. That is plain.

Tom. Then sure it is your Interest to serve God, as well in Thankfulness to him because he made you, as that he may not be provok'd to destroy you.

Will. But what is this serving God? I thought it was nothing but going to Church a *Sundays*.

Tom. To be sure worshipping God at Church is good, and our Duty, but we must worship God otherwise than at Church.

Will. What, by saying our *Prayers*?

Tom. Nay, that is not all neither; we must fear God and keep his Commandments.

Will. How shall I do all that? You know that I know nothing of it.

Tom. Why, therefore, *Will*, your first thing is, as the first thing my Father told me I was to do, was, to *pray* to God to teach you to know him, and to fear him, and to keep his Commandments.

Will. How do I know what his Commandments are? I can say the Ten Commandments, but I don't understand what they mean.

Tom. Why, my Father next directed me to read the Bible, which is the Word of God, and is given for our Instruction, that we may know his Will.

Will. And will that teach you to know what to do?

Tom. Reading the Scripture daily, and praying to God daily to open our Understanding to know the Will of God written in his Word, certainly this must be the Way, *Will*.

Will. I can't pray, I never pray'd in all my Life, I tell you.

Tom. You ought to tremble at the Thoughts of that.

Will. I begin to be afraid indeed; may be God won't hear now, if I should pray.

Tom. Yes, there's a Scripture for that to encourage you, *Let the Wicked forsake his Way, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy, Isa. lv. 7.*

Will. Is that in the Bible?

Tom. Yes, and a great many more encouraging things; you must read the Scripture diligently: Have you never a Bible?

Will. No, *not I*, nor never had in my Life.

Tom. I am not capable to direct you, *Will*; but I will tell you there are two things which I would have you do, pray to God to forgive your Sins, and to teach you his Will, and read the Bible diligently, I'll give you a Bible, *Will*.

Will. Indeed, *Brother Tom*, if you will give me a Bible, I'll read it *over and over*, you say that will teach me; *I'll read it*, and thank you for it heartily, for I never had a Bible to read in yet.

Tom. But remember, *Will*, *I said*, you must pray to God to teach you when you read, to open your Understanding, that you may understand the Scriptures; and to teach you that you may know your Duty; and then pray to God to guide you in the doing his Will, and your Duty according to the Scripture, which is his own Word.

Will. What will my praying to God signify? Will God do this for me, if I pray to him? And how can I pray, I don't know what praying is, *not I*; what must I say?

Tom. It seems you do not know what Prayer is; sure, if you remember the Beginning of our Discourse, and how you complain'd you were tormented with Prayers at home, you will not say, you do not know what it is.

Will. Don't tell me of that now, *dear Tom*, I begin to be of another Mind already; I wish I knew how to pray for myself.

Tom. The Spirit of God teaches us *to pray*, and helps our Infirmities; do you know the Story of the poor Publican?

Will. No, *not I*, *what was he*?

Tom.

Tom. Just such another as thou art, *Will*, a poor, wicked, prophane Wretch, that had liv'd all his Days in Wickedness, and perhaps without *Prayer* too.

Will. And what then! What became of him? Did he go to Hell?

Tom. Why, he saw the Pharisees, and all the great Professors of Religion, go up to the Temple to *pray*, and being sensible of his Condition, he thought once to go up along with them; but when he considered what a wicked Creature he had been, he was afraid; he durst *not only* not go, but not look towards the Temple, nor cast his Eyes up to Heaven.

Will. That is my Case, indeed, *exactly*: Pray what became of him?

Tom. Why, he stood at a distance, smote his Breast, astonished and amazed at his own Case, and with a deep Sigh, broke out thus: *Lord be merciful to me a Sinner!* Luke xviii. 13.

Will. Well, and was he heard? You say, he durst not go up to the Temple to *pray*.

Tom. Heard, yes! one Groan, one Sigh, one Look, nay, a Heart not daring to look, sending out but one Sentence, yet from a broken, sincere, repenting Heart, is heard in Heaven beyond the long and loud Pretences and Devotions of the self-opinion'd Hypocrite. *The Scripture says expressly*, this Man went away justify'd rather than the other, *Luke xviii. 14.*

Will. And do you think, if I knew how to *pray*, God would hear me, and give all that Teaching and Knowledge, you speak of, to me?

Tom. Yes, *Will*, I do more than think so, I am sure of it.

Will. What mean you by that?

Tom. I have God's own Word for it, *Will*, and that Word is the Foundation and Comfort of all the Prayers, and of all the Praying Christians in the World.

Will. How is this? Explain yourself, for you speak strangely positive.

Tom.

Tom. The Scripture says he will, and that is my Assurance, *and may be yours*; for it is his own Word, *John xvi. 23. Whatsoever ye ask of the Father in the Name of Jesus Christ, he will do it for us.*

Will. But I have been a wicked Boy all my Days, that never Thought of any thing of God, or Religion, in my Life, as you know very well by what I have told you, nor ever was taught any thing about it; will God hear such a one as I, if I ever pray to him?

Tom. The same Scripture says, he will, *Brother*, and we have no reason to doubt it, for the Scriptures are the Word of God; and, *as I told you*, the Scripture says, *Isaiah lv. 7. Let the Wicked forsake his Way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy*; and the poor Publican went away justify'd, that sent up but one Sigh.

Will. *Ay*, that may be, to such as sin now and then a little, but I have done nothing else all my Days.

Tom. But he says in the same Text, *that he will abundantly pardon.*

Will. But that may not reach me.

Tom. But the Scripture is full of PROMISES, and calls to as bad as you, to come to him; I could shew you some, if I had the Bible here; you cannot have been so wicked, but you are included in them.

Will. Tell me one of them, I intreat you, I see you have a deal of it without Book, *dear Tom*, tell me one of them.

Tom. This is one; *Him that comes unto me, I will in no wise cast out*: Here is no Exception; this *Him* is all one as WHOSOEVER.

Will. WHOSOEVER! That's a large Word, is there no Exception?

Tom. None at all; WHOSOEVER, that includes how bad soever.

Will. What, and how LONG soever too?

Tom. *Ay*, and how long soever; WHOSOEVER turns unto God, how bad SOEVER they are, or how long

long SOEVER they have been so bad, yet he will in no wise or by no means, *cast them out.*

Will. My Heart revives at the Word, for I have been a sad Wretch you know, *Brother*; I have never so much as thought of my Soul, or of God, of his making me, or his Power to destroy me; I have never pray'd unto him, or call'd upon him, unless in wicked Swearing and Cursing by his Name; will God pardon me, *Brother*? Are you sure of it.

Tom. I cannot be sure he will pardon you, or myself either; but I am sure it is your Duty to pray for Pardon, and to repent of your Sins; and there is another Scripture, which says, *If we repent and for sake, we shall find Mercy.*

Will. Repent, what's that, *Tom*?

Tom. Repentance is a hearty Sorrow for your Sins already past, and solemn, serious Resolutions, to commit no more; and this Sorrow must proceed not only from a Fear of eternal Punishment, but from a Hatred of Sin, for its own evil Nature, and as it is offensive to the Holiness of God.

Will. I cannot understand this at all; shall I learn it in my Bible, *Brother*? How must I learn to repent?

Tom. You must pray to God to give you Repentance too, for *Repentance is the Gift of God.*

Will. I will pray to God, tho' I do not know how or what to say; I am amaz'd at myself when I see what a wicked Creature I have been; indeed, *Brother Tom*, I don't wonder that you look'd so earnestly at me, and expected I should drop down dead, or be swallowed up alive: I am afraid I shall be still.

[Conviction of Sin seizes the Boy.]

Tom. I am glad' what I have said has made you sensible of it.

Will. I begin to love you, dear *Brother*, better than ever I did, I shall be the better for you as long as I live.

Tom. I wish you had some better Instructor than I.

Will.

Will. Ay, Brother, if I had had a religious Father and Mother, *as you have had*, I might have known all this from a Child, then all the past Wickedness of my Life had been prevented; but you say WHOSOEVER, Brother, don't you? Are you sure the Words are so?

Tom. I am very sure, Brother; but to make you easy, I'll go in and fetch you a Bible and shew it you presently. *[The Boy goes in.]*

[While he is gone, Will breaks out thus by himself.]

Will. What must I do to know how to pray? Will God hear such a Wretch! And what if not? Then I am undone, lost and damn'd for ever! O what a Condition am I in! but WHOSOEVER.

The Boy weeps, but recovering, prays with great Affection, and aloud, like the poor Publican in the following Words.

Lord God that hast made me, and hast said
WHOSOEVER comes, *thou wilt not cast out,*
pardon all my Wickedness.

TOM comes and over-hears him.

Tom. What was you saying, Brother? Did you speak to me?

Will. No, no, I did not speak to you.

Tom. I heard you say something.

Will. I hardly know what I said, but my Heart struck me, and I cried out.

Tom. To God, I hope,

Will. I hardly know, yet I feel a secret Joy in what I said.

Observe here, Conviction was accompanied with a cleaving to the Promise of God, and the Spirit of God moves the poor Boy's Heart to look up to God, in Hope; first pleading the Promise, and then crying for Pardon.

Tom. Well, Brother, if it was but like the Publican it may be heard.

Will.

Will. I know not what it was, but I am trembling. still: *Is this praying, Brother?*

Tom. The more your Affection was engaged, the more likely it is to be from a true Work of God.

Will. Have you brought the Bible? You have staid a long while.

Tom. I have been looking some Places for you.

Will. And will you shew me them?

Tom. Yes, I have folded 'em down, and here they are; in the first Place, here's that I nam'd to you, *John vi. 10. Him that comes to me I will in no wise cast out;* and here is another Place, which is equal in its Encouragements, and expressly tells us, that the Word HIM is to be taken for WHOSOEVER, without any Exception of Persons, as I said to you before, *Rev. xxii. 17. Let him that is a thirst come; and WHOSOEVER WILL, let them take of the Water of Life freely.*

Will. You have folded them down you say, I'll read them when I come home, for it is too late for us to stay any longer.

The End of the first Dialogue.

Notes on the first Dialogue.

TH O' this Dialogue, and indeed the whole Part of the Book, is more a History than the rest, and that the Families which it points at, if they happen to see it, may be able to see themselves in it, and to make some Use of it, to their own Advantage, if they please: Yet as even this History will be the same thing as a Parable to the Ages to come, in which it may I hope be as useful as now; and, *above all*, as this Work is design'd for a general, not a particular Reproof, I am willing to let it lie hid entirely, *as to Persons,*

Persons, that it may perhaps, look less by that means like a History, than really it is.

If the Persons, whom it more really concerns, may see themselves reprov'd, they will make not the less profitable Use of it, for the Civility shewn them in concealing their Names; if they do not, the Author can never want an Opportunity to expose the Folly, *if he sees Cause*.

But the Design of this Book is of a Nature above a Personal Satyr; the Errors in Family Conduct are the Business here, not the Families themselves; and the Names and Persons so intirely conceal'd, and the real History so couch'd, that it is impossible for any body, but the Persons themselves, to read the People by the Characters.

The first thing reprov'd here, and worth observing, is a good Man, who had carefully educated and instructed his Child, and who, *he might easily see*, was a sober, well-inclined Youth, knowing in good things, and desirous of them; yet had this religious Parent forgotten himself, and so far forgotten the Good of his Child also, as to place him out with a Master who had either no Religion at all, or, *which was all one to the Child*, exercis'd none of it in the Family; nor took any Care, or had any Concern, for the Souls of his Servants, whatever he had for their Bodies.

The Child laments this very pathetically, tho' in a familiar Way, to his Comrade; he is at first weary of the prophane Way of living, and then justly afraid that the Interruptions he meets with to his Duty, should bring him to an Indifference about it, and to believe the Difficulties he found in his Way, were just Excuses for him in omitting it totally at last.

NOTE, We have natural Hind'rances enough in the Way of our Duty, from the Aversions of a corrupt Nature, so that at the best we shall be often backward in, and prompted to the Omission of,

of, religious Performances ; we have therefore great Need to remove all occasional Obstructions, lest natural Inclination should plead those Obstructions as a just Reason for a total Neglect of Duty.

It was not without a just Reason that the poor Child entertained a Jealousy of himself, lest he should grow cold in religious Matters, from the general Discouragement he met with in a Family where all religious Duties were totally neglected, and himself made a Jest for attempting to do his Duty.

This may be a seasonable Caution for such Parents who have any Concern for the Souls of their Children, and have taken any Pains with them in their Education.

1. Not to think their Duty discharg'd to them in the due Instructing and Educating 'em in their Infancy ; the Inspection of a Parent does not end there, but they ought,
2. To remember that all that good Seed, which they had sown, may be choak'd, if the Child comes into bad Hands afterwards, and their Son may be lost by a negligent Master, as well as a negligent Parent.
3. *That, therefore,* it is their Duty to take care to place their Children in religious Families, or it may be true, that they had almost as good never have instructed them at all.

It is very strange, *but too common*, that religious Parents, who have taken a great Care with their Children, when they were at home, wholly neglect this, throw their Children away, by placing them where the Duties of Religion are not at all regarded ; and where the Examples of their Masters, and the Families they live in, quite raze all the Remembrance of former Instruction out of the Mind of the Servant, and they grow hardened in that Neglect by the Authority of their Masters.

It is remarkable here farther, how the Duty of Servants is entirely neglected, even in those Families where they do regard Religion, and where instructing of Children is taken care of; as if the Souls of Servants were not under the Inspection of the Master of a Family, and were none of his Charge, as well as the Souls of the Children.

NOTE, Apprentices taken into our Houses ought, as far as respects their Souls, to be reckon'd as Children; for as we take them from the Tuition of their Parents, if we act not the Parent to them as well as the Master, we may teach them their Trade, but we breed them up for the Devil.

It cannot be omitted here to observe, what Impressions of Religion; what Awe of God; what Dread of his Judgments, the good Instructions of the Father had left on the Mind of this Youth:

1. In his Uneasiness of being placed in an irreligious Family; *of which afterwards.*
2. His Aversion to the Discourse of his Comrade when he talk'd prophanely.
3. His terrible Apprehensions when the other talked blasphemously, lest he should fall down dead, or the Earth should open, and swallow him up.

NOTE, Tho' 'tis true, that in the ordinary Course of Providence, God does not deal so with those that blaspheme and provoke him; yet since sometimes God has done so, and History, as well as Scripture, is full of dreadful Examples of that Kind, it is not without its Uses, and therefore very commendable to acquaint young Children with such Examples, and to fill their Minds with a due Fear of God's Judgments in the like Case.

Here is Room also for a useful Remark in the Complaint the poor Child makes, that having no Retirement for performing his Duty by himself; when he went about it publickly, the other Servants mock'd and jeer'd him out of it.

NOTE, (1.) Tho' separate Conveniencies cannot always be made for Servants, yet Masters should as much as may consist with the Circumstances of their Families, be cautious of taking away all manner of Conveniencies of Retirement from their Servants, lest they furnish them with Excuses for not doing their Duty.

NOTE, (2.) Jeering and Mocking a young Man for his inclining to be Religious, is too often a Means to drive such quite from it.

NOTE, (3.) One of the most necessary Preservations of Youth, is, That he be fortify'd against the scandalous Banter and Insults of his Companions; and can bear to be jeer'd, and yet not be jeer'd out of his Duty.

The other Part of this Dialogue affords a dreadful Instance of a Father and Family wholly destitute of Religion, living entirely without God, without Scripture, without so much as a Form of Religion: The Effects of this are especially two, and both visible in the Case here laid before us.

1. Perfect Ignorance of every thing that look'd like Religion in the Child, not so much as the least Sense of it, or Desire to know any thing about it, remaining.
2. Certain and never-failing bitter Reproaches of the Child against the Parent, when its Eyes come to be opened.

NOTE, Such is the Beauty of a religious, conscientious Life in those that practise it, that those who can taste nothing of it themselves, yet have a Value for it in others: The prophane
Boy's

Boy's Father told him, he lov'd his Master, *because he was a good Man*, and that if he (the Boy) would take his Master's Advice, he would make him a better Man than his Father.

NOTE, The Aversions, which want of Instruction in this Youth had bred in him against the Religious Behaviour of his Master, and against the publick Exercise of Religion in his Family, were so foolishly grounded, that they would bear no Weight in his discoursing it, *even with a Child*; and therefore the religious Youth presently objects against what he says, and he himself sooner sees the Folly of his own Discourse; and yet the Author of this Work is just also to the Thing itself, for that really, our ridiculous Notions in Contempt of Religion, will admit no better Argument to excuse them.

Aversions to Religious Duties grow naturally, either by Disuse of those Duties, or by the Disaster of an ill Education; even where the poor harden'd Child may think no Harm, or design any wilful Rebellion against God, Ignorance being the natural Consequence of want of Instruction.

Observe here, when the wicked Boy, being convinced, asks his Comrade what he must do, he goes back to tell him what his own Father used to teach him: Whence *note*, that well instructing our Children makes them capable to instruct others, *as Occasion presents*, and consequently their Children, when they come to have Families of their own.

From the Beginning of the wicked Boy's Convictions, *Note*, that Sense of Danger is the first thing ordinarily that discovers itself in Conviction of Sin, and this leads to enquiring after what we are next to do; as the Jailor who first came in trembling, then asks, *What must I do?*

When the Boy, after his first Conviction, recollects Things by himself *while his Companion is gone for the Bible*, he is struck with Horror at his Condition, but the Spirit of God working graciously in him, lays the Promise of God, *as it were*, full in his Way, in order to give him Hope, and at the first Appearance of Hope he breaks out vehemently in Prayer; when his Comrade returns, and innocently inquires about what he said, it appears from him, that his Prayer was a kind of Extasy, mov'd by a supernatural Power in his Heart, that affected him in a violent manner, so that he hardly could give an Account of it himself, but says wildly, *he trembled and cry'd out.*

There are, no doubt, such strong Impressions of the Spirit of God accompanying true Convictions, and the great regenerating Work of Grace in the Heart, as may be inexpressible, even by the Persons themselves, yet far from *Enthusiastick*, or affected; nor are these Impressions to be slighted, much less ridicul'd; perhaps this may be in Part signified in Regeneration being call'd a *new Birth*, tho' the main Intent of that Allusion be to signify the entire Change of the State.

From the whole of this Dialogue may be observed the great Duty and Advantage of young Men spending the Hours they have to spare for Conversation, in religious Discourses, and enquiring of one another about things relating to Heaven, their Duty here, and their Way thither; this, no doubt, was enjoined in the same Text, where the Instruction of our Children is commanded, *Deut. vi. 7. Thou shalt talk of 'em when thou sittest in thine House, and when thou walkest by the Way*; that is, they shall be the general Subject of your Conversation and Communication one with another. *Note*, The Advantages of religious Conversation are many, the present Case is brought to describe 'em; the young untaught, uninstructed Youth, who came out of the Hands of his Parents to be an Apprentice, as perfectly naked of
Know-

Knowledge and Instruction as he came naked into the World, becomes a Convert by his keeping Company, and conversing with a religious well instructed Companion, and became afterwards an excellent Promoter of Knowledge and Piety, in the Place where he liv'd.



T H E SECOND DIALOGUE.



THE young Lad, who was put Apprentice to the religious Tradesman abovemention'd, tho' he had no Education from his Parents, was, as you have heard in the past Dialogue between him and the Youth his Comrade, brought to a Condition quite different from what he had always been brought up in: He had a full Conviction of the desperate Condition he was in, by reason of his sinful Nature and Life: He had receiv'd some Light from the little Instruction his young, but pious Companion, was capable to give him, and his Conscience was thoroughly awaken'd: his little Instructor had been providentially made the Instrument to lay a Foundation of Hope in him, and to encourage him to pray to God, and to read the Scriptures, and to believe that God would receive him, and not reject him for his sinful Life, or for his sinful Nature; but would grant him *whatsoever* he should ask, and upon this Confidence in his first Agony he breaks out, as before, into a short, but vehement Prayer, being the first he had ever made in his Life; and which, as it was made from a Heart deeply

touch'd with the Danger of his Soul, so it left great Impressions upon his Mind, as I have noted; and having gotten a Bible from his Companion, he goes away with two happy Resolves, (1) to read, and (2) to pray.

The Alteration this made in the Youth could not be long hid in the Family where he was placed, where his wicked Way of Living, his prophane Tongue, and his Contempt of Religion, had made him not very well receiv'd, and made his Conversation so much their Aversion, that the Master of the House, and the Mistress too, had warn'd their little Children from conversing with him; and they had some Discourse together about turning him away; finding him of a Temper, as they thought, too refractory to be wrought upon by Advice, past the Benefit of Example, and who had several times made a Jest of, and a Scoff at, their Attempts to instruct him.

But the Boy being changed within, *as is noted above*, it could not be that such a Work could long conceal itself in his Conversation; he appear'd pensive, retir'd, and grave in his Deportment; was observ'd to *sigh* very often, and look as if he had been crying; as soon as his Business was over he was never to be seen, but always hid in the Dark, among the Work-houses, of which his Master had several; he was observed to be always ready at the Times of Family-Worship; and on the Lord's-day, when his Master examin'd him about the Sermons he had heard, they were all surpriz'd at him, for the ready Account he gave of what the Minister had preach'd: His Master and Mistress, who could not but observe this Alteration in the Boy, took the more Notice of him in his Conversation the Week after; where they found him diligent at his Work, more than ever, but nothing of the Mirth and Sport his Fellow-servants used to have with him: They observ'd he had left off all his ill Words, and wicked Expressions, Swearing, Cursing
and

and the like; he play'd none, laugh'd none, and hardly was seen to smile: Several of the Servants and Workmen that observ'd it also, had been jesting with him, and ask'd what ail'd him; but he gave them no Answers that were to the Purpose, so that it was hardly guess'd at in the Family, at least, not among his Fellows.

But his Master and Mistress, who from his Behaviour, *as above*, had entertain'd some Notion of it, or being willing to hope the best, had pleas'd themselves with some Thoughts of the Child's being grown rather serious than melancholy, made it their Business to observe him more narrowly; and seeing him one Evening take a Candle, and go up into a Room over their Work-house by himself, the Mistress silently followed him, and placed herself so as she might see him, and he perceive nothing of it.

As soon as he came up, he set down the Candle, pull'd a Book out of his Pocket, and turn'd over the Leaves, folding up here, and folding down there, but not reading long in any one Place; she observ'd him to sigh grievously all the while, and, at last, to throw down the Book, and burst out into a vehement Fit of Crying, sitting down upon the Ground, wringing his Hands, and the Tears running down his Face, but not speaking a Word.

While he was in this Agony, she discovers herself to have seen him, and begins thus:

WILL, what's the Matter with you, Child?

The Boy surpriz'd, snatches up the Book hastily, and puts it into his Pocket.

[His Mistress speaks to him again.]

Mist. Will, What's the Matter, Will? tell me.

Will. Nothing.

[Offers to go away.]

Mist. Come, Will, do not be backward to tell me what troubles thee, for I have seen all you have been doing; what Book's that you had there?

Will. No Book of any harm.

Mist. Child, I do not think it is a Book of any harm, I believe it is a good Book ; is it not the Bible, *Will*? Come, tell me.

Will. Yes, it is.

Mist. Let me see it, *Will*.

Will. You may believe me, it is the Bible, I hope you'll not be angry.

Mist. Angry, Child, I'm glad to see you looking in the Bible, I'm not angry, I hope you are minding good Things.

[*So his Mistress sits down by him.*]

Will. Oh it's too late now!

[*Here he falls a crying again, and cannot speak for a good while.*]

Mist. Too late, *Will*! do not talk so.

Will. It's too late! too late!

[*And cries vehemently.*]

Mist. Child, if it be so ; thy too late is much sooner than my early was : If it be too late for thee, what will become of any of us?

[*The Mistress weeps too.*]

Will. That is all one to me, it's too late for me.

Mist. Let me see thy Bible, Child ; where hast thou been reading, that has put thee into this Condition?

Will. O, every where ! every where !

Mist. Shew me the Book, *Will*, let me see it.

[*He shews her the Book, and abundance of Leaves turn'd down, but most of 'em at those Places which had discourag'd the Child.*]

Mist. What are all these Leaves turn'd down for ? and who directed you to those terrible Texts of Scripture, Child ? You have found all the dreadful Places, where God threatens hardned Sinners with his Displeasure, but *not one* of those Places which give Comfort to a returning Penitent.

[*She*

[She turns over to the Leaves the Child had folded down, which were such as these.

Rom. ii. 5, 6. *After thy Hardness and impenitent Heart, treasurest up against thyself Wrath against the Day of Wrath, and Revelation of the righteous Judgments of God, who will render to every Man according to his Deeds.* Isaiah vi. 10. *Make the Heart of this People fat, and their Ears heavy, and shut their Eyes, lest they see with their Eyes, and hear with their Ears, and understand with their Hearts, and convert and be healed:* And again the same repeated, Mark iv. 12. Rev. xxi. 8. *And all Liars shall have their Part in the Lake, which burneth with Fire and Brimstone.* Rev. xxii. 11. *He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still; behold I come quickly, and my Reward is with me.* 2 Thes. i. 8, 9. *In flaming Fire taking Vengeance on them that know not God, &c. who shall be punished with everlasting Destruction from the Presence of the Lord.* Psal. ix. *The wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the Nations that forget God.* Psal. l. 22. *Consider this ye that forget God, lest I tear you in Pieces and there be none to deliver.* Matth. xxv. 41. *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* Heb. xii. 29. *For our God is a consuming Fire.* Isa. xxxiii. 14. *Who amongst us shall dwell with everlasting Burnings?*

These, and abundance more such as these, the poor Boy had folded down, the reading of which had terrified him to such a Degree as above.

[The Mistress having look'd them over, turns to the Boy.

Mist. Child, what are all these Scriptures to thee?

Will. All to me! All to me! He told me, all that was said in the Book, was said to me.

Mist. He told thee, Will! pr'ythee who told thee?

Will. He that gave me the Book, my Brother Tom, over the Way, he told me so, and he is a very good

young Man, and would not speak Wrong; I am sure it is all said to me. *[Cries again.]*

Mist. Well, *Will*, he is a very good young Man, I am glad you have been talking with him, and he meant well, *no doubt*; but he is but a young Lad, a Boy, a Child like thyself, and you may be instructed farther about it, do not be cast down; was this it you cried about?

Will. Yes, yes, this was it? was not this enough?

Mist. Well, but you need not be so discourag'd, let me shew you some other Texts.

Will. What, not to be lost for ever! and go to Hell! Not be discourag'd!

Mist. But are you willing to be better instructed, *Child*?

Will. What can instruct me? is not this the Word of God? and is it not plain? Am not I such a wicked one as is describ'd here? And is not all that is said here true?

Mist. But, *Child*, you must take that Part of the Scripture, which is a Ground of Hope, and set it against these terrible Places; this is only an Artifice of the Devil to terrify you.

Will. What would he terrify me for?

Mist. That you might despair of the Mercy of God, and not hope in Jesus Christ.

Will. What can I hope for, when these plain things are said, and that they shall belong to such as I am?

Mist. No, *Child*, I hope they are not threaten'd to such as thee; they are all to be understood of those that are impenitent in their Sins, and go on harden'd without Repentance to the last: I hope you will not be found among them; are you not sorry for your Sins?

Will. What does that signify now, *if I am*?

Mist. A great deal; *even so much*, that it takes away the Edge of all those dreadful Scriptures that have frightned thee *so much*; and if that Sorrow for thy

thy Sins be true and sincere, the Scripture is full of Encouragement for thee *to hope*.

Will. Ay, so he said ; but he never told me a Word of all those Places I have found, and -I can't find the Promises he told me of, I can't find one of them !

Mist. That's for want of somebody to assist thee, and open, and explain the Scriptures to thee ; *poor Child*, thou hast had but little teaching.

Will. Little ! I never had any teaching at all ! I never had a Bible in my Life, never knew what it was till now ; and I think it had been well I had not seen it now.

Mist. No, no, *Will*, do not say so, it is the best thing ever was given thee in the World ; and I hope you shall thank God as long as you live, that you met with that honest young Man that gave it you ; he is a godly, sober young Man, and has shewn thee what it is to be well educated ; he came of good Parents, and their Instruction is seen in his very Countenance ; every Body loves him, he is so sober, so religious, and talks so well of good things ; and it appears, I find, in his Talk to thee, tho', as he is but a Youth, he might not be so able to prepare thee for the right Understanding of those Scriptures which you were to read, as others may.

Will. Why, he told me it was the Word of God, and that all that was written here was true, and that it was all spoken to me, and I ought to understand it so, and bid me read it.

Mist. Well, and you have read some of it, but not all.

Will. Yes, I have read all the New Testament over and over ; for I sat up three Nights last Week, and read all Night long, for I promised him I would read it.

Mist. Well, and have you not found encouraging Places, as well as those that terrified you in this Manner.

Will.

Will. No, none at all.

Mist. How is that possible, if you have read it all over?

Will. I'm sure I have read it all over three times, from the first of *Matthew* to the last of the *Revelation*.

Mist. Then your Fears have so prevailed over your Hopes, that your Eyes have been shut to your Comfort, and open only to your Discouragement; this is all from the Devil, *Will*, you must pray against it.

Will. So *Tom* said; but I can't tell how to pray; I never pray'd in my Life but once.

Mist. Once, *Child*, when was that?

Will. That Night he talk'd to me.

Mist. What did you pray for then, and how?

Will. I know not how, but I trembled, and cried out to God to pardon my Sins.

Mist. Poor Child! What mov'd thee to it then?

Will. I felt some strange Motion in my Heart, which I cannot describe, that made my Tongue speak I almost know not what; for I thought it a dreadful thing to speak to God; and when I cried out, *Lord Pardon my Sins*, it set me a weeping, and a trembling.

Mist. Well, that was a blessed Beginning; why did you not go on, *Child*? You should have prayed again.

Will. My Heart did, but I could speak no Words.

Mist. Alas, *Child*? that's the Prayer God delights in; So may I pray all my Days! tho' I was never to speak again!

Will. But *Brother Tom* told me I must speak too.

Mist. Yes, *Child*, you may speak, and it is proper for your own sake that you speak Words, both to express your Meaning, and to move your Affection; but unless your Heart joins, it is not Prayer; God hears no Words that the Heart joins not in; but he hears many a Sigh from the Heart, which cannot be

express'd in Words: As is plain from that Text, *Rom. vii. 26. The Spirit also helpeth our Infirmities, for we know not what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh Intercession with Groanings which cannot be uttered.* I hope it was the Spirit that helped thy Heart to pray, when thou could'st utter no Words, *Child*, therefore do not be discouraged.

Will. I know nothing what it was, or what the Spirit means, unless that I have served the *evil Spirit* all my Days, and now I must have my Portion with the Devil and his Angels! This Book says so, look here else.

Shews her the Place, Matt. xxv. 41.

Mist. Child, you must not make Conclusions against yourself, any more than for yourself, from the Word of God, till you are taught to understand it aright.

Will. Why, do I not understand this Place aright?

Mist. No, you do not.

Will. How shall I understand it then?

Mist. You must take the Scriptures as they explain themselves; and you are bid to search the Scripture; that is, to see how one Place is expounded by another; you should always pray to God to open your Understanding, that you may understand the Scripture; and the Want of this makes even those very Parts of the Scripture which should be our Comfort, be our Terror.

Will. Indeed the young Man told me so, but I did not do it.

Mist. What did he bid you do?

Will. When he gave me the Book, I thank'd him, and promis'd him to read it, but he said, that was not all, I must pray to God to teach me to understand his Word, and to shew me my Duty, and to guide my Heart to do it; but I did not know that I should always do this when I read the Bible.

Mist.

Mist. No doubt but you may pray very seasonably for that at all times, and he was a good Child that taught thee to do so; but it must needs be more especially seasonable to pray so, when you are going to read the Bible, that you may be instructed to reap Comfort from God's Word, and not Terror only, *as you have done.*

Will. What Comfort can I get from the Scripture when it speaks so dreadfully of my very Case?

Mist. Why there lies your mistake: *I say it is not your Case*, and therefore you may reap Comfort from the Scripture; *come, Child*, let us see and examine strictly what your real Case is; it may be we may find Reason *even from this very Book* to make you hope that your Case is not included, or spoken to in any of these Texts; and if it should appear so, would you not be very glad?

Will. Yes, *I should be glad*, but I believe that's impossible.

Mist. No, no, *Child*; it is not impossible; the first Part of your Case is this, that you have been a great Sinner.

Will. As ever was born in the World!

Mist. Well, suppose so, *though that is not true neither*; for, poor Child, you have not sinned against Light, and against Knowledge, and against Conscience; for thou wast never taught to know God, or his Ways, or instructed in thy Duty; I am a worse Sinner than thou a great deal: But suppose all you say, suppose you are a great Sinner; yet you say you are sorry, and if you thought God would forgive you, would it not rejoice your Heart?

Will. Oh! If that were possible!

Mist. And are you as willing to go on wickedly as you were before?

Will. No, I abhor and abominate it.

[*He weeps here again.*

Mist.

Mist. And would you serve and obey, and please God, if he will forgive you?

Will. Ay, with all my Heart; nay, whether he would forgive me or no, I would never be wicked again if I could help it; it is the abominablest Life! I hate myself for it.

Mist. But if you were assured God would pardon you, what would you do?

Will. Oh! if that were possible!

Mist. Come, Child, look then into this blessed Book again; you are a Sinner, but you are not an impenitent Sinner; *you say*, you abhor and abominate your Sins, and hate yourself for them; *you say*, you would not go on in Wickedness; nay, though God should not forgive what is past, *you say*, you would serve and please, and obey God with all your Heart: *If all this be true*, then I tell thee, Child, not one of these terrible Scriptures which have so discouraged thee; and so frightened thee, are spoken to thee, or meant of thee; no, not one of them.

Will. Why, my Brother Tom said, all that was written in this Book was said to me.

Mist. That is, Child, if thou art *so* and *so*, as these Scriptures describe; and if not, then they are spoken to give thee Hope; otherwise the Scripture would contradict itself, *and not be true*, which is blasphemous to imagine.

Will. I don't understand what you mean.

Mist. Why, Child, look here; look upon the very Texts you have folded down; some of 'em explain themselves to be just as I say, *Rom. ii. 5, 6. After thy Hardness and impenitent Heart, treasurest up Wrath, &c.* Now it is plain, thou art not hardened and impenitent; but God has given thee a penitent repenting Heart, I hope it is a sincere one; therefore by the Words themselves, thou art not one of 'em that *treasure up Wrath against the Day of Wrath*; so for that Scripture, *Isa. ii. 6. Thine eyes are not shut,*
nor

nor *thy Ears heavy*, nor *thy Heart fat*, that is, rebellious, and contemning God; for that Text is plainly spoken of such whom God judicially hardens, and of no other; in like manner all the other Texts, every one of 'em, are Expressions signifying the Wrath and Vengeance of God against such as die in their Sins, or continue perverse, hardened, and impenitent.

Will. How shall I be sure that is so?

Mist. By comparing those Scriptures, *Child*, with such other Texts as explain their Meaning, and are given to encourage our returning to God, and contain his Promises of Pardon to those who repent.

Will. Where are they? I have read the whole Book, and cannot find them.

Mist. Look here, *Child*, 1 *John* i. 9. *If we confess our Sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our Sins, and to cleanse us from all Unrighteousness*: Here 'tis plain, though you are a great Sinner, yet if you *confess*, he *will forgive you*; and you may observe, he does not say he is *gracious* and *merciful* to forgive, but *just* and *faithful*; implying, that having before in his Grace and Mercy pass'd to us his Promise of Forgiveness, it becomes, *humbly speaking*, a kind of Demand; and he is just and faithful, therefore he must and will, nay, he cannot fail to make good those Promises to us.

Will. But where are those Promises then? I can find none of them in all the Bible.

Mist. O, the whole Scripture is full of them, *Prov.* xxviii. 13. *He that covereth his Sins shall not prosper; but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have Mercy.* *Isa.* lv. 7. *Let the Wicked forsake his Way, and the unrighteous Man his Thoughts, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have Mercy, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.*

Will. That he told me of, but I can't find it.

Mist. Here it is, *Child*, in the Prophecy of *Isaiab.*

Will. Is that the Word of God too?

Mist.

Mist. Yes; and that Prophet is counted the most excellent of all the Prophets for these things, and is therefore called the Evangelical Prophet.

Will. But there are more in other Places, are there not?

Mist. Yes, *Child*, especially in those Places that speak of Christ; in whom all are to be saved.

Will. Let me hear them; for I do not understand this being redeem'd by Christ's Death at all, though *Tom* said something of that to me.

Mist. You understand that you have been a wicked Boy, a great Sinner, and was born in Sin, your Father was a Sinner before you.

Will. Yes, I understand that too well.

Mist. Well, Jesus Christ, who is the Son of God, came into the World to save such as you; nay, and worse than you; and he died to bring this to pass; this you must believe.

Will. Does the Scripture say this?

Mist. Yes, look here, *Rom.* v. 6. *For when we were yet without Strength, in due Time, Christ died for the Ungodly.* *1 Pet.* iii. 18. *For Christ also hath once suffered for Sins, the Just for the Unjust, that he might bring us to God.* *Acts* v. 31. *Him hath God exalted with his Right-hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give Repentance and Remission.* *1 Tim.* i. 15. *This is a faithful Saying, and worthy of all Acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the World to save Sinners,* *Matt.* xii. 13. *I am not come to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance.* Are not these things plain, *Child*?

Will. But I am afraid!

Mist. Of what, *Child*?

Will. That is not for me, I am not one of them; else why was I not taught to know this before?

Mist. Here is a Text for that too, *Child*, *Mark* v. 36. *Be not afraid, only believe.*

Will. What must I believe? And what if I do believe?

Mist.

Mist. The Scripture is plain, that we shall be saved by Faith in him, notwithstanding all the terrible Scriptures you have found out. *Matt. i. 21. His Name is Jesus, for he shall save his People from their Sins. Acts xiii. 39. By him all that believe are justify'd. Rom. xx. 31. These Things are written that ye might believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that believing, ye might have Life thro' his Name. John v. 24. He that beareth my Word, and believing on him that sent me, has everlasting Life, and shall not enter into Condemnation. Rom. viii. 1. There is therefore now no Condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus.* Fold all these Texts down, Child, and remember to read them over when thou art tempted to be doubting of God's Mercy in Christ.

Will. But will Christ receive me now?

Mist. Yes, yes, he has made a gracious Promise to thee himself for that, *John vi. 37. HIM that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*

[The Boy starts at those Words.]

Mist. What do'st start at, Child?

Will. That's the blessed Place that my dear Teacher told me of, and that work'd ALL; and now I can't find it.

Mist. Work'd all, what, Child?

Will. That was the Text that made my Heart melt, and tremble, and made me pray to God; and I have read over the whole Book, and can't find it, though I made him turn down a Leaf at it; I am sure it is not in the Book.

Mist. Not in the Book! God forbid; why here it is, Child, look at it, read it, and God give thee Comfort of it.

[The Boy reads, and Tears fall from his Eyes for Joy, as before for Sorrow.]

Will. Ay, here it is! here it is! I will come to him! I will pray to him!

[He kisses the Place with great Affection, and receives Comfort from it.]

End of the Second Dialogue.

Notes

Notes on the Second Dialogue.

THE Impressions of the serious Discourse mention'd in the first Dialogue, that this young Man had with his Comrade, were so great, that they could not be conceal'd.

Note, A Change wrought in the Heart, will infallibly shew itself in the Conversation.

The Master and Mistress, being good People themselves, receiv'd Impressions of the Alteration in the Boy, suitable to the Nature of the thing, but the rest of the Servants dreamt nothing of it.

Note, The Symptoms of Conversion are easily discover'd by those who know the Working of the Spirit of God, while they are perfectly invisible to others.

By the Agony the Boy was in at the reading the Comminations of the Scripture against Sin, without the promissory Part, may be observ'd,

That meer Convictions of Sin drive to Despair, but neither direct to, nor enquire after a Remedy.

That comforting Scriptures generally want explaining; terrifying Scriptures explain themselves.

Here may be worth observing,

1. The Benefit of religious Conversation even among young Children, and the great Duty of making our Society instructing to one another.
2. The Advantage of placing Children in religious Families.

If this poor Child had not fallen in such a Family as this, the Temptation he was under to despair, might in all probability have prevail'd over him, and either have led him to give over his Enquiry after religious Matters, or, if God had not restrain'd him, have driven him to Extremities, such as Distraction, and perhaps Self-destruction, as is often the Consequence

quence too in like Cases ; for, *a wounded Spirit who can bear ?*

Observe the poor Child's Fear of its being too late for him to find Mercy, or be accepted.

If it might be too late for him, what have they to fear who run on to grey Hairs in an impenitent State ! Well might his Mistress observe, that *his too late* was sooner than *her early*, and so it is with many.

From the good Woman's applying the Scriptures to him for Comfort, observe how the Scriptures are to be read :

1. With serious seeking God for the Assistance of his Spirit to open our Understandings, that we may understand the Scriptures ; for without his Teaching, all our reading will be in vain.
2. With a due comparing one Text with another, that the Scriptures being their own just Expounder may reconcile the Truths of God, as they ought to be understood.
3. For want of this, we rob ourselves of the Comfort of the Scriptures ; pass over those things prepared to heal and restore the Soul, and fill our Hearts with distracting Doubts about our own State, which are always harder to be resolved and removed, by how much they seem confirmed by the Mistaken Authority of the Scripture.

Observe, The good Woman finding the Boy had receiv'd Comfort from that blessed Promise of our Lord ; and that he was affectionately expressing his Resolution to cast himself at the Foot of Christ, crying out, *I will come to him* ; and in a kind of Rapture, kissing the Words which she had shew'd him, she wisely withdrew ; believing it was a happy Juncture, in which the Child ought to be left alone, that he might give himself full Vent with Fervency and Earnestness to call upon God ; and though this causes the Dialogue to break off sooner, and more abruptly

abruptly than it might have done, yet it is conceived as much is here set down as may answer the Design of it, (*viz.*) The Instruction of others.

Ending these Notes with this Observation for the Reader's Information; That as far as this Account is really historical, and points at any particular Family, this Boy, or young Man, came to be eminent for Piety, and a religious Life, in the Place where he liv'd; and being settled in that Country, was a very useful Instrument in the propagating Christian Knowledge, and supporting the Interest of true Religion in all the Country round him, and perhaps is living still.



T H E

THIRD DIALOGUE.

THE young Lad, who had been so happily instrumental in the Conviction and Conversion of his Comrade, and thereby render'd himself so agreeable to the good People, who, as I said before, was Master and Mistress of the other Lad, that they could not but be very willing to converse a little with him themselves; and to that End caused their Apprentice, who called him *Brother*, to bring him to their House; where in time he became very intimate, and they were much pleased and diverted with his pretty Discourses, which were always about Religion and serious things.

Among the rest of his Discourse, he never forgot to bemoan himself for his being placed in a Family of no religious Orders; without the Worship of God

in it; and where he had neither publick Opportunity to serve God, or private Retirement for the Discharge of his Duty.

The good People encouraged him to bear it, and seriously advised him not to let the Sense of his own Duty wear off, or allow himself in the Omission of private Prayer to God, whatever Obstructions he met with for want of Retirement and Opportunity; and invited him to come over to their House, as often as he could at their Hours of Family Worship, and join with them.

This he not only gladly accepted, but constantly attended, and did it so avowedly, not regarding how it might interfere with his Master's Hours, and his own Conveniencies, that his Master took Offence at his being so often out of the Way, and not knowing the least of what occasion'd his Absence, complain'd to his Father of it, as if it had been some wicked Course he had followed; telling him *that* his Son did not behave himself orderly; *that* he was out of his Business unseasonably; *that* he must have some bad Haunts, for that he generally went out every Morning very early, (being then Winter) long before Day; and in the Evenings was absent often at Supper; *that* on the Lord's-day Evening he was never to be found, *and the like*; and therefore desired his Father to take some Care about him, for that if he went on, he would be ruin'd: He farther acquainted his Father, that the Boy had appeared very melancholy and discontented; that he had ask'd him often if any thing ail'd him, or if that he was not well, and he always answer'd, *yes*; that he had ask'd him if he did not like his Business, and still he answer'd, *yes, very well*; so that he knew not what ail'd him; and desired his Father to talk with him, for if he carried it thus he could not bear it, but must send him Home again.

The Father, who knew his Son to be a sober, religious Child, and partly knew the Reason of his Discontent, was not at all surpriz'd at that Part of his Master's Complaint, which related to his appearing melancholy, and dissatisfied; but the other Part of his Discourse alarm'd him a little, about being out of the House at unseasonable Hours, and giving no Account of himself; and therefore he readily promised to talk with his Son, and examine him about it, that his Conduct might be rectified.

Accordingly, he finds an Opportunity to talk with the Lad, and lets him know all his Master had laid to his Charge, charging him to tell him the Truth of the whole Matter: The Boy, not at all surpriz'd, told his Father the whole Case very honestly; *how that* his Master had no such thing as Family-worship in his House, but that they lived all like Heathens there; pursuing *the World*, as if it was their Heaven, without the least Regard of their Duty to God, or any thing that was religious: “ And you, Sir, “ *says the Boy to his Father*, having always instructed “ me in other things, and taught me to live after “ another Manner, it was very uneasy to me, as I “ have formerly hinted to you; but I have of late “ made myself a little easy, by getting an Acquaintance in Mr. ———’s Family, an honest Clothier, “ who lives over-against our House, who are very good “ People, and who constantly go to Prayers every “ Morning at Six o’Clock, and every Evening about “ Eight or Nine; and I get up every Morning to go “ over there to Prayers with their Family; and every “ Lord’s-Day I go thither in the Evening; where “ the good Man reads to his Family, and examines “ his Children and Servants, and then prays with “ them; while, at our House, all the Evening is “ spent in Feasting, and Visiting, or idle Discourse, “ not at all to the Business of the Day: And this is “ the whole Case.”

When

When the Lad had ended his Discourse, and the Father was assur'd of the Truth of it, he took his Son in his Arms, and kissed and embraced him very affectionately, and said,

“ The Blessing of God and thy Father be upon thee, *my Dear*, that has made so good a Use of so unhappy an Omission of mine : It was my Sin, *my Dear*, and an inexcusable Error in me, to put thee out to a Family where the Name of God is not called upon, and the Worship of God not regarded ; by which I ran the venture of thy Soul's Good, and of having all the Pains I had taken in teaching and instructing thee in the Ways of God, and in the Knowledge of Religion, *lost and abused* ; and had it been so, thy Ruin had been at my Door ; having regarded only the Trade, and the Prospect of worldly Advantage in placing thee out, not the Good of thy Soul ; but since God has given thee Grace to prevent the Evil, which might through my Neglect ha' befallen thee, *the Praise be to his Mercy*, I'm fully satisfy'd in what you ha' done ; and if your Master speaks of it to you, as I suppose he will, I would have you tell him the whole Truth as you now do to me ; and if he dislikes you for it, *offer to go back to your Father* ; and if he consents, I shall as gladly take you from him, as I received you from God when you was born.”

The Child, encourag'd by his Father thus to deal plainly with his Master, and being a Lad very ready of Speech, tho' modest withal in his Behaviour, resolves, the first Occasion his Master should give him, to do it effectually ; which, his Master not failing to do the same Evening, produced the following Discourse between them.

The Youth, it seems, had been over at the good People's House, as usual, during their Family Worship, and coming in about Nine o'Clock at Night, his Master begins with him thus.

Master.

Master. **T**HOMAS, where are you?

Tom. Here, Sir.

Ma. Have you been abroad to Night?

Tom. A little, Sir.

Ma. How long have you been out?

Tom. Not above half an Hour, Sir, at most.

Ma. Where have you been?

Tom. I have been no farther than at Mr. ———'s over the Way.

Ma. Well, but *Thomas*, I must talk with you a little; I have observ'd it, and others have observ'd it here in the House, that your Conduct is alter'd very much from what it us'd to be, and you seem dull and melancholy; I must know what is the Matter with you: If you do not like your Business, tell me honestly, *Thomas*; tho' you are bound, I will not keep you against your Will; I have a Respect for you, and for your Father, and I wont force your Inclination; if you are willing to go, *Thomas*, you shall; and therefore I would have you speak plainly, what is it you dislike the Trade for?

Tom. No, Sir, I don't dislike the Trade at all; but an you please to let me go I shall be very —

[Here his Master interrupts him.]

Ma. Well, *Thomas*, but I am willing to know what the Reason is, too; what do you dislike? Do you dislike your Master?

Tom. No, Sir, not in the least, I assure you; I have no Reason for it.

Ma. What then? Has any Body in the House ill us'd you?

Tom. No, indeed, Sir.

Ma. What then?

Tom. Nothing; but if you think fit to let me —

Ma. No, *Thomas*, never without a Reason for it; that would be to have some other Reasons given afterwards for it, which are not true.

Tom. If you think so, Sir, I am very willing to stay, and do my Business.

Ma. Well, *Thomas*, but whether you go or stay, I must know the Cause of your Discontent.

Tom. I'll be better contented, Sir, than I have been, if I can, rather than displease you.

Ma. No, *Thomas*, That won't satisfy me, neither ; for I have some Discontents as well as you, *Thomas*, and if you stay with me, you must remove my Discontents as well as your own.

Tom. I shall be very willing to remove any Discontents you have, Sir, if I can ; I hope I do not neglect your Business, Sir.

Ma. I do not say my Business is neglected ; but you take a Liberty to go out, and stay out so very often, as makes me uneasy ; I must be a little satisfied, *Thomas*, about that.

Tom. Sir, you were pleas'd to tell us, when I was first bound, that if we were in the Warehouse at such and such Times, when your Business required, you cared not whether we went at other Times ; and I never have fail'd your Business, Sir, nor your Hours.

Ma. But you are out at unseasonable Hours, *Thomas*, and that is not of good Reputation to yourself.

Tom. I thought, Sir, you did not regard that, when you left us so intirely to ourselves ; if it is offensive to you, I will refrain it, tho' I should be very sorry to be restrained.

Ma. But I must know the Occasion of it, as well as of your apparent Dissatisfaction also, *Thomas* ; sure you may be free with me, come let me know the Truth.

Tom. You will, perhaps, be displeased with me, Sir, if I tell you the Truth, or think I do not.

Ma. If that Truth be justifiable, why should I be displeased ? If not, why should I not be displeased ?

Tom. There may be Reasons for your Displeasure, tho' the Thing be justifiable.

Ma.

Ma. Let the Thing then appear to be justifiable first, and if I am unreasonable, we shall talk of that afterwards: If you can justify the Thing itself, why should you be backward to let me know it?

Tom. Sir, as you are my Master, and I am your Servant, I am bound to give you an Account of my Time; but the Liberty you gave all your Servants to go where they pleas'd, provided they were at home at such and such Times, has sufficiently, *as I conceiv'd*, justify'd my being abroad, even without giving an Account.

Ma. But I did not take from myself the Liberty of enquiring whither you went, or of altering that Licence I had given, if I saw it abused; and since you have taken the Liberty, and refuse to give me a reasonable Account of it, I now recal it, and expect you to be found always at home, unless I give you Leave.

Tom. As I took only the Liberty you gave, Sir, I shall exactly obey you in the Restraint, however hard I may think it.

Ma. But there are some other Reasons why I ought to insist upon knowing where you have been, and how you have spent your Time at the Hours you have been missing; and I think it concerns your Reputation to have me satisfied.

Tom. Whether it concerns my Character or no, Sir, if you command it, I think it my Duty to obey you; I avoided it only, that you might not be displeased with me.

Ma. Since you chuse to obey it as my Command, rather than comply with it as my Request, you must be gratified then by telling you, I do demand an Account of it.

Tom. Sir, all the Time I have spent out of your House, or out of your Business, except only the Times I have ask'd you Leave to see my Father, has been over the Way, at Mr.——'s the Clothier.

Ma. What is it there you have been gone in the Morning before Day?

Tom. Yes, Sir.

K 2

Ma.

Ma. What can the Meaning of that be? Sure you have some earnest Business there; and I suppose it must be something he or his Wife was not to know, that required you to be there with his Servants, every Day before their Master and Mistress were up.

Tom. I have told you nothing, Sir, but the Truth.

Ma. Well, I shall enquire nothing of your Business; I know my Neighbour ——— is a good Man, and it is his Business to look after his Servants; I shall give him Notice to do so; in the mean time I shall acquaint your Father of your Practice, and let him enquire after it, it is no Business of mine; I don't trouble myself with what Courses you take; but while you are with me, I expect you attend your Business.

Tom. I must obey you, Sir, tho' I think it hard; if you will not dismiss me your Business, it must be as it pleases God.

[The Master goes out and leaves him; the Boy's Father being impatient to know what would pass in the Conference, was come to the House though late; the Master finds him waiting for him and begins warmly.]

Ma. How do you, Sir; I doubt I have no very good News to tell you.

Fa. About what, Sir?

Ma. About your Son; he and I have had a little Brush this Evening.

Fa. I am sorry for that; I hope he does not misbehave himself or neglect his Business.

Ma. I can't say much for that; but, as I told you formerly, he has gotten some ill Haunts among the Neighbours Servants; and he is out with them every Night and Morning; nay, in the Morning before Day, and every Sabbath-day after Sermon, I see nothing of him, at least for that Night; and I can get nothing out of him; but if I talk a little to him, he is for going away, and coming back to you again.

Fa.

Fa. What can his Business be before Day?

Ma. Nay, I have nothing to do with that; take him to task about it yourself; it is your Business, he is your Son, he is none of mine; you said you would talk with him before.

Fa. But, Sir, tho' he be my Son, yet he is your Servant; tho' I did talk a little with him, yet I said the less because I cannot be of your Opinion, that you have nothing to do with it; is he not intirely under your Government?

Ma. Ay, as to Business, I have the Government of him, indeed; and I am to teach him his Trade, and to see that he does my Business, and so I will; while he stays with me; what can I do further?

Fa. But, Sir, as I put him Apprentice to you, I committed him to your Government intirely, Soul and Body; I hope you have some little Concern for your Servants, besides just their doing your Business.

Ma. Why, what can I do more than restrain 'em, if I see 'em take bad Courses? And I have done so to yours; I have forbid him going there any more.

Fa. It is not for me to teach you, Sir, what to do; but if you will bear with me —

Ma. Ay, very freely, very freely; you know I have Respect enough for you, to hear any thing, nay and for your Son too; I'd do any thing I can, I should be very sorry to have the Boy ruin'd; he is a promising young Man enough.

Fa. Why, as to that, Sir, in particular, I will speak afterwards; but I am first upon the general; you seem to go upon this Point, That you think yourself not oblig'd to take any further Concern upon you about your Servants, than just to restrain 'em, if you see 'em take ill Courses, or to acquaint their Friends with it; and that your main Care is, to see that your Business is done: *If I take you right*, this is what you said.

Ma. It is so; *why*, what can I do more?

Fa. A great deal, Sir; and I think a great deal more is your Duty, as a Master.

Ma. What more can be expected of me?

Fa. Really, Sir, if you will pardon me, I think you have the whole Duty and Authority of a Parent devolv'd upon you, for the Time; and as you make your Apprentices a Part of your Family, all the Duty you owe the rest of your Family, you owe to them, both as to their Souls and Bodies; except such as relate to Estate, which is peculiar to Children. I need not tell you your Duty, but I'll tell you what I understood by putting my Child into your Hands, if you please.

Ma. Well, what's that?

Fa. Why, I understood that I put him intirely under your Government, *in the first Place*; and under your Care, *in the second*; that this Government respected *first*, the Authority of your Command; which was to be a perfect *Supersedeas* to mine, even so much, that if I had commanded him one thing, and you another that interfer'd with it, his obeying you was not to be counted a disobeying me: *For Example*, if I commanded him to meet me at any Place or Time, were the Occasion ever so great; if you commanded him to stay at home, he ought to neglect my Command and obey yours, which contradicted it; *his Time* being yours and not mine; and this I always told him, and therefore charg'd him never to come to me without asking you leave.

Ma. This is all very just, and I believe he has always done so.

Fa. Then, Sir, *Secondly*, as I put him intirely under your Government, suspending my own Authority over him, *as a Father*; it becomes a necessary Consequence of it, that I intirely committed him to your Care both Soul and Body; how could this be otherwise? Since as I reserv'd no Power to command him, so I had of course remov'd him from my Inspection.

Ma.

Ma. Well, and do not I discharge this Duty, by acquainting you of his ill Courses ?

Fa. No, not at all, Sir ; for I may indeed take upon me to caution and advise him, and shew my Dislike of his Conduct ; but the Power and Authority, of warning him, instructing him, reprovng him, restraining him, and, if need be, of correcting him, is all yours.

Ma. Those things are out of Doors long ago ; *pr'ythee do you think*, I'll trouble myself with my Apprentices at that Rate ? No, no, not I ; I never struck a Servant in my Life, and if I should, who do you think would stay with me ? Apprentices, *now-a-days*, are not like what they were when you and I were Apprentices ; now we get a hundred Pounds, or two, or three hundred Pounds a-piece with them ; they are too high for Reproof and Correction.

Fa. I know not what Custom may have done, Sir, to alter the Practices of Masters, and their Apprentices ; but I am sure the Rule is not alter'd ; *the Duty* of Masters to Servants, and of Servants to their Masters, is still the same.

Ma. We don't trouble our Heads with those things now.

Fa. I am sorry for it ; you know best, how then you can answer to God for the Souls committed to your Charge ; do you think every religious Parent, when he puts his Child Apprentice to you, does not reckon that he commits his Soul to your Care as well as his Body ?

Ma. I do not say, but in the Nature of the Thing it should be so ; but, as I told you, we do not understand it so *now-a-days*.

Fa. I assure you I understood it so, when I put my Son Apprentice to you ; and I hope you will understand it so too, or else you will neither act like a Friend, nor like a Christian.

Ma. Why, do I not act like *both* now, in giving you an Account of this Piece of your Son's Behaviour, that you may enquire into it?

Fa. I allow your giving me an Account of it, and thereby an Opportunity to join my Enquiry and Assistance with you to reform any thing amiss, is *friendly*; but we are upon another Point now, *which is this*; That you think, by this, you discharge your Part, that the Duty lies upon me now, and you have no more to do; but this I can by no means allow.

Ma. Why, what would you make of me? Must I be a Father and a Master too?

Fa. No Question of it; he is under your Family Care, *as to the Body, he's your Servant*; but as to his Soul, *I think*, he's as much your Son as any Child you have; and I can't acquit you of the Obligation and Duty of a Parent to your Servants; do you discharge your Conscience of it how you please.

Ma. Why, what would you have me catechise and instruct my Apprentices, as if they were my Children? Then I must turn Schoolmaster; I hope you have done that already; and I think it ought to be supposed, all Parents have done that, before they put their Children Apprentices; they do not put them Apprentices to learn Religion, but to learn their Trades.

Fa. It's true; they do not put their Children Apprentices to learn Religion; but neither do they put 'em Apprentices *to lose their Religion*; to have all the Pains their Parents have taken with 'em, sunk again: There is a kind of Instruction subsequent to Catechisms and Examinations; *there are kinds* of Instructions suited to the Age and Circumstances; and such an Instructor every Master of a Family ought to be, to his Servants, as well as to his Children.

Ma. I do not understand what Instruction you mean.

Fa. Why, suppose your own Children were grown up, past saying their Catechism; would you think your

your Duty of instructing them ceased? Is there nothing for a Parent to say to his Children, after he has done with Questions and Answers?

Ma. That may be as he sees the Occasion, if they take ill Courses.

Fa. Why, is there no previous Advice to be given, no Cautions to avoid Company; no Exhortations to preserve Virtue, and to behave soberly and modestly? No pressing them to their Duty to God, and to avoid those Sins that will ruin their Souls? Is not this a Duty upon us all to our Children?

Ma. Yes; but would you have me to do this to Apprentices too?

Fa. Most certainly; especially, when you take Apprentices that you know were religiously educated, and on whom such things are likely to make due Impressions; and I must own, if you do not, I think, you do not discharge the Duty of a Master; for a Master is a PARENT, tho' he is not a Father.

Ma. You have no Scripture for this in the whole Bible.

Fa. Suppose that were true, the Nature of the Thing is so plain, that there needed no particular Scripture to command it in express Terms; and yet you will find Scripture enough for it too; in the Examples of good Men; particularly in Joshua, who resolv'd to serve the Lord, he and his House. And how could that be, if he did not instruct, or command his Servants to do so? David says, a Lyar shall not dwell with him: What is more plain, than that he resolv'd to correct the irreligious Behaviour of his whole Household, as well Servants as Children, and to turn away those that were incorrigible? But the Fourth Commandment puts it out of Question, and is express in the Case of keeping the Sabbath; mark the Words, *In it thou shalt do no manner of Work*; THOU, there's the Master's Duty for himself: The next Part, is his Duty in seeing that his Family shall per-

form it as well as himself; *NOR thy Son, NOR thy Daughter*; there's his Duty as a Father; *NOR thy Man Servant, NOR thy Maid Servant*; there's his hired Servants; *NOR the Stranger that is within thy Gates*; there are his Apprentices. And what's the Meaning of this Word, *NOR*, but this? Thou shalt do no manner of Work, *NOR* permit or suffer thy Son or thy Daughter, or thy Servants to do any.

This Commandment expressly declares, that the Servants are subjected to the Master's Command in Matters relating to their Duty to God; and that Masters are oblig'd to see that their Servants perform it.

Ma. Indeed you have said something in this that is new to my Thoughts, and seems to give an Authority to what you say; I confess I never consider'd that Part of it before; but what can I do? If I should go about this Work with my Servants, they would laugh at me, it would make me ridiculous.

Fa. If you are to be laugh'd out of your Duty by your Servants, I am sorry for it; you are very ill qualified then to be a Master; I hope, and am persuaded, my Son would not be one of them.

Ma. I know not whether he would or no; I find him not the most complying, and particularly in my Enquiry about this Matter, which I now tell you of; it was a long time before he would own where he spent his Time, and now he has told me, I have no Account of what he has been about, or what his Business was there, at those unseasonable Hours.

Fa. This is the very thing I complain of.

Ma. Why, *how shall I help it?* What would you have me to do?

Fa. Do! I would have you act like a Master, and oblige him to do as becomes a Servant, *viz.* give you an exact Account of his Behaviour: His Time is yours, and you ought to know how he spends it; if any of his Time is employ'd out of your Business, you ought to exact an Account of it from him, how
it

it has been disposed of, as much as you would of Money that you had trusted him with, how he had paid it.

Ma. I thought this more your Work than mine.

Fa. If he was your Son, and my Apprentice, I should think so too; *but as it is*, as I said before, his Time is not mine, nor his own, but yours; and 'tis to you he is to give an Account of it.

Ma. *But, pray,* why do you put it off from yourself; You know I have a great Hurry of Business, and cannot have Time, and he will be more in Awe of you, than of me; I think it is much better for you.

Fa. I am very far from putting it off from myself; I shall concur with you most readily in the strictest Examination into his Behaviour; but I am surpriz'd to hear you put it off from yourself, as if you were not concerned in it; and by which, if his Courses are evil, as you suggest, he may be ruin'd at any time, and I may know nothing of it; and you must allow that this ought to give me some Concern as a Father, whatever it does to you as a Master.

Ma. I am something of your Mind now, as to its being my Duty to my Servants, tho', as I am circumstanc'd, I do not see how I can perform it.

Fa. If God gives you a Sense of its being your Duty, I leave the Sense of your living in the Neglect of it, to his Mercy, who, I hope, will open your Eyes to the Necessity of performing it; it is a sad thing to be in such a Circumstance, as renders what is your known Duty impracticable to you.

Ma. What can I do?

Fa. That is for you to consider, not me; if you are convinc'd of what you ought to do, I have spent my Time well enough.

Ma. But, what would you have me to do with your Son?

Fa. Do! Act the Master with him, and command him to give you an exact Account of the Time you charge

charge him with ; where he has spent it, in what Company, and about what Business.

Ma. If I do, he will refuse it, and desire me to dismiss him ; he does as good as do that already, which I took ill from him.

Fa. What must be the Occasion of that ?

Ma. Why, it had been observ'd by all the House as well as by me, that he has been melancholy and discontented a great while, and I very kindly ask'd him the Reason, but he declined to tell me ; I asked him if he disliked the Trade ? He said no ; if he disliked his Master ? no ; I told him, if he was uneasy at any thing, tho' he was bound, I would release him, for I would not keep him against his Inclination ; at this he seem'd pleased, and mighty desirous to go ; now what can I do ? If I challenge him with his going out, and pretend to demand a strict Account of his Time, and he refuses, what can I do, but threaten to turn him away ? And that it seems he desires, and yet he will not tell me the Reason of it neither, which does not shew him to have much good Nature, or good Manners ; indeed I took it so ill, that, but in respect to you, I had sent him home that very Minute ; and now I have told you of it, what would you have me do ?

Fa. I have said what I would have you do ; *viz.* act the Master with him, and tell him in plain Terms, you will have an Account of his Behaviour ; you may be sure he shall get nothing by complaining to me, if his Case be bad ; and he refuses positively, as I believe he will not, we will enquire of your Neighbour Mr. —, for he has the Character of a very good Man ; perhaps he may find it out for us.

Ma. I know Mr. — is a very pious, religious good Man, and his Wife is a very religious Woman, and 'tis indeed, a very sober Family ; which makes me wonder what the Boy can be doing there, which
he

he should be so earnest to conceal; if you will, I'll go and enquire of him *first*.

Fa. No, I think you had better talk with the Boy *first*; I am persuaded he will submit to you, and, I hope, tell you the Truth; and if that Truth be to your Satisfaction, you will be better pleased to have it from the Boy, than to make it more publick.

Ma. Well, I will have another Dialogue with him To-morrow; and you shall hear what will be the Issue.

[The Father goes away, and the Youth coming to the Door with him, the Father says thus;

Fa. Thomas, it seems your Master has been talking with you about this Matter.

Son. Yes, Sir.

Fa. He is very angry; and takes it very ill you should refuse to give him an Account of yourself, and where you used to be when you go out in a Morning and Evening.

Son. I did tell him where I was, and assured him I was no where else.

Fa. But it was a long time before you would tell him that.

Son. I was so afraid he would enquire what my Business was there, that I could not think of telling him.

Fa. Why, you must tell him still, *Child*; for he is mighty earnest to know what you are there so much for; he imagines it is some wicked Thing, by your being afraid to tell him; I hope the Account you gave me of it is true.

Son. Dear Father, I hope you do not doubt its being true, I never us'd to tell you an Untruth.

Fa. No, *Child*, I do not doubt of its being true; and why then should you be afraid to tell him of it?

Son. I am more asham'd than afraid to tell him of it; I think it does not become me to make my Master blush at himself.

Fa.

Fa. But here is a Necessity now, so that I do not see how you can avoid it, let him take it how he will; for it passes in the Family that you have some ill Correspondence, or some bad Company there, and they will make a great deal of it, if you are so backward to give an Account of it; and therefore to clear up your own Reputation, you must tell your Master.

Son. I had rather you would do it for me, Sir! I am not fit to talk to my Master about such Things.

Fa. I have prepar'd the Way, by a long Dispute with your Master, about his Duty to his Servants; and I am persuaded, let what you say be never so coarse or boyish, God will bless it so, as to carry Conviction along with it, that he has not done his Duty to you, whatever you have done to him.

Son. I can say nothing to him of that, Sir, he will fly out in a Rage at me.

Fa. No, no, you are only to answer his Questions, and give an Account of yourself, and of the Reason why you go over to the Clothier's House every Morning and Evening; you can do that easily enough, let the Will of God be done in what shall follow one Way or other.

Son. I will do as you order me, Sir, as well as I can.

[The Father leaves him, and the Boy going in, his Master calls him.]

Ma. Thomas, come hither.

Tom. Yes, Sir.

Ma. Well, I have given your Father an Account of your Behaviour, and he is very much concern'd, as well as I, about it.

Tom. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Ma. Well, but that is not enough; your Father and I too are resolv'd to find out the Bottom of it, if you will not confess ingenuously.

Tom. Sir, you speak of it, as if I was guilty of some strange Thing; I hope I have committed no Crime, Sir.

Ma.

Ma. It will be very well, if it appears so, Sir; however, our Suspicions are justified by your being so very careful to conceal yourself; and if this has made me resolve to examine into it, your might save me that Labour, *as I told you*, by an ingenuous Confession.

Tom. I never declin'd it, *Sir*.

Ma. No! Did I not press you to it before, and you declin'd it, and your Father's Coming prevented, or else, I suppose I had had a flat Denial?

Tom. I never deny'd to obey any of your Commands, *Sir*, in my Life; I only told you that I was backward, because I fear'd it might displease you; but I little thought it should be suggested that my being abroad was any thing criminal.

Ma. How could you expect any other?

Tom. Because being perfectly innocent, I had no Thought of being suspected.

Ma. Clear up all then, *Thomas*, by ingenuously giving an Account of yourself to me now.

Tom. Be pleased, *Sir*, to tell me, what Part you mean, whether as to my being abroad, or my being discontented; for you charg'd me with both.

Ma. Begin *first* with your being abroad; *you say*, you were only at my Neighbour's over the Way; I have not examin'd into it yet, but I take it for granted that you speak Truth.

Tom. Indeed, *Sir*, I was no where but there.

Ma. Well, your Business there? the Occasion of your going so early? how you employ'd yourself there? and with whom? *These are the Questions.*

Tom. You will not take it ill, *Sir*, I hope then, if my Answers may seem not to become me, or less dutiful or respectful to you, than you may think they ought to be.

Ma. Not at all, so you speak Truth, *Thomas*.

Tom. I hope I shall satisfy you of that, *Sir*, by the Consequence: *You know*, *Sir*, I have been brought up under my Father, with a religious Education,
and

and in his Family, where the Worship of God has been constantly kept up; and coming hither, Sir, as an Apprentice, where I found you were not pleas'd to permit me, or to let me come up when you, *I doubt not*, went to Prayers and Reading with your Family; it made me afraid, either that you did not think me worthy to be reckon'd one of your Family, or that it was a Judgment of God upon me, to be shut out from his Worship! This, Sir, made me very sad, which is the Discontent you speak of; but hearing of that other good Family over the Way, and that Mr.——the Clothier went constantly to Prayer every Morning and Night, I got Acquaintance with the young Man, his Apprentice, and got him to ask his Master to give me Leave to come there at those Times.

Ma. Well, *Thomas*, this is a well contriv'd Story truly; you want not Cunning I find; but what is this to Six o'Clock in the Morning, *Thomas*? which at this Time of the Year is always before Day, and before he is up, to be sure.

Tom. If you please to enquire, *Sir*, into the Orders of his Family, you will find that he is up every Morning in the Year by Six o'Clock, and calls them all to Prayers before they go to Work.

Ma. And what mean you by getting that Boy to do this for you? That does not hang together at all: Why, he is the most profligate young Villain, that ever came into any good Man's House: His Master was talking, in my Hearing, but the other Day, of sending him to the House of Correction, and spoke to me for a Warrant; your Acquaintance with such a Boy, as that, is not likely to be for so good a Purpose; and this Part makes all the rest unlikely, and to be suspected.

Tom. *He was so*, *Sir*, that is true; but if you enquire, you will find he is another thing now: God's Grace has made a strange Change in that Boy in a few

few Weeks past ; if you please to inform yourself of it, you may hear it from other Hands.

Ma. And is this the whole Truth, *Thomas*? Has this been your whole Business there?

Tom. Indeed it has, Sir.

Ma. You must not think much if I enquire, in order to be better satisfied.

Tom. I cannot expect any other, Sir.

Ma. I shall talk with your Father about it, it is late now.

[The Master, bitterly stung with the Boy's Account of himself, puts off the rest of the Discourse.]

The End of the Third Dialogue.

Notes on the Third Dialogue.

THERE seem to be more Circumlocutions in this Dialogue, than in any of the rest; but they will be found not useful only, but necessary, at least to preserve the Cadence of Things, and introduce the Substance of the real Story by necessary Gradations; the Boy's shifting off so many Ways before he directly tells his Master the whole of this Business, is a Mark of commendable Modesty, in a Servant; his Shyness of speaking what he knew touch'd his Master's Behaviour more than his own, may be very instructing to Servants, if they please to mark it, in Things where their Master's Character may be concern'd: *But above all*, it may be noted, that all these Things tend to bring the Conviction home with the more Energy and Force upon the Conscience of the Master.

The Master's Discourse with the young Man's Father contains a great many useful Hints about the Duty of Masters to their Servants. (1.) That they ought to reckon them under their Care as well as under

under their Government. (2.) That the Charge of the Souls of our Servants lies upon us, as well as those of our Children; the just Distinction between a PARENT, and a FATHER, is fruitful of many useful Observations; *the last* is tied by Nature, *the first*, by the God of Nature; *the last* by Affection, *the first* by Duty, but both are tied to discharge the Part of a Christian Parent to the Souls under their Charge, whether Servants, Children or Relations: That a Servant, taken into the Family, becomes a Child of the Family, and ought equally with our Children, to partake of every Part of our religious Children, to partake of every Part of our religious Duties; such as Prayer, Exhortation, Examination, Instruction, Reproof, Restraint, and Correction: This is farther plain, from what God says of *Abraham*, Gen. xviii. 19. *That he will command his Children and his Household*: That is, he will discharge faithfully the Duty of a Parent, or Guide and Governor of a Family; which is shown in his commanding his whole House, to walk in the Ways of God.

Note, How Custom has wickedly, of late Years, seem'd to discharge Masters of this Duty,

1. By the *Pride of Servants*, who bringing large Sums of Money, much greater than formerly, seem to expect not to be so much at Command as they used to be: A wicked and abominable Custom, which, as no religious Parent can be easy in it, so no religious Master ought to be subjected to it.
2. By the Negligence of Parents, who really seem less to concern themselves about the Souls of their Children when they put them out as Apprentices, than about their learning Trades, doing their Business, *and the like*.
3. By the universal Backwardness of Masters, who think, *as this Man did*, that they have no Concern upon them about their Servants Souls, or any thing but just to see that their Business is done,

done, and then to let them go where they please and do what they please.

4. Observe here a most ridiculous Argument or Excuse which the Master brings, *viz.* That he was asham'd to go about instructing or praying with his Apprentices and Journey-men, because *they would laugh at him!* Note, We are easier to be laugh'd out of our Duty, than persuaded INTO IT.

From the whole, Masters of Families may observe, the Duty of instructing, and religiously guiding their Servants, lies indispensably upon them, as much as that of instructing and educating their *Children*: they are PARENTS, that is, *Guides and Governors* to their whole House, tho' they are FATHERS only to *their Children.*



THE FOURTH DIALOGUE.



THE *Master* of the young Man aforesaid now makes a Visit to his Neighbour the Clothier, who lived over-against his House; whether he had any Doubt of the Truth of what the Boy said to him, and had a Mind, *as he had said to the Lad himself,* to find out the Bottom of it; or perhaps to satisfy himself farther about the Alteration of the wicked Boy, which his own Servant had acquainted him of, or to please his own Curiosity, or directed by Providence for his farther Conviction, *is not material*; but here discoursing of other Things with

with the good Man and his Wife, he begins the following Dialogue *thus*, talking of their Servants.

I Remember, Neighbour, you were once complaining of a very bad Servant you had, and talk'd as if you wanted a Warrant of me to send him to the House of Correction.

Clo. Yes an't please your Worship, I did so.

[*Note.* *He was an Alderman in the County Town, and so a Magistrate at that Time.*]

Ald. Well, and pray how does he behave himself now? Shall you want a Warrant, Neighbour? You know I shall always be ready to serve you in any thing I can; it shall cost you nothing, if you have any such Occasion.

Clo. I hope not now, Sir, I think that Lad is much reform'd; tho' I have had many bad Servants, I never had a worse than he was, but he is wonderfully chang'd; *however*, I thank your Worship for your kind Offer.

Clo. Wife. You are very happy, Sir, in that Part, for you have very good Servants.

Ald. Truly, *but indifferent*; I have had my Share of Trouble that Way as well as you.

Wife. I am sure you have some very good ones.

Ald. Well, but I am very glad to hear that your bad one is mended.

Clo. I thank you, Sir, indeed he is very much mended.

Ald. It is very rare that bad Servants grow better; I have often heard of good Servants that have grown worse; I am sure with me they do so.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, I hope this Lad of mine will prove a very good young Man.

Ald. Good! Why, you represented him to me as one of the worst Wretches that ever came into your House; if I remember right, you said he was given to Lying, and Swearing, Scoffing at Religion, and at every thing that was good, and was himself every thing that was bad.

Clo.

Clo. Indeed he was so, Sir.

Ald. I doubt not you did all you could to reclaim him; I know you would.

Clo. I endeavoured, Sir, to discharge my Conscience towards him; but I had no Satisfaction in it, *only so far*, that I had done my Duty; I could do no more, and I was quite tir'd out with him; indeed I resolved to put him away, for I could not bear him among my Children; he was enough to spoil all the Children in the Parish.

Ald. You have a great Advantage, *Neighbour*, that I have not; I am in such a continual Hurry of Business, that I cannot look after my Family as I would do; I have no Leisure to discharge my Duty to my Servants; you have Leisure, Neighbour, and your Servants have the Advantage of it.

Clo. Truly, Sir, if I have Leisure, it is my Loss, for my Livelihood depends upon my being employ'd, as well as my Servants; but they that are taught to know their Duty, will always find Leisure to do it; *I doubt not*, Sir, but you discharge yourself better that Way than I can do.

Clo. Wife. It is seen plainly in your Servants themselves, that you do your Duty by them, Sir; sure never any Body had such Servants as you have!

Ald. Nay, Neighbour! Do not say I discharge my Duty better than you; *God forgive me!* I don't discharge it at all, I mean to my Apprentices; I take no Care about them.

Clo. Wife. That is then, because they are so good, and so religious, that they need no Inspection, *for you know*, Sir, we are to instruct our Servants as well as our Children.

Ald. Well, I cannot say that I have made that much of my Concern; for our Apprentices generally come of pretty good Families, and bring Money with them, and they think themselves above being talk'd to about such Things.

Clo.

Clo. Then they are among those whom *Solomon* calls Fools, that despise Instruction; and if they reject your Offers to instruct them, I cannot see what you can do in that Case; That was my very Case with this Boy.

Ald. I perceive you have had a great deal of Trouble with him.

Clo. Yes indeed so I have; I was quite weary of him.

Ald. He had the Report of a very wicked Boy.

Clo. Indeed I was aſham'd to have it ſaid, ſuch a Boy was in my Houſe: I was afraid any of the Neighbours Children ſhould come near him.

Ald. Indeed I have a young Man I believe is not much the better for him; I have been chiding him a little about it: But is he really changed and reform'd, think you?

Clo. Indeed that he is, and moſt wonderfully too, *I bleſs God for it.*

Ald. I queſtion not but you have taken a great deal of Pains with him; but are you not deceived? Is he not a Cheat, and plays the Hypocrite?

Clo. If ever there was a true Convert in the World, I believe he is one.

Ald. You are very happy that God has ſo far bleſſed your Endeavours with the Child.

Clo. Wife. Not our Endeavours, Sir, at all! we were denied that Bleſſing; it comes all from you, Sir; the Bleſſing is from your Houſe.

Ald. What do you mean;

Clo. It is a plain Caſe, Sir,

Clo. Wife. If I underſtand you right, you ſpoke as if ſome of you Servants had received no Good from our *William*? *If that be ſo I know not*, but I am ſure *William* has received Good from ſome in your Houſe.

Ald. Yes indeed, I found that a young Lad I have newly bound, was acquainted with this Boy of yours; and that he was often abroad with him, and has cauſed ſome Diſturbance among us, for knowing your Lad was ſo wicked a Boy, I forbid him his Company.

Clo.

Clo. Pray what do you call the Lad you speak of?

Ald. His Name is *Thomas*, he is my youngest 'Prentice.

Clo. Wife. I know not what Harm he may have received from our Boy, but I can assure you, our Boy has received much Good from him.

Clo. Ay, that's the Youth that God has made the Instrument : He is a wonderful Child !

Ald. He is the Instrument ! How's that possible !

Clo. With GOD, *Sir*, all things are possible : Assure yourself, *Sir*, so it is : And such a Convert as this Child, I neither ever saw, or read of.

Ald. Why our *Thomas* is a poor melancholy discontented Boy, a mere Child.

Clo. He is such a Child, *Sir*, as I never met with the like ; I find you do not know him.

Ald. Why, I never thought there was any thing in him ; he is but young ; and indeed we all thought him young in every thing ; it is true, he is a sober, modest, sort of a Boy, and talks pretty well ; but I never saw any thing extraordinary in him ; he is so melancholy and discontented, we thought him distemper'd ; and I have been at the Point of turning him away.

Clo. You know, *Sir*, the Scripture says, That out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings he has ordained Praise ; this Child, as you call him, is an excellent Christian, and beyond his Years capable of shewing it. Perhaps, *Sir*, you never tried him ?

Ald. No, indeed, not I, as I said to you before, Neighbour, I have no Time to trouble myself about my 'Prentices ; I mean as to such things.

Clo. Wife. And as I said to you before, *Sir*, you have no need for it, for your 'Prentices are fit to teach others.

Ald. I am glad to hear it is so ; but I confess you surprise me with the thing ; how are you satisfied with the Truth of these Things ?

Clo. My Wife can give you an Account of the whole Matter, if your Worship pleases to have Patience to hear it.

Ald.

Ald. I'll hear it with all my Heart.

[Here the Mistress relates the whole Passage, and the Discourse between her and the young Man, in the Room over the Work-house.]

Ald. I am amazed at the Account you give; but pray tell me, was all this begun by his keeping Company and conversing with my young Man?

Clo. Yes, *all of it*; he was the general Mockers of every thing that was good; and began to do so in your young Man's Company; and he was the first that reproved him for it: And he did it so seriously, and so effectually, that it pleased God to work on him, *as you see.*

Ald. Then I have done that young Man of mine a great deal of Wrong.

Clo. Wife. If you have thought any Evil of him, *you have wronged him indeed*; for he is such a young Man as will be a Blessing to any Family he comes into.

Ald. Indeed I have wronged him very much, *especially* if you can give me Satisfaction about one thing, and which, to be free with you, was the principal Reason of my coming to visit you at this time.

Clo. We will give you all the Satisfaction we can, Sir.

Ald. Why then, *I'll tell you*, That *first*, as I said before, I had had some Uneasiness at my young Man's keeping Company, *as I was inform'd he did with this Boy*; who I had heard you say was so wicked, that you knew not what to do with him; and talk'd of sending him to the Correction House; *but this was not all*; I found my young Man grew melancholy, and appeared discontented, *as I told you just now*, as if he did not like his Business; tho' we cannot say, that he omits or neglects any thing; but every Morning before Day he rises up in the Dark, and goes out some where or other, and stays about half an Hour, and then comes in again, and sits by himself all the rest of the Time till Business begins; every Night he is missing again till about nine a Clock, and

all the House takes Notice of it: When I came to examine him about it, it was a long time before he would give me an Account: Nay, he rather desir'd to be put away, and go back to his Father, than to give an Account where he spent his Time; till at last I acquainted his Father with it, and threatned him I would find out the Bottom of it, unless he would make an ingenuous Confession; then he gives this for an Answer, that he was over-the-way at your House here: This increased my Suspicion, because the Hours he kept, I was sure, must be in the Morning before you were up; and I concluded, this wicked Boy or yours, and he, spent their Time together in some clandestine Wickedness or other, and the Boy would be ruin'd, which I was very sorry for, his Father being my very good Friend.

Clo. I hope, Sir, you need not be apprehensive, that he should get any Ill in my House.

Ald. No indeed, *Neighbour*, I should not, so far as you know of it; but what could their Morning Meetings be for, before you or your Family was up?

Clo. Wife. What Time is it exactly, Sir, that you say he comes and goes?

Ald. As I understand it, he goes out about Six, and is back between Six and Seven, which looked to me as if he came hither before you was up, and as soon as he found you beginning to stir, comes off again, and would not be seen.

Clo. That cannot be the Case, Sir, for we are all of us up every Day if we are well, before Six, and at our Work presently after Six.

Ald. Well; but does he come at those Hours in the Morning, and about Eight o'Clock at Night, is he here as he tells me, or is he not?

Clo. Yes, I cannot deny but the young Man is here at these Hours very often.

Ald. Nay, If you do but know of it, I am easy to be satisfy'd, especially if this had been his Business.

Clo. Wife. I hope your Worship will not be angry with us for the young Man's coming hither.

Ald. Not at all, if you are assured what his Business is.

Clo. It is not for us to say we are satisfy'd; he is your Servant, *Sir*; and if you are not satisfy'd, I should be very sorry to have him come hither against your Mind.

Ald. I say, if you are satisfy'd that his coming hither has been as you relate it, and that he has been a Means of doing the young Man so much good, I shall be satisfy'd, to be sure; but what need is there of his coming so early in a Morning, and so late at Night? That indeed I do not understand; it seems to leave me in the dark a little, and this makes me ask, if you are sure of the thing.

Clo. I will by no means deceive you, *Sir*, you do not rightly understand us: That our Lad has been instructed and brought to a Conviction, and as I believe and hope to a thorough Conversion, by his conversing with the young Man that is your Servant, *this is true, Sir*, there is no room to doubt it; but that his coming over hither Night and Morning is to converse with our Lad *William*, that is not the Case at all; I hope the young Man did not tell you so, if he did I should be sorry; I can hardly suspect him of such a thing, I believe he makes more Conscience of his Words, *than to say so*.

Ald. No indeed, I will not do him so much wrong, *he did not say so*; but when first I ask'd him where he had been, he told me he had been no where but here; I told him if that were true it was well, and I should ask no farther of his Business, till I was satisfy'd about the Fact itself.

Clo. Wife. I should have thought it very strange if he had told you so; their Conversation has not been here I can assure you; but as I understand it has been at your House, or walking in the Fields, or at such time

time as *you know* Youth can find enough to converse in.

Ald. What then can his Business be here?

Clo. An your Worship will not be angry —

Ald. Not I indeed, I am satisfied he can have been doing no harm here, and *if he had*, I shall but dismiss him, and let his Father take him to task, it is no Business of mine, he is not my Son.

Clo. You mistake me again, I did not mean angry with him, but angry with us.

Ald. What should I be angry with you for?

Clo. Perhaps you may think hard of us, That we should do any thing where your Family Affairs are concerned, or speak our Minds too freely: I am very sure we have shewn no Disrespect to you in it, Sir, in the least.

Ald. I give you my Word, I will take nothing ill from you; *do but* tell me freely the whole Case; the making me easy, in one respect, shall fully make me amends for any thing you shall say that may concern me.

Clo. Why then, Sir, *the Case is this*; when my Wife heard from our Lad, what she has already related to you, and had examined *William* more fully about the Particulars; as how, and upon what Occasion he became acquainted with your young Man, in what Manner he had discoursed with him, and what Principles of Instruction he had laid in him, *William* gave her a long Account of the Conference they had had together, and how *Thomas* gave him a Bible, and turned down the several promisory Texts to encourage him to hope in, and pray to God, and —

[*Here the Clothier repeats the first Dialogue between the two Boys, so far as belong'd to William's Case.*]

And when we heard all this, *you cannot think it strange*, that we desired to see and speak with this young Man, to see what kind of Youth it must be,

to whom God had so early given so much Grace, and so eminently made an Instrument to work on his Companion: And merely to satisfy this Curiosity, my Wife ordered *William* to invite him hither, *which he did*, and brought him over with him. I hope your Worship does not blame us for this; it was with no Design at all, but to see and talk with him upon serious Matters, and see whether there was that Foundation in him which our Lad related.

Ald. I cannot take any thing of this ill, I am very well pleased with it; *pray go on.*

Clo. After we had talked a while with him on these things, he went home again; we did not detain him at all, but my Wife invited him to come again at his Leisure, which he did; this we hope you will not be displeased with, for we are much taken with his Society.

Ald. I am not at all displeased.

Clo. In one of these Visits the young Man appeared more melancholy and more reserved, as we thought, than usual, and my Wife pressed to know if any thing troubled him, or if he was not well? He answered he was very well, but modestly declined telling what troubled him.

Ald. Why this is the Case *at home*, he appears reserved and discontented, and no body can get it out of him, what is the matter with him.

Clo. Well, my Wife got it out of him *some time after*, when pressing him to tell her what it was that troubled him, he told her his Case was very sad; his Master was a good Man, and he liked his Business very well, but that his Master looked upon him as a Heathen, or as some vile Creature, for that Morning and Evening when he went up as he supposed to Prayers with his Children, he would never let him be called up, or admitted among them; so that he said he believed his Master thought him not worthy taking any Care of; or else it was a Judgment of

GOD.

GOD upon him for his Sins; and this troubled him so, he could not enjoy himself, and the poor Child wept grievously when he told it her: *Now Sir*, as this relates to your Family Affairs, I was very unwilling to mention it, lest you should be angry.

Ald. Go on, I have no Reason to be angry at all, neither at you nor at him.

Clo. We could not but pity the poor young Man, and my Wife exhorted him, however, to take care to be the more diligent in his private Duty to GOD, and not to let the want of Family Prayer be a means to thrust out Prayer altogether: At this Discourse he wept again more than before, and told her, that he had no Retreat for private Prayer; and that when at first he did kneel down by his Bed-side, to pray to GOD, when he went to Bed, the other Apprentices would laugh at him, jeer him, and interrupt him; so that he was forced to leave it off again; that he was afterwards tempted to believe, that having these Hindrances, he was discharged from the Duty, and having no Conveniences for it, was a just Excuse for omitting it; and the Fear that he should grow loose, and willing to omit his Duty entirely, oppress'd his Mind so, that he thought it would break his Heart: For he thought his Father had placed him just in the Devil's Mouth. *I am too plain, Sir*, I hope you will excuse me.

Ald. You need no Excuse, *pray go on*.

Clo. I was exceedingly concern'd for the young Man, and so was my Wife; and we were both minded to have invited him to come over at our usual Hours of Family Prayer, and join with us; but as he was your Worship's Servant, and we did not know how our Hours might interfere with your Business, we thought it was not proper, lest it might give you Offence.

Ald. Well, that was very obliging too; but I should have taken no Offence, I assure you.

Clo. Then you will take the less, Sir, at what has been done, which was only this: The young Man finding we did not invite him, which it seems he expected, spoke afterwards to *William* to ask my Wife, if we would give him leave, when he might be spared, to come over at our Times of Worship, and join with us in praying to God: Then indeed we thought ourselves more obliged *than we were before* to do it; and my Wife sending for him, told him she had invited him before, but that we thought it might give his Master Offence, but that he should be welcome to come when he would, leaving it to him to take care that he did not offend his Master, by being out at such times as he might be wanted; *withal* telling him, that she believed he could not be here at our Morning Prayer, because our Business requiring us to be early at Work, we went always to Prayer exactly at Six o'Clock in the Morning in Winter, and at Five in Summer: The poor young Man was so glad of the Liberty we had given him to come, that he said he would be sure to be here by Six, or Five, if we began so soon, tho' he was to sit up all Night; and indeed we have observed, that he has never miss'd one Morning yet.

Ald. And is all this true? Is this his Business here Night and Morning?

Clo. Wife. Indeed this is all, Sir, that we know of, I hope it does not displease you.

Ald. As *Judah* said of his Daughter *Tamar*, *He is more religious than I!* He has done his Duty, and I have neglected mine: I am sorry I have done him so much Wrong in my Thoughts, I shall love the Boy for it as long as I live.

Clo. But, Sir, since you have given me Leave to speak so freely to your Worship, and have had this long Account from me, which I assure you is nothing but Truth; will you please to give me Leave

to put in one Word of my own in behalf of this good young Man.

Ald. What is that? *Speak freely.*

Clo. *Why, Sir,* That you would be pleased to admit him to your Family Exercifes, though you do not the reft of your Servants; I know you have a great Family, and you may not think it proper to call them all up, when, as the young Man fays, you do your Lady and Children; but this is fo good and fo ferious a Child, that you will be delighted in having him with you, and if you fhould not, it will break his Heart; and then befides, he will have no Occafion to come over to us, or to rife at fuch Hours as he is not ufed to, and perhaps get cold, and many things may happen to him; I intreat for him, purely becaufe I fee what a Child he is.

[Here the Master is pinch'd hard, for a time fits filent, and at laft breaks out.]

Ald. Alas! Neighbour, it is all wrong; the Boy's miftaken, and you are miftaken; it is I alone am juftly reprov'd in all this; for like a Heathen, and one that has entirely caft off GOD and Religion, I have never kept up any Family Worftip at all! I confeß it to you freely, and I think in all my Life I have never had fuch a Stroke to my Conviction as from this poor Boy: I have neither been Father nor Mafter to my Family, but have been driving after the World as if I had no other Portion; I have lived as if I were never to die, and I am afraid I fhall die as if I had never lived; the whole Crime lies at my Door.

[The Alderman weeps.]

Clo. I am forry I have faid fo much, I knew nothing how it was.

End of the Fourth Dialogue.



T H E
F I F T H D I A L O G U E.



HE Discourse of the good Man and his Wife had such an Effect upon the Country Alderman, especially with the Addition from the Account he had received of the Conduct of his Apprentice, that it caused him seriously to reflect on his Family Conduct, and convinced him that he had been quite out of the Way of his Duty as a Master of his Family to his Servants, as well as in his Relation of a Father to his Childrer; and these Convictions put him upon Resolutions of altering his Conduct in his Family.

But here, as in all such Cases, where a religious Economy is not established in the Beginning, insuperable Difficulties appeared to him; which several times discouraged him, slackened his Resolution, and cooled his Mind so, as to incline him rather to go on in the Neglect as he had begun, believing it too late to reform: But two unexpected providential Accidents surprized him into his Duty, the happy Consequences whereof will appear, for the Encouragement of other Masters of Families in the like Attempt of reforming their Practice, and applying themselves to set up a religious Government in their Households, notwithstanding all pretended Difficulties.

The Difficulties he had before him were two; *First*, He had married a Lady who differed from him in Opinion; he had been bred a Dissenter from the Church,

Church, and his Wife had been bred in Conformity to the Church, and continued so. And as this kind of marrying, however not at all unlawful, is not always the greatest Help to, or Forwarder of a religious Family; so he (though erroneously) judged his Wife might not be willing to join with him in his Way of Family-Worship, if he should begin it. Again, as to his Servants, his Apprentices and Journeymen, several of which he had, were *Men grown*, such as seemed to be past Government; and as they had none of them any appearing Inclination to what was religious, he having always indulged them in a total Neglect of such things, he thought they would but make a Jest of him, and that he should never be able to bring them to conform to any thing of Family Orders. As to his Children, they were young, and he did not so much consider them in the Case; and those that were any thing grown up were abroad at the Boarding-School: Now in both these Cases he was happily disappointed, Providence removed both the Difficulties at once, so as to take from him any kind of Excuse for the farther Neglect of his Duty.

It soon became known in the House, that *Thomas* and his Master had had some Words about his going out every Morning and Evening to the Clothier's; nor could it be hid upon what Occasion he went thither; and his Master had spoken of it to another of his Servants, that the young Man should not be hinder'd, for that he was very well satisfy'd of the Business he went about. As it was known among the Servants, it could not be concealed from the Mistress, who, being a very pious religious Lady herself, seem'd not a little concern'd at the thing; and having observed her Husband to be more than usually thoughtful and melancholy for some time, she imagined something about that Apprentice had disturbed him; both which Circumstances put to-

gether, occasioned the following Discourse betwixt them.

Wife. *MY* Dear, Pray let me ask one thing of you; have you examined any further since you and I discoursed last of it, about your youngest Apprentice's keeping bad Hours?

Husb. Yes, *my Dear*, I have; but I do not find there is any thing in it worth Notice.

Wife. How do you mean, *Nothing in it*? It is certain he has a Haunt somewhere in the Town, that he steals out in a Morning before Day, and comes softly in again, as if he were a Thief; and every Evening, as duly as it comes, he is abroad, no body knows where.

Husb. *My Dear*, I have examin'd into it.

Wife. Nay, If you are satisfy'd, I do not use to meddle especially with *your* Servants; but methinks it is a great Pity the Boy should be ruined, he was a pretty sober Lad when he came hither, and if he takes any bad Courses now, even for his Father's Sake as well as his own, methinks something should be done to prevent it; I wish you would have told his Father of it, that he might have taken some Care of him.

Husb. *My Dear*, There is nothing at all of Harm in the Boy: Be satisfy'd.

Wife. Nay, I have thought so too; but what can he go out so for then, and at such Hours too?

Husb. I have examined into it, *I say*, and am fully satisfy'd.

Wife. Nay, if I must not know the Case, I will say no more.

Husb. *My Dear*, I do not conceal the Case from thee upon this Account at all.

Wife. Well then, I suppose he has promised you Amendment.

Husb. No indeed, so far from that, that I have approved of his doing it, and have allowed him to do it,

it, and ordered none of my People to hinder him, as some would have done, by taking the Keys of the Door in.

Wife. I do not use to meddle, I say with your Business, but you may be sure, the seeming Mystery of it tempts my Curiosity to know what the Meaning of it can be; but if you do not think fit to tell me, I shall desist my Inquiry.

Husb. I cannot tell thee the Case.

Wife. Cannot! that is still more dark; it seems it is not because you do not know it.

Husb. No, indeed, *my Dear.*

Wife. If it is some Secret I should not know, *on the least Notice*, my Enquiry shall cease.

Husb. I never concealed any thing from thee in my Life.

Wife. Nor did I ever discover any thing yet committed to me: What have I done then that you begin now?

Husb. I wish I had not this Secret to conceal, it is a Burthen too heavy for me.

Wife. Then let me bear some of it for thee, *my Dear*; cannot I lighten the Load, by taking some of it upon myself? I would bear any Burthen to remove it from you.

Husb. This is a Load no Body can bear, a Wound no Surgeon can cure.

Wife. You surprize me with the Nicety of the thing, and swell my Apprehensions, perhaps to a greater Degree than it requires: It must be something very mysterious, that from the Conduct of a Boy can be so essential to you: I entreat you, *my Dear*, tell me so much of it as is proper for me to know, *if any Part of it be so*, or tell me that none of it is proper for me to know, and I'll cease my Importunity.

Husb. *My Dear*, it is all proper for you to know, and I ought to let you know it, and you both can,

and

and perhaps would assist to ease it; and yet it is very difficult for me to let you know it.

Wife. You leave me in the greatest Uncertainty now in the World, whether I should importune you any further or not.

Husb. I wish you would not, and yet wish you would.

Wife. Whether would be most for your own Ease and Advantage? For as for a meer satisfying my Curiosity, I lay no Weight on that now.

Husb. It would be most for my Advantage to have you know it.

Wife. Then if you believe I have been faithful to you, and can still be so, put it in my Power to relieve you; I have not been insensible that something has a good while oppressed your Mind; sure if I can relieve you, your Remedy is easy.

Husb. I do not say you can entirely relieve me, but you may in Part.

Wife. Let me do my Part then.

Husb. My Part will be still hardest.

Wife. My Dear, amuse me and yourself no more, what has this Boy done?

Husb. My Dear, he has done nothing, which he ought not to have done, and I nothing that I ought to have done; he strove all along to do his Duty, and has deeply reproved me that I have not done mine.

Wife. He has shewn more Honesty than Manners then, sure it was not his Place to reprove his Master.

Husb. No, my Dear; he has not reproved me in Words, he hath rather used more Modesty in that than consisted with Truth; but his Actions have given me the severest and most just Reproof that ever I had in my Life.

Wife. Nay, if you acknowledge it just——

Husb. Or else it would be an *Insult*, not a Reproof! no doubt, it is just, the Case is this; You know I mention'd to you, once before, my Dissatisfaction

faction at the Boy's Conduct, and you gave me some Hints yourself of his being melancholy and discontented; upon which, I acquainted his Father with it, but his Father threw it back upon me to examine it myself, and a long Dispute we had, about whose Duty it was to take cognizance of the Morals and Behaviour of 'Prentices.

Wife. What could you dispute of about that?

Husb. Why, I alledged he was his Son, that I could do no more than acquaint him with his Conduct, and that he must take care of the rest; that my Part was to teach him his Trade, and see that my Business was done, but as to the rest it lay upon him, and that I had discharged myself in giving him this Account of his Son. He affirmed the contrary, that I was in his Place essentially, that as I had a Right to his Time, so I was obliged to exact an Account of it from him, as much as I would of Money committed to him to pay, and the like; and so fell into a long Dispute about the Distinction of a Parent and a Father: He affirmed that I was a Parent to the Boy, tho' not a Father, and that the Duty of taking care of him, both Soul and Body, was mine.

Wife. I am not capable to argue these things; but I confess, I must be very much of his Opinion; for I think when a Father commits his Child to us, if he puts his Body under our Care, and not his Soul, pray what must become of the Youth? Must he be left without Government, to be ruined?

Husb. Why, if that be my Duty, I have sadly neglected it.

Wife. Indeed, my Dear, I have often thought so; especially when I have heard you say to your 'Prentices, that you only required their constant Attendance at such and such Hours, and that for the rest of the time they might go where they pleas'd: I could not think young Men should be left so intirely

to

to their own Disposal, I am persuaded no sober Father would like it; I am sure, if any of my Sons should come to be put out, I should be very sorry to put them to a Master that should do so.

Husb. I see I have been in an Error, but what should I have done?

Wife. My Dear, Why do you ask me what you should do? Am I fit to teach you?

Husb. Indeed any Body may teach me; I have been taught lately by a meaner Instructor than you.

Wife. It may be so, my Dear, but I am none of those Wives that set up to teach their Husbands.

Husb. But you may give your Advice.

Wife. In such Cases there is little Difference betwixt advising and teaching, except in the Arrogance of the Word; besides, Advice is generally asked, before it is given; if it be given before it be asked, it is rather an Admonition or Reproof than Advice.

Husb. But, my Dear, you might abate Ceremonies with me; what would you have supposed to have been my Duty as a Master? Have not I enough to do to teach them their Trade, and see them do my Business?

Wife. If you will have it be so that I must give my Opinion, I must be very plain, that I think you have a great deal more to do; that when they are committed to your Charge by their Parents, their whole Behaviour is under your Care; and that tho' serving God is their particular Duty, and lies upon them, yet it is your Duty to see, *as far as in you lies*, that they perform it; and at your Hands their Souls will be required, if you neglect *your Duty*, and indulge them in the Neglect of *their own*.

Husb. But, my Dear, you must explain the Words *as far as in me lies*, that is the thing I speak of; my Business is their Work, if they neglect that, I am to see it remedied; but as to their Morals and Religion, if I see Cause to dislike, I acquaint their
Parents;

Parents; is not that doing the thing as far as in me lies?

Wife. I cannot say *that it is*: You may do much more than that, or else what does that signify? For when a Father knows of his Son's wicked Courses, what can he do? He is under your Care for Correction, and under his Father's only for Admonition; for he is your Servant.

Husb. I warrant their Fathers would think it very hard that I should correct one of them.

Wife. On the other hand, I believe you would take it very ill to have one of their Fathers come to your Shop and *cane* or *correct* one of your 'Prentices, you would say he took the Work out of your Hands.

Husb. I cannot take that Pains with them, *I'll rather have no 'Prentices.*

Wife. Indeed, *my Dear*, you had better take none; for 'tis but murdering Youth, and robbing their Fathers, to take young Men, and then keep them under no Government.

Husb. But Youth are come to that pass, that they will be under no Government now.

Wife. *My Dear*, there is hardly any young Man so ill taught, but, if he is begun with at first, will submit to Government: I do not say they will all be the better of it; but there is a Difference between a young Man's not profiting by Instruction, and refusing to submit to it.

Husb. What can I do?

Wife. *My Dear*, you are no ignorant Person; you do not want to have me say what you can do; you know what you ought to do, it is not my Part to teach you your Duty.

Husb. Abate that Nicety for once, *my Dear*, and make no Scruple to say what you think is my Duty to my Servants; tho' you do not think it your Part to teach me my Duty, you may be a Means to convince me, that something was my Duty, which I

did not think was my Duty before; and I may learn from you what you do not set up to teach; there need not be so much Shyness between a Wife and her Husband, that for fear of taking too much upon you to teach me, you should omit a kind Hint to me of what you think I ought to do.

Wife. I do not refrain for that so much, as that I think you know your Part so well, that it is perfectly unreasonable and needless for me to offer any thing; besides, Family-Government is so natural a Consequence to the very Being and Constitution of Master and Servant, Father and Child, Husband and Wife, that no Husband of *your Capacity* can be ignorant; the Scripture is so full on the side of those who are to be governed, that it cannot but lead directly to those who are the Governors; Wives are bid to submit themselves to their Husbands; Children to obey their Parents; Servants to be subject to their Masters; all which naturally implies, that the Government of the whole Family devolves intirely upon the Head of the Master, who has the whole Charge of them, Soul and Body, and is accountable for their Miscarriages, so far as those Miscarriages are owing to the Omission of his Duty.

Husb. So that you put the Master intirely in the Father's Place, and the Servants in the Posture of Children.

Wife. Indeed I can think no otherwise; especially *Apprentices*, who by their Indentures are intirely subjected to the Master's Government.

Husb. But, *my Dear*, we differ then about the Word *Government*, and how far that extends beyond my commanding them in the Offices of an Apprentice, and their doing my Business.

Wife. Indeed I think it extends to every thing else; we are obliged by the Fourth Commandment not to suffer our Servants to break the Sabbath, and so of every Duty in the other Commands; and no question but it is our Duty to restrain them from every

every evil Action, whereby they may offend God, or wrong their Neighbour, I mean as much as is in our Power; and on the other hand, we are to encourage them in all that is good, *viz.* in their Duty to God and Man, and this by all possible Methods, such as Exhortation, Command, Advice, *viz.* but especially Example; praying to God for them and with them.

Husb. If this be my Duty, I have sadly neglected it, both to Servants and Children too.

Wife. Indeed, *my Dear*, I have often thought so with a great deal of Grief.

Husb. But why then, *my Dear*, would you not tell me so before now; and not now without so much Difficulty, and a kind of Violence?

Wife. *My Dear*, I have been backward perhaps more than has been my Duty, lest you should think I did what it was not in my Place to do; besides, you know our Opinions differ in some things, and I did not know whether you might listen to me on that Account.

Husb. Why, *my Dear*, that very thing has been my Hindrance, lest, *my Dear*, being of a different Opinion as to the Form of Prayer, you should not like it, or care to join with me in it.

Wife. You very much wrong'd me then, *my Dear*, I hope, tho' we differ in Opinion about Religion, we are not of two Religions; we may have differing Thoughts of the Manner and Forms of Worship, but not, I hope, of Worship itself: I hope we pray to the same God, and in the Name of the same Intercessor; nor is our Difference about Forms such, that you should refuse my Prayers because of the Form, or I yours for want of a Form: That God, to whom we pray, certainly respects the Heart and not the Form; so that with the Form or without it, we shall be equally heard if we pray in Faith, and equally rejected if we do not.

Husb. And would you have joined with me, *my Dear*, in Family Prayer, if I had proffer'd it?

Wife.

Wife. Most heartily, *my Dear*, and I wonder what kind of Heathen you have taken me for, that you should doubt it; I am sure it has often troubled me to see the Family brought up with no manner of Regard to the Worship of God in it; I was never bred so, and have had many a sad Heart about it on the Account of my Children.

Husb. And never would ease your Mind by speaking a Word about it to me before!

Wife. That may have been a Fault, but I did not so much think it my Duty, or rather, indeed, did not see it likely to have Effect.

Husb. But would you rather have your Children bred up without being introduced into the Ways of God and Religion, than break in a little upon what you thought was not your Place?

Wife. I have endeavour'd to do my Duty with my little Ones as well as I could.

Husb. And I have the Reputation of *that little too*, as you shall hear presently, which I am sure, and God knows, I do not deserve in the least.

Wife. Alas! What can a Wife do in such a Family as ours is? It is not worth naming: The Worship of God in a Family ought to be avowed and owned by the Master of the Family, and performed either by himself or Chaplains, with due Gravity and Solemnity, suitable to the Authority of the Master of the House, and suitable to the Authority and Greatness of that God to whom it is directed; and there is not a Servant so wicked, so profligate, so prophane, but would reverence the Practice, if they did not profit by the Performance.

Husb. Truly, *my Dear*, one of the greatest Difficulties was on your Account, and I have often thought it the only Allay to our Happiness, in coming together.

Wife.

Wife. It is very hard you should think so ill of me, and not try whether it was with Justice, or no; especially when your Information was so easy.

Husb. I was loth——

Wife. Loth to come to the Duty; and he that tempted you to neglect that Part, threw this wicked Thought in your Way for an Obstruction, not giving you Leave to clear up your own Thoughts, and my Innocence, by asking me the Question.

Husb. Indeed I have done thee Wrong, but I hope the Devil has had no Share in it.

Wife. My Dear, how was it possible such a hard Thought could enter into thy Heart else of me? Had I not a religious Education? And is not my Father and Mother still living, who keep as regular a Family, and the Worship of God as constantly performed in it, as in any House in the Nation? And have you seen any thing in me that looks like a Willingness to have my Family without it? As to my scrupling to join with Dissenters, tho' I think it my Duty not to break off from the Church, yet sure I have not such an Opinion of conscientious Dissenters as to refuse to pray to God with 'em: How could you think I would have married a Dissenter, if that had been my Judgment: And have you not seen me readily join in Family-Worship at your Brother's, as you have done with us at my Father's? Surely, if we have both joined with other Families of either Sort, we could not have wanted Charity so much as to have refused to do it in our own House.

Husb. Truly, *my Dear*, you argue so reasonably in this, that I see plainly it has been all my own Crime, and I have done thee a great deal of Wrong, which I am very sorry for.

Wife. If *my Dear* will reform the thing itself, the Wrong done to me shall never be mentioned as long as I live; I have too much Grief at the Neglect, not

to

to bury all my Complaints in the Satisfaction I should have to see it rectified.

Husb. If you knew the stinging Reproof I have had another Way, you would say I wanted no other Animadversion.

Wife. I have interrupted you too long in that, pray let me hear it out; if I remember, you were upon the Discourse with *Thomas's* Father, pray go on with that.

Husb. Why, *my Dear*, he threw all the Work back upon me, *as I told you*, but I believe the Issue was, that both he *and I also* talked to *Thomas* about his Discontent and his Melancholy, and about his going out of Doors.

Wife. Very well, and what Account did he give of himself?

Husb. Why, that of his Melancholy, came in of course; but as to his going abroad before Day, *and the like*; and especially on the Sabbath-day in the Evening, he told me he went over-the-way to Neighbour *M*——the Clothier's.

Wife. What could he be doing there? It must be with some of their Servants then, for they are very sober good People, he could get no ill among them; but they have a Boy, a young Fellow, their 'Prentice, that is the wickedest young Rogue that ever was heard of, it must be some ugly Haunt he has got with him, *I doubt*, that carries him thither; *and if it is that*, the Boy is undone.

Husb. That was the very thing I was afraid of too, but we are both strangely mistaken; *Thomas* is quite another Lad than any of us took him for; and instead of learning Wickedness from that vicious Boy, he has been *God's* Instrument to make that Boy the greatest Convert that ever you heard of.

Wife. I am surprized; it can never be! Are you sure you are not imposed upon?

Husb. No, no, I am not imposed upon; he has more Grace and more Goodness in him than ever I heard

heard of in a Child of his Age; for he is but a Child; he has been the greatest Reproof to me in the Neglect of my Family Government that ever I met with.

Wife. Tell me these Matters more plainly, for I am more curious to know them, than any thing I ever heard of.

Husb. I will, *my Dear*, I'll tell thee all the Particulars.

[Here the Husband relates exactly the last Conference he had with his Prentice, Dial. V.]

Wife. How pretty and modest was that Answer, That you was not pleased to admit him to your Family, when you went to the Worship of God?

Husb. Ay, *my Dear*, but how bitter a Reproach was it, *think you*, to me, when my own Heart struck me with such Thoughts as these? *Wretch that I am*, how innocently this Child thinks! *as indeed it is rational to imagine*, that it should be impossible, but that God must be worshipped in every Christian Family; only suggesting, that I had shut him out, or did not think him worthy to join with us; whereas the plain but dreadful Truth is, I have lived like a Heathen all my Life, and never have worshipped God in my Family at all.

Wife. He saw no great Appearance of it, I confess, I wonder how he had such a Thought.

Husb. Yes, *my Dear*, there was some Appearance of it, but not on my Side: *As I said before*, that I had the Reputation of what *you had performed*; so, *no doubt*, he had seen, or some of the Children, or Servants, had spoken of your calling the Children into your Closet with you, and he supposed we might be all together at Prayer; I wish it had been really so.

Wife. But, *my Dear*, what Satisfaction have you of the Truth of all this?

Husb. I am not easily imposed upon, *my Dear*; I took little Notice of the thing from him; nor gave him

him any Reason to think I believed him, but told him, I should talk further with him about it: Indeed, to tell you the Truth, I could not hold to talk any more to him at that time.

Wife. And how will you be satisfy'd? Cannot you enquire of Mr. *M*—the Clothier, or of his Wife? They are both good conscientious People, and what they say may be depended upon. I wish you had asked them.

Husb. Indeed, *my Dear*, I have been there this Afternoon; 'tis there I have received the full Conviction of my own Neglect of Duty, of the wicked Lad's Conversion, and of our own Boy's Character: The Particulars would amaze you if you were to hear them.

Wife. *My Dear*, I beg you let me hear it all, for the Story too nearly concerns me, not to have me very much moved with it, and besides, it is very affecting in itself.

Husb. You shall, *my Dear*.

[*Here the Husband relates the whole Discourse between him and the Clothier, and his Wife, as in the Third Dialogue, and the Account of her Discourse with the once wicked, but now converted Boy.*]

Wife. This is a surprizing Story! What can there be in the Boy to do all this! Have you talked with him yourself.

Husb. I have talked a little with him, indeed I was so touch'd with the Reproof which his Discourse (*innocently in him, for he perceived nothing*) gave me, when he said, *It grieved him that I did not think him worthy to be reckoned among my Family, or admitted to the Worship of God with me and my Children*; that, as I told you before, I could not bear to stay and talk with him any longer, lest he should perceive it.

Wife. It was very cutting indeed, all the Parts of it consider'd.

Husb.

Husb. The Tears stood in my Eyes in spite of all my Endeavours to the contrary: Indeed, how could I forbear? When I knew how I had lived, and that I had never troubled myself about any such thing as the Worship of God with my Family, tho' I know well enough how much it had been my Duty to ha' done it.

Wife. I cannot say but I am glad it has happened so, tho' I think its coming from the Boy was so odd. Are you sure the Boy did not do it by way of Jeer?

Husb. Not in the least; the Modesty, and Innocence of the Boy, and his Backwardness to say any thing at all, leave no Room for such a Thought.

Wife. I wish you would talk with him again, perhaps you may hear more from him, that may explain it all to you.

Husb. I intend it, *my Dear*, I'll go down and talk with him just now.

[The Master goes down, and going into a Closet which he had near the Compting-House, hears the young Man engag'd with one or two of the Journey-men, and the rest of the 'Prentices, about the Subject in hand; upon which he places himself undiscovered, and hears the following Discourse.]

Journey-man. Well, *young Man*; What, you ha' been examined about your Morning Walks, I understand; I wonder your Master found you out no sooner.

Tom. Perhaps if you had told him of it sooner, he would have known it sooner.

Four. You are mistaken in the Informer, tho' whoever it was, he was much your Friend.

Tom. Where did the Friendship of it lie?

Four. Where? Why in preventing your ruining yourself: When young Boys, like you, get such Haunts, and go out of their Masters Houses at such Hours privately, it is very seldom for any Good, and quickly ruins them.

Tom.

Tom. That Word *very seldom* implies, that you believe it may be sometimes on a good Account.

Four. Ay, ay, *sometimes*, but *very seldom*, *I say*; what Good could you be doing at that time of Day, I wonder?

Tom. That is bringing me to a second Examination. I have given an Account of that to my Master, and to my Father already, and they are satisfied; why should you take me to Task?

Four. Nay, *that's true*, I have nothing to do with it, I care not what Hours you keep, or what Company you keep, or how you ruin yourself; what is it to me?

Tom. Well, I am the less obliged to you for that.

Four. Why, *so you are*; but when you say your Master is satisfied, I must beg your Pardon *for that*, *Thomas*; I do not believe a Word of that, *I assure you*.

Eldest 'Pren. Nay, now you wrong him indeed, *for, I assure you*, my Master told me that he was satisfied about it, and that I should not hinder him, as I had resolved to do, by taking the Key out of the Warehouse Door, and carrying it up to my Master every Night.

Four. Nay, if my Master be satisfied I ha' done; either there must be some Mystery in it then, or he has told him some fine Story that has deceived him; the young Rogue has a soft Tongue.

I Pren. *I could say more of it*, if I thought *Thomas* would not think I spoke to expose him.

Tom. Your withholding it in such a Manner, is more my Disadvantage another Way: for now it looks as if it were some very bad thing; tho' I have not been forward to tell it, yet I am not so shy of it, as to be willing to have it thought a Crime.

Four. I am very glad if it be no Crime, *Thomas*, I never wish'd you any ill.

I Pren. Truly it is so far from a Crime, that if I had known before how it was, *I would ha' gone with him,*

him, if they would ha' let me; for to be free with you, upon full Examination, it appears that he went over to M. — the Clothier's, Night and Morning, to Prayers; and my Master has examined it to the utmost, and is satisfied that it has been nothing else.

Four. To Prayers! nay, if that is all, that's very well indeed, *and of that presently*; but you make me smile to hear you say you would ha' gone along with him.

2 Pr. Ay, that would make any body laugh; I dare say, he never said his Prayers in his Life.

1 Pr. 'Tis no Matter for that, *Jonathan*, nor is that any thing to you; if I han't, there's the more need to begin now; I doubt you have no need to reprove me.

2 Pr. Why so?

1 Pr. Why, ha'n't I heard you ridicule all such Things, and banter the honest Man over-the-way for going to Prayers in the cold Mornings before it was Day? And didn't you use to jeer poor *Thomas* here, when he came first, because when he went to Bed at Night, he would kneel down by his Bed-side to say his Prayers?

2 Pr. Why now you do, *as you did before*, charge me with your own Crime; did not you do so as well as I, and Mr. M—— (that's the Journeyman) too.

Tho. I committed a greater Crime than any of you, in that Part, I wish I had not.

1 Pr. What's that, *Thomas*?

Tho. In letting your wicked Scoffing at me prevail with me more wickedly to neglect my Duty; if I had continued to pray to God, as I ought to have done, he would soon have made you ashamed of mocking me, or ha' made me not regard it.

[*The Lad weeps.*]

2 Pr. Inded, *Thomas*, I was ashamed of it when I did it; and I am more sorry for it now, since you tell me it master'd your Resolution, and made you

leave it off; I have thought of it a hundred times *since that* with Regret, that tho' I did not pray to God myself, I should discourage another: For whether I perform'd it or no *myself*, I never thought the worse of another that did, for I knew it was what every one ought to do.

Tho. That makes your Fault the worse, to neglect it, when you know you ought to have done it, and this is just my Fault, I am in the same Case.

2 *Pr.* No, *Thomas*: There's this Difference between you and I, you have repented and amended it, and I have not.

Tho. I think it almost broke my Heart, and yet I know not whether to call it Repentance or no, for what's all my Trouble at it in proportion to the Crime? There may be much Sorrow where there's little Repentance.

Four. Why, *Thomas*, has that been the Cause you have been so melancholy of late?

Tho. Is not that Cause enough? However, I do not say that has been all the Cause.

Four. Well, he has been ill used by us all, *I must own that*; and he does not deserve such Usage from us: I think we have acted by him like perfect Infidels, never was poor young Man so treated *for serving God* sure: What kind of Creatures have we been?

1 *Pr.* I confess I am amazed at it, I did not use to do so; I know not what possess'd me at that Time.

Four. And was this the Reason of your going over to Mr. —, *Thomas*?

1 *Pr.* No, no, It was because they kept a regular Family there, and go constantly to Prayers Night and Morning: Mr. — is a very good Man, every body knows that; and I observe every body, nay, the wickedest People in the Parish love that Man: I never heard any body speak a disrespectful Word of him, but our *Jonathan* there, that laugh'd at him for rising before Day, in the cold Weather, to go to Prayers.

2 *Pr.*

2 Pr. Yes, You have heard his own 'Prentice *Will* do the same thing.

Four. That's a wicked young Rogue indeed ; you have named a pretty Youth for our Example.

2 Pr. You see all his Prayers, and his being so good a Man, does him no Good ; he can't make him a good Boy.

Tho. You know nothing of that Boy, and very little of what you talk of ; I wish I was as good a Boy as that *Will* is now.

1 Pr. It's very true, that Boy is the Wonder of this Town, he is the greatest Penitent, and is turned the soberest, most religious young Man that ever was heard of.

Four. I am amazed at it ; why then you see, *Jonathan*, what the having a good Master has done.

1 Pr. Nay, that has not been it neither, and to do Justice, though *Thomas* says modestly, that he wishes himself as good as *William* ; I have a very good Account that *Thomas* was the first Means of Reclaiming him.

Tho. God's Grace has been the Means, and a religious good Instructor at home : I am incapable to do any thing of that Kind ; his Master and Mistress have been the Instruments, he is very happy in coming into such a Family.

Four. But was this really the Reason of *Thomas's* going over thither so, every Night and Morning ?

1 Pr. Yes, it was, my Master says he has examined it ; why are you so unbelieving ?

Four. Nay, for no ill ; I could not have expected it ; but I shall love him the better for it as long as I know him ; I wonder what my Master thinks of it, or says to it.

1 Pr. Says ! I told you, didn't I ? He is very well satisfy'd in it, and ordered me that I should not hinder him.

Four. God forbid any should hinder him; *for my Part*, if I was ten times wickedder than I am, I would never wish to make another be so.

2 Pr. You are all growing mighty good of a sudden?

** An Alehouse in the Town, which it seems they haunted too much.*

this Fit of Religion will be over with you by and by, when you come to ** Kate's* down the Street.

1 Pr. Your Eyes shall never see that of me again, nor see me at that wicked House again.

Tho. Do not undertake for that in your own Strength, lest you are left to know yourself by your Fall.

1 Pr. I hope God will give me Grace to keep that Resolution.

Tho. You must seek it then, *Ask and thou shalt receive.*

1 Pr. I wish I had been in such a House as that Clothier's; I was never brought up to live as we do here.

2 Pr. Why can't our Master go to Prayers with us, as well as that poor Man does?

Four. What, for you to laugh at him, as you did at the poor Clothier, and at *Thomas* too.

2 Pr. You have all done it as much as I.

Tho. I don't doubt we all fare the worse for it, as well those who are not guilty, as those who are.

2 Pr. How do you mean?

Tho. Mean? Why it is plain enough; my Master and Mistress go to Prayers every Night and Morning with themselves and the little Children; and if he did not take us for a scoffing, irreligious, reprobate Pack, that would be never the better for it, and would but make a Jest of it, and of him too; *to be sure*, he would call us all up, but he sees how we live, and does not count us worthy to be admitted.

1 Pr. Are you sure of that, *Thomas*?

Tho.

Tho. Sure of it ! Why, is there any sober Man in the World, that calls himself a Christian, and does not do it ?

Four. Poor *Thomas*, thou knowest but a little of the World ; is there one Family in ten that does ? Nay, is there one Family in this Town that does, except that good Man over-the-way there, the Clothier ?

Tho. Yes, my Father does, I never knew him omit it in my Life, if he was well ; and our Minister does, and some that I know in the Town, nay, I know none that do not.

Four. I am sure, I know twenty Families in the Town that do not, and yet call themselves good Christians too ; and I never believed our Master did.

Tho. I'll never believe such a thing of my Master ; besides, ha'n't I heard the little Children say to one another they must go up to Prayers ?

Four. Nay then, to be sure, he does ; I am very glad of it, I wish he would call us all up.

Tho. No question, if my Master knew you wish'd so, he would ; but we don't live as if we desired it ; I believe that is the Reason we are left to live like Heathens, as we are.

Pr. I am sorry we have given him so much Cause to think so ; and indeed, *Thomas*, it is but too true.

Four. Well, for all that, he might have gone to Prayers.

Tho. So he does, I tell you ; but does not think us fit People to join with him.

Four. Why, the worse we are, have we not the more need of being pray'd for ?

Tho. But I cannot but say, he might have good Reason to shut us out, that our bad Example might not be shewn to his Children.

Four. Why, thou makest us worse than Heathens, Boy : What do'st mean ? Do you believe that if my

Master should come now, and say to us all, that tho' he finds we do not regard such things, yet that he resolves to go to Prayers every Night and Morning, and we may come if we will, that we would not all say we would come with all our Hearts; I am sure I would for one.

1 *Pr.* I am sure, I'd down on my Knees, and thank him for it; for I am more concerned at seeing how we live *now*, than ever I was.

Tho. I'm sure I'd thank him, and thank God for it too, and think it the best Day that I ever saw in my Life.

2 *Pr.* I have heard all your Discourse, and have said but little, but I tell you, I'll never jest with any body for praying to God again while I live, I wish my Master would begin with us and try.

Any one may judge, how the Master, who heard all this Discourse, was moved with it; being before affected with the Sense of having lived in a total Neglect of his Duty to God and his Family; and having thus providentially the great Obstruction to his Duty removed, by hearing all his Men Servants, whom he thought refractory, and ungovernable, declare themselves touch'd with a Sense of their Loss, in being shut out from the Worship of God, professing their Willingness to join in a religious Regulation, and their Desire of having their Master begin it.

Wherefore, coming hastily out of his Closet into the Place, and the young Men rising up to be gone, he bids them all stay and sit still. *I have heard all your Discourse*, says the Master, *and I bless God that I have heard it: I am very well pleased with every Part of it. I do own to you all, That it has been a Hindrance to my Desire of setting up the Worship of God in my Family, that I thought my young Men, having had their full Liberty in the World, made no Account of such Things, and might perhaps mock at me for it; as I have heard you have done at the poor Clothier over-the-way,*

way, and though it was my Duty to have done it, however you had behaved; yet, I confess, it has been such a Snare to me, as has kept me back from what I knew to be my Duty: But since I have providentially heard your Discourse upon this Subject, and that you seem to be sensible of your Duty, and of your Loss in the Omission of mine, and appear willing to join in a solemn manner in Family-prayer, I will not be wanting to you, nor wanting to myself, in performing my Duty any longer, but according to my Duty, and your Desire, call you all up, together with the rest of my Family, to worship God, and pray to him for his Blessing. I hope you'll convince me you are in earnest, by your Attendance at that Time.

The Journeyman told him, yes, for his part, he would with all his Heart.

The first 'Prentice told him, that since he had heard him make a Promise to thank him upon his Knees, he would perform it; and kneeling down, he thanked God that he had put it in his Heart, and thanked his Master as he had promised, and assured him the very Thoughts of it rejoiced his Heart.

Poor Thomas, the youngest 'Prentice, his Heart was so full he cried for Joy, and could not speak a Word.

The other 'Prentice told his Master he was very sorry he had been one of them that had hindered him before, but assured him it should be so no more.

The good Man went up with Joy to his Wife, and giving her an Account how his second Difficulty was thus providentially removed, told her the whole Passage: This pious Lady rejoicing at the thing, and

willing to prompt him on to put his Resolution in Practice, before it might cool and fall off again, persuaded him the same Evening to call his Family together, and beginning with reading the Scriptures to go to Prayer with them, *which he did*; and from that Time forward, he had always sober, religious Servants, and kept a most regular Family, exactly and constantly performing Family Worship, instructing and catechising both his Children and Servants, to the great Encouragement and Increase of true Godliness and holy Living in that Town, by his extraordinary Example.

*The End of the Fifth Dialogue,
And of the Second Part.*



THE



THE
Family Instructor.

PART III.

THE
FIRST DIALOGUE.

T the End of the first Part of this Work, the Father of the Family having effectually set about reforming his House, and brought all his Children, *except his two eldest*, to conform to his new Regulation, this Part gives something of an historical Account of the two refractory rebellious Branches of that Family, *viz.* The eldest Son and the eldest Daughter; *the Son* pursuing the Dictates, *not of his Reason*, but of his Passion, and having some Estate independent of his Father, gratifies his Disgust at his Father's imposing upon him, *as he calls it*, and goes abroad to travel: His Conduct, *as a Pattern or Warning to Disobedience*, is followed by continual Judgments, Disasters, and Distempers; till his Estate wasted and gone, he is brought to humble himself to his Father, and submit

to him, however unwilling and unreform'd; not as a true Penitent, but for mere Subsistence, and for want of Bread.

This is improved to be instructive of many things, both to Children and Parents.

1. It shows something of the mischievous Consequence of leaving Estates to Children intirely independent of their Parents; especially, where no visible Objection lies against the Trust being reposed in the Parent: *And tells us, That tho' in some Cases it may be necessary to do thus, yet it ought to be avoided as much as possible, it being in general a fatal Obstruction to paternal Authority, a Foundation of Childrens refusing Instruction, and especially of their not bearing Reproof; besides that, oftentimes the Consequences are such, that the Children had better be without such Estates.*
2. This Example warns *Children* also, that tho' they may, *by Provision of Friends*, be made independent of their Parents, they are not thereby discharged of their Duty to their Parents in the least; and great Judgments from Heaven generally follow those who totally cast off the Subjection they owe to their Parents on that Account.
3. *First, or Last*, a Contempt of paternal Instruction is nothing else, but laying in a great Stock for Repentance.

The Daughter, who of the two appeared the most obstinate, and could not bear the Restraint which her Father's new Discipline obliged her to, got leave of her Father and Mother, to go and live with her Aunt, *her Father's Sister*, who lived at some Distance from them in *London*; where, tho' the Family was strictly religious, *as is before noted*, yet being there but as a Guest, she could better comply with it than at home, where she had been used to Liberties, and left to herself; and where the Change
being

being by Constraint, was the harder for her to stoop to.

Her Aunt, a sober religious Gentlewoman, and her Uncle, a grave, pious, good Christian, treated her with great Kindness and Courtesy, and *as she had been very well bred*, good Manners obliged her to return it: Here an unforeseen Providence gave a Turn to the whole Course of her Life: The young Lady being of a good natural Temper, a modest, handsome Carriage, and an agreeable Person, her Uncle's eldest Son *by a former Wife* fell in love with her, and by Consent of his Father a Proposal of Marriage was made between them; and this Part is made publick in this Manner, because the Circumstances of this Marriage have something in them very instructing to young married People; to let them see how much it is their unquestionable and indispensable Duty, to make the Good of one another's Souls be their principal Care after Marriage; how far it may be the Duty of a Husband to instruct his Wife, and in what Manner, and likewise a Wife her Husband: how far such a Design may be consistent with the tenderest Affection, and how to be managed with Decency, Respect, and the due Endearment of a loving and tender Relation; and, in short, gives a brief Scheme of the relative Duties of a married State.

This compleats the Oeconomy of this Work; *the first Part*, relating to a paternal Duty, such as Authority, and Discipline in a Father, among his Children. *The second*, to the Duty of Heads of Families, (*viz.*) Masters or Servants, and how Servants ought to submit to Instruction and Family Regulation. *And this third Part*, principally regarding the Duty of Husbands and Wives; to exhort and persuade, intreat, instruct, and *by all gentle Means*, if possible, prevail upon and engage one another to a religious holy Life, and to set up a Foundation of religious Worship in their Families.

The

The Introduction, or History of this Marriage, is not material to our present Discourse, only something of the Character of the Persons and Families, *more than what has been said already*, may be proper to prevent Digressions in the particular Cases that come after; and these Characters and Descriptions will be found in the first Dialogue, and upon the following Occasion.

The young Gentleman was the eldest Son of the Family, and Heir to his Father who had a good Estate; he had been bred a Gentleman, had a liberal Education, was a handsome, agreeable Person, and which was beyond all, was, *like his Father*, a sober, virtuous, studious, and religious Gentleman: This Person having been conversant with this young Lady, by the Accident of their being in the House; and, as will appear, she being very agreeable to him, *however engaged by the Defect of Education in Gayety and Mirth, and hard to be weaned, especially by Violence, as has been her Case*, her Disposition, I say, being soft, and of an extraordinary Sweetness in her Temper, as will be seen in the Process of these Sheets, there appear'd a particular Suitableness in them one to another.

The young Gentleman had entertain'd an Opinion of her being capable to make him a very good Wife; tho' he was not ignorant of her being wild, and gay in her Humour, yet he had great Proofs, by daily Conversation with her, of her being virtuous and modest, even to the utmost Nicety; the Goodness of her Temper and the Agreeableness of her Person had engaged his Affections to her, and he had no Reason to believe that she had any Aversion to him; whereupon he broke his Design to his Father, who knowing his Son's Sobriety, and serious Inclination, was the less inclined to thwart his Affections; and the less afraid to venture him in the Matter of the young Lady's Humour, though it was thought to be a little extravagant and gay, *as above*; so the Father,
after

after some Consideration, calling him aside one Morning, spoke to him to this Purpose.

SON, I have considered what you said to me about your Desire to court your Cousin; I am very willing to gratify your Inclination in any thing that may have a Prospect of making you easy and happy, and shall be as kind to you, with respect to Estate, as you can expect; but you know she is gay, and wild, loves Company and Mirth; and that it was her Impatience of Restraint in these things, that made the Breach between her and her Father; and if she should continue that Humour after you have married her, I doubt you will have but an uncomfortable Life with her: However, I do not think her of an ill Disposition as to her natural Temper; and perhaps she may be prevailed with, by good Usage and kind Treatment, which I hope is all the Method you propose to take with her, to alter her Notions of things; I think she seems to be a little come off from some Part of it since she came into our Family; I would have you seriously consider what Hazard you run in it, and especially that the Venture is for your Life; and as I have no other Objection against it, I shall agree to it, or not agree to it, as your Inclination shall lead you, only not forgetting to hint to you, what I hope you do not forget, viz. That you ask Counsel and Direction of him who has said, "Commit thy Way unto the LORD, and he shall direct thy Steps."

This Discourse was too affectionate and obliging, not to move a Son of so much Sense and Goodness as he was, which he express'd, as became him, in a dutiful and obliging manner; and having after further Consideration continued his Inclinations, and not so only, but made some Advances of that kind to the young Lady herself; it became necessary in the next Place to have it moved to her Father and Mother, and as they were the Relations of the old Lady, Mother-in-law to the young Gentleman; this occasion'd her,

at her Husband's Desire, to go to her Sister, the young Lady's Mother, and break the Matter to her; where, after a little other Discourse, *needless to our Purpose*, the Mother began with her, and so introduces the following Dialogue, between the two Sisters, Mother and Aunt to the young Gentlewoman.

Mo. Dear Sister, I believe you do not doubt your being always welcome to me, and yet I cannot say that I am so glad to see you come hither, *as I used to be*.

Aunt. Why, what's the Matter, Sister? If my coming gives you any Uneasiness, I'll be gone again.

Mo. My Heart misgives me, and I *always* expect something of Evil when you come.

Aunt. Evil! about what, I beseech you?

Mo. Why, about this *unhappy Girl* at your House; I ever think you have some dreadful Story or other to tell me of her.

Aunt. What can your *worst Thoughts* lead you to fear of her?

Mo. Dear Sister, what *can I not* fear for her! when I see her treat her Father in such a manner, who has loved her so affectionately, and used her so gently in all this Matter, and how she has *in a manner* gone away from him, purely on an account which all the rest of the Family are thankful for, and what any Child of Sense or Virtue would have loved and valued him for. *As for her Usage of me*, I take no Notice of it at all, *I forgive her all that*.

Aunt. Well, but you must wait a little, her Temper may be wrought upon by degrees to be sensible of her Mistake; I hope, Sister, you do not look on her as lost, *they go far indeed that never return*.

Mo. But have you no bad News now about her? Did not you come *now on purpose* to make some Complaint of her to me? Pray put me out of my Pain.

Aunt. I wish you would tell me *what you are afraid of* about her.

Mo.

Mo. Nay, there's nothing so bad, that I am not afraid of; what can I expect, when God has so far forsaken her, as to suffer her to fly in her Father's Face, and that purely because he would have her live a sober religious Life: Pray how does she behave herself.

Aunt. Sister, I will be very plain with you, I am very far you may be sure, from approving her Behaviour to her Father, *or to you*; but really she discovers nothing in her Behaviour among us, that gives the least Ground to be afraid of her *on any other Account*.

Mo. Has she no Company that comes to her, or that she goes abroad to?

Aunt. None at all; she has not gone out of our Door since she came thither, nor has any body come to her that I know of, but your own Family; such as your own Servants or Children.

Mo. Well then; Good Manners oblige her to do more with you, than Duty would do here; for when I told her that she should go no more to the Plays, nor visit, or go to the Park a Sabbath-days, *she told me to my Face*, she would not be confined.

Aunt. I see nothing but she is very conformable with us.

Mo. I pray God she may come to a Sight of her own Folly; whenever she humbles herself to God, I am very sure he will bring her to humble herself to her Father; for she treated him very rudely and unbecoming; *what to do with her I know not*; she can never expect to come into her Father's Doors again, *but as a Penitent*, and that with very good Satisfaction of her being sincerely so.

Aunt. I know the Substance of the Breach, but I never knew the last Part: I was going once or twice to talk of it to her, but I found it disordered her, and set her into a Fit of Crying; and I am unwilling to discompose her.

Ms.

Mo. Why, Sister ; you know the Story itself, and upon what the Difference began, (*viz.*) about restraining her and her Brother from going to the Park a Sabbath-days, going to the Play, and reading Plays, and the like ; and you have heard how the first Sabbath-day after this thing was debated among us, when her Father began that happy Reformation in his Family, which, blessed be God, is strictly kept up to this Day, she and her Brother contrived to go out of the Way ; we thought indeed they had gone to the Park in Defiance of their Father, and my Heart ak'd, I confess, for them ; for their Father was so provok'd at the Thought of it, that he had resolv'd they should neither of them have ever come into his House again, till they had humbled themselves, and acknowledg'd both their Sins against God, and their Contempt of their Father ; and he had ordered all the Servants to keep them out if they came to the Gate, till they called him to them ; but happily for us all, they were, it seems, only walking in the Lime-Tree Walk behind our Garden ; and just as we were enquiring about it, they appear'd walking together through the Garden, intirely ignorant of what had passed : However, their Father, not fully satisfied before they came in, went to them himself into the Garden, and strictly examined them about it : As they had the good hap to satisfy their Father, that they had been no further than the Lime-Trees, so they satisfied themselves by seeing their Father in the greatest Rage they had ever known him in ; I say, they satisfied themselves of what they had to expect, if it had been otherwise ; and this put them upon reflecting what Course they had to take ; where, dear Sister, who can but observe, That in all their Consultations, God did not give them the Grace once to think of submitting themselves to their Father, and conforming themselves to the most reasonable Desire that ever Father made to his Children (*viz.*) Only to restrain wicked Liberties, and Company, and attend

attend the *Worship of God in the Family*; but on the contrary for five Weeks that they stay'd at home, after that, they never appear'd at Prayer-time, but kept up Stairs, pretending either not to be well, or not dress'd, or not up, and such like Excuses, till they were a Shame to the whole Family. And besides this, their Father observed, That notwithstanding his express Command, they went both of them twice to the Play-house that very same Week, as if on purpose to insult him, and let him see they valued not what he either said, or would say to them.

Aunt. That was very provoking indeed, *Pray what said my Brother to it?*

Mo. If it had not been for me, *Sister*, he had turned them both out of Doors that very Week.

Aunt. Indeed I could not have blamed him if he had, *I think* he had done them but Justice.

Mo. I am sure he had done himself Justice, *Sister*; but I considered their Good more than they did themselves, and that to have cast them intirely off, had been to precipitate their Ruin, and throw them into the very Mouth of all manner of Temptation: and representing this to their Father, it convinced him so far, as not to proceed to that Extremity with them; but he had told them in so many Words by me, that since they had declined his Authority, he would decline their Conversation; that those that would not join with him in his Duty to God, should not enjoy with him the Bounty of God; they that would not kneel with him to pray, should not sit with him to eat; and so he flatly forbade them his Sight.

Aunt. I think he was very just in it, I wonder how it was possible they could behave so.

Mo. You may be sure it could not hold long thus, and at best it made a very melancholy Family among us: At last my Son truly came to his Father, and in few Words said, he was sorry he had disobliged him so much; but as he saw no Remedy, he told his Father,

Father, he came to ask his Consent to a Resolution he had taken to travel. *His Father* said readily, there was no need for his Consent, if it was a Resolution, he supposed he rather came to take his Leave of him; the foolish Boy, for though he is a Man in Growth, he shewed the Boy and the Fool in his Behaviour, told his Father he was resolv'd to go, but had rather have his Consent than not.

Aunt. He acted weakly in that, and rudely too; pray how did my Brother take it?

Mo. Truly with more Composure than I could have expected; he told him, that as his Father, he could not but be sorry to see him push on his own Ruin; but as it was his Duty to exercise the Authority of a Father, he not only refused to consent, but forbid him to go: And withal, bid him remember what he had said to him before, (*viz.*) That if he set his Foot out of his House upon this Account, he should never set his Foot in it again, but as a Penitent,

Aunt. What could he say to that?

Mo. Truly he said little, but told his Father he was resolved to go, and so withdrew. And the same Evening, without acquainting me with it, or taking any further Leave, he went his way.

Aunt. Went his way, Sister! Why, whither did he go? I am sure he is not gone abroad now; for he has been several times at our House to see his Sister within this Week.

Mo. No, he is not gone yet; we know that he has Lodgings at *Westminster*, and yesterday he wrote his Father a Letter, pretending to beg his Pardon for going abroad without his Consent; you know, Sister, he has about 200 *l.* a Year, which his Uncle ——— left him, so he thinks himself his own Master.

Aunt. Alas, how long will that last, for a foolish gay Fellow, that expects to make a Figure, and look like a Gentleman abroad.

Mo.

Mo. Not long to be sure ; I expect he will see his way through it very quickly.

Aunt. Why, I hear he has bought a Commission, I suppose he has disposed of some of it already that way.

Mo. It's very likely ; but he acquaints me with nothing ; I expect we shall hear of him again when it is all spent.

Aunt. It may be so indeed.

Mo. Well, if he may but come home like the Prodigal, I shall not think that Estate ill lost ; I shall be glad of his Poverty, for the sake of his Penitence.

Aunt. Well, and what said my Niece to all this ?

Mo. Truly she kept her Chamber, as I told you, above a Month, and hardly ever was seen in the Family ; I cannot imagine what Folly possess'd them both ; she cried incessantly, convers'd with no Body, would scarce speak if I came to her ; at last she fell very sick, as well she might ; sure, as I told her one Day, *no Girl was ever such a Mourner, for the Loss of her wicked Pleasures.*

Aunt. *Childhood and Youth are Vanity.*

Mo. I took what Care I could of her, and especially to remove the Discontents of her Mind, for we all believed she would die ; I ask'd her, if she would see her Father ; nay, her Father, who I think verily wept for her more than I did, would I believe have been tempted to have broke his Resolutions, and have been reconciled to her, and would fain have been so far reconciled as to see her ; but when I did but name him, she burst out into a Fit of Crying, and would not so much as hear of it ; but her Brother ! her Brother ! if her Brother might come again, she would see him : Well, such was the Tenderness of her Father for her, who most passionately loved her, that he would have given way to have her Brother come again ; but when he came to be told of it, he insolently answer'd, he would not come, unless his Father would send for him. This you may

may be sure was provoking; *nay, Sister*, it moved me so, *at them both*, that though he is my own Son, and my eldest, I care not if I never see him more, except in the Terms as above; *and as for her*, I committed her to God's Mercy, and concerned myself no more about her, other than to take care she wanted nothing.

Aunt. I never heard the like in my Life; *pray what said my Brother?*

Mo. Truly, he was not so provoked at it as I thought he would have been; I mean, it did not throw him into a Passion; he retired into his Closet, and in an Hour or two came down again composed in his Temper, but I could see, *like that of Job*, his Grief was great: and indeed from that time, I thought it my Duty rather to comfort my Husband than my Daughter. Whilst she continued ill, he was very uneasy, and impatient; but when she recovered again he was better satisfied, and thought less of her. Our next Consideration was, what was to be done with her; for our Family look'd very oddly; we had Authority quite turn'd up-side-down among us; instead of her Father refusing to be reconciled to her, *who had been the guilty Person, and had provoked him to the uttermost*, truly she pretends Resentment, and refuses to be reconciled to her Father.

Aunt. It was strange Usage, *I confess*; I did not think she had been of such a Spirit.

Mo. When she was recover'd, and was well enough to go abroad; instead of going to Church to give God Thanks for restoring her Health, she wanted to go to a young wild Companion of hers, *my Lady Lighthead*, that they might go to the Play together. I could not bear the Thoughts of this with any Patience; but being not willing to disturb her Father with it, because I knew it would exasperate him, I took upon me to tell her of my own Authority, *that she should not go*; at which she said very smartly to me, *she had but one Request more to make me*

as

as long as she liv'd; and what's that? said I; *That you'll let me go to Service*, says she, very scornfully. Dear Sister, you may judge how cutting this Usage has been to us, who so dearly loved this Child, as that we distinguished her in our Affections from the rest of our Children, and that even to a Fault.

Aunt. That kind of Love is generally so returned, Sister; and Providence suffers it to be so, as a just Punishment for an ill-grounded and unequal dividing our Affections among our Children, in which Case we may read our Sin in our Punishment; but I pray what said you to her? I know not, I confess, what I *shou'd* have done, or said to it; I believe I should have been apt to have told her, That *her Petition was granted*.

Mo. If I had consulted my own Passions rather than her Welfare, I should have done so too; for I was not without Resentment enough; but I saw, Sister, she was rash and foolish, and I was not so willing to let her ruin herself, as she was to do it.

Aunt. But pray, What did you say to her.

Mo. I told her, it was pity a Petition that had so much Ingratitude in it, should not find Resentment enough in me to grant it; that however I would give her a Week to cool her Thoughts in; and in that time I would have her consider seriously of what she had desired, and if she would say then *calmly* and *deliberately*, that she desired it still, I would acquaint her Father with it, and it should be granted; only I bad her remember the Condition which her Father had made with her Brother, (*viz.*) That if ever he set his Foot out of the House in this Quarrel, he should never have leave to set his Foot in it again, but as a Penitent; and she might depend upon it, that both her Father and I too, would make the same Conditions with her at parting: And so I left her to consider of it.

Aunt.

Aunt. I suppose she was wiser when she had thought of it.

Mo. Yes; about three or four Days after, she asked me if I would give her leave to go to her Aunt's, meaning your House; I told her, *yes*; I would consent to that, *if her Father would agree to it*; so at her Request I asked her Father to let her come to your House, and he was willing enough, in hopes your Family would inure and acquaint her with good Things; but he would not consent till she had promised solemnly, that she would keep no Company, nor go to any Plays, or bring printed Plays home to your House, and she promised *she would not*: So we sent her to you, but I dare say she will not keep her Word.

Aunt. Well, she is very welcome to my House, and I assure you, *as I said before*, she carries herself very modestly and handsomely among us.

Mo. Nay, she is of a very good Temper, and an obliging Carriage enough; she wants neither Wit, or Manners; she wants nothing, *Sister*, but God's Grace.

Aunt. All our Children love her Company extremely; and *some of them*, more than I have told you of yet.

Mo. And do you think she has kept her Promise with us, about Plays and my Lady?

Aunt. I dare say she has, *as I said before*, for we see no body come near her, but her Brother sometimes; and she tells us in Compliment, she is exceedingly diverted with the Company of my Daughters: So that she has quite left off all Conversation.

Mo. And does she conform to your Family Orders, *Sister*; and appear at Family Worship constantly?

Aunt. Indeed, *Sister*, she must do it in our House, or we would not keep her there; *nay*, none of our Children would keep her Company, or endure her, *if she did not*; for I thank God, we have no Con-
temners

temners of Religion among us : But I must do my Niece that justice, that I never perceived the least Reluctancy in her to any thing that was good in my Life, *I mean at our House* ; nay, Sister, we have a mighty Opinion of her being very sober ; and you will say so too, when I tell you really what I came hither about at this time.

Mo. What is that, Sister ?

Aunt. Why, I am come to ask her of you, and my Brother, for my Son.

Mo. Dear Sister, We are but in a sorry Circumstance, *as to her*, to be jested with ; your Son is a pretty Youth, and God may give her more Grace *by that time he is fit for a Wife* : If she is fit to deserve him, you might be sure we should not be against it, but their Age would be unequal, and they are very near akin, Sister : Besides, those things are remote, I have no Heart to talk of marrying her ; I dare not wish any Family *that I have a Value for* to venture upon her.

Aunt. You quite mistake me, Sister, it is not my own Son, *that I mean*, but my Son-in-law, my Husband's Son ; I assure, *I am not in jest*.

Mo. I am surprized to hear you talk so, Sister ?

Aunt. Well, do not be surprized, I must talk with you about it *in earnest*.

Mo. Dear Sister, Do not entertain such a Thought ; I am sure I can never agree to it, for your sake ; you will but injure your own Peace, and my Brother, *your Husband*, will think you and we are confederate to draw him in ; besides, you know he has a good Estate settled upon him ; and as for this Girl, she has so disoblighed her Father, I cannot in Conscience desire him *to do any thing for her* ; especially while she is in this State of Obstinacy and Rebellion : How can it be expected ? Therefore if you love your own Family Peace, I would advise you seriously, *do not think of such a thing* ;

thing; besides, *Sister*, your Son-in-law is a sober, virtuous, religious Gentleman; you see what a mad desperate furious Spirit *this Girl* of, a professed Enemy to all that is good, *one that* is broke from her Father, merely because he would reform her; you cannot in conscience propose such a Match to a Gentleman that deserves so well; I would not have a Hand in making him so miserable for the World.

Aunt. Sister, Sister, You speak very honestly, and like yourself, but you quite mistake the Case; you take this for a Project of my own, to advance your Daughter, and oblige you and my own Family; but you are quite wrong; the young Gentleman has made the Motion to his Father, and his Father to me, so that *I only came of the Errand*: 'tis all Matter of their own Choice; the young Man first, and the Father consenting at his Request.

Mo. I am amaz'd at it; do they know the Breach that has been among us?

Aunt. Yes, every Word of it.

Mo. Dear Sister, do not deceive me; I will never give my Consent so much as to speak a Word farther about it, *unless they are told the worst of it all*; for I will be no Cheat, they shall never say they were deceived by me, though it be for my own Daughter.

Aunt. Indeed, Sister, I have not deceived them; for I talk'd with my Son-in-law two Hours, and told him every Word I knew of it all, *neither could it be hid*, for every one of our Family knows it. She does not deny it herself. *As I told you*, she always breaks out into Tears, and we don't care to grieve her; so we forbear it as much as possible, but she knows that we all know of it; besides, you will be satisfied by a Reason you shall hear presently, that she has some Sense of her Circumstances; for that when we have talk'd to her of

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marrying, and named *such* a one, or *such* another, she would say to us, *why do we talk to her of marrying, that has no Fortune?* And that *her Father will give her nothing*; that *she never expects he will be reconciled to her again*, or do any thing for her, *and the like*; and then it always ends in Tears, and that makes us break off the Story.

Mo. Upon what Foundation then, *Sister*, can this Proposal be made to her Father? It is certain, that tho' no Family could be more agreeable to us, than yours, yet it cannot be expected he should hear any thing of it, until she comes and humbles herself, and acknowledges her Fault: Indeed no Body can propose it to him before, upon any reasonable Foundation. She cannot expect her Father should seek her again, who did it so unexpectedly before, and was rejected with such abominable Insolence, when she did not know too, but she was upon the Brink of the Grave.

Aunt. I confess, that was a hard Case, and I know not what to say to it.

Mo. Besides, *Sister*, I cannot think the young Gentleman would be so mad to think any more of her, if he knew what I have told you about her To-Day, and I am resolved, *if he will have her*, nothing shall be hid from him, that Justice requires should be told.

Aunt. Indeed, *Sister*, I have been as faithful to him as you can be, except only what you told me just now: He does not at all justify her Conduct, *but says*, he believes she has other Principles now; and if my Brother will give his Consent to let him have her, *he says* he will come and ask Pardon for her.

Mo. My Husband is above in his Closet, if you please, *I'll call him*, and hear what he says.

Aunt. With all my Heart.

[*She sends a Servant to call her Husband, and he comes immediately.*]

Mo. My Dear, here's an odd Piece of News to be told you.

Husb. No good, I doubted, as soon as I saw who was the Messenger: *Well, Sister*, let us know it however, *let it be as bad as it will*: Pray what mad thing has my Daughter done at your House.

Mo. When *we fear Evil* we always believe it, your Fears push you too fast, *my Dear*.

Husb. In the ordinary Course of GOD's Providence, I can expect no Good to befall her: She is manifestly under the judicial Hand of GOD, hardened to incur his Curse, and to be a Curse to her Parents.

Aunt. GOD's Ways are unsearchable; sometimes our Falls are made the first Steps to our Recovery; and the very particular Sins that we commit, are the Introduction to our Deliverance from the Dominion of Sin in general; therefore we cannot conclude ourselves Reprobate, or any Body else, till we see them past the Reach of Sovereign Grace.

Husb. I wish as heartily for her, as any one can do, that she may repent; but I cannot say that I expect it; she has gone a dreadful Length for one of her Age.

Aunt. She may yet be a happy Convert for all that: We have Instances of worse than her, that have died Martyrs for Him, whose Name they had blasphemed.

Husb. If ever she return, her Repentance must be very bitter.

Aunt. He that gives Repentance, always proportions the Degrees of it.

Husb. But what is this Account you have to give me, I doubt there is nothing of Repentance in it; I expect rather to hear she is ruined.

Mo. No, no, *my Dear*, thank God there is no bad News of her; I had the same Fears for her not doubting but her Brother and she had pursued their

their usual Trade of Company, and the Play-house, but *my Sister* assures me of the contrary.

Aunt. Indeed, Brother, I would have been very faithful to you, *if it had been so*, I would not have hid it from you; besides, I should not have let her stay at my House, *but my News is quite of another kind.* Sister pray tell it to my Brother.

[The Mother tells the whole Story, as is before related.

Husb. You are all mad.

Aunt. What do you mean by mad? You must explain yourself, or we shall think you are so.

Husb. I cannot but think you all mad, to go to ruin a Gentleman at once, *I'll have no hand in so wicked a thing.*

Aunt. I have no more to do, than to carry your Answer.

Husb. I have more Respect for him, *I assure you*, and should think it the worst Action that ever I did in my Life, if I should be instrumental to bring such a young Man as he is into such a Snare: I cannot do a Thing so dishonourable.

Aunt. Why, what do you take your Daughter to be?

Husb. To be! a Contemner of God! a Despiser of Religion! a Rebel to her Father! given over to Vanity, and obstinate in all! These I have by sad Experience found in her, what other Evils these may produce, God only knows. I should be sorry my Cousin——should know by Experience, nor can I be so unjust as to consent to his joining himself to one of my Children, especially to one, who having no Sense of *filial Relation*, can have little or none of a *social Relation*; one who can be ungrateful to her Father, and insolent to a tender Mother, can never suitably return the Kindness of an obliging Husband.

Aunt. He knows the whole Case; and all that you would have him know, *I shall honestly tell him*, for I will no more deceive him than you would.

Husb. Does he know that she is now in actual Rebellion against God, in Defiance of her Father and Mother, and that she has laid me under an absolute Necessity of having nothing at all to do with her, or with him when he shall have taken her?

Aunt. Yes, he knows all that.

Fa. And what says he to it?

Aunt. He says, he will come and ask your Forgiveness of her.

Fa. Repentance is never done by Proxy, *Sister*; a true Penitent is never backward to come himself.

Aunt. Why, it is true, as he says, that for her to come now and submit herself, is only sending her home to cry for a Husband, or making her appear a Penitent for a Portion. He desires your Consent that he shall marry your Daughter, and leaves all the rest to you.

Fa. I can have no Concern with her, nor assent or dissent to, or from any thing that concerns her, any more than if she was no Relation to me, till she returns to her Duty, and appears truly and sincerely penitent for her Crime: She knows I am obliged to act thus, and I think I owe so much to God, to Religion, and to the Duty of a Parent.

Aunt. You will not force her Repentance. Brother, I hope she is sensible she is wrong, and I can see it plain enough; but you know Brother, *Repentance is the Gift of God* only; I dare say your Daughter would be glad to ask your Pardon, and the affectionate Concern she speaks of it with, makes me think so; but to say she shall be a true Penitent towards God for her Offence against him, neither you or I, or any Body alive, can answer for that: Would you be willing I should bring her to acknowledge her Offence against you?

Fa. Sister, I would have no Solicitor in such a Case? when her Repentance is sincere, God will bring her upon her Knees to him, and then she will soon come to me also, and that is the Way I desire to have her brought.

Aunt.

Aunt. Well, I am persuaded the sooner she marries my Son-in-law, the sooner she will be brought to Repentance; I am satisfied he will be no Hindrance to her in the way of her Duty.

Fa. Nor she any Forwarding to him in the way of his Duty: *Alas!* What a Family will there be among them! *How will she,* the Mistress of a Family, *comply* to set up the Worship of God in her House; that left her Father's House because she would not submit to serve God there! How shall she instruct her Children, that would bear no Instruction herself, and ridicul'd it in her Brothers and Sisters, who were better inclin'd! If he is told all this faithfully and sincerely, I know he is a religious, sober Gentleman, and he can never so far forget himself as to think any more of such a Woman's being his Wife.

Aunt. You are very hard to be woo'd, methinks.

Fa. My Difficulties are just and honourable: It shall never be said, that I first turned my Daughter out of Doors, and then let him marry her; *It is in Justice* to him, that I say all this; had she been deserving and dutiful, and were I not satisfy'd in my Conscience, that she will be his Ruin, I should not have said so much, nor made the least Objection to the Proposal.

Aunt. If I had come of this Message before my Niece had disobliged you, I believe you had thought it a good Settlement for your Daughter.

Fa. Had it been before she had discover'd herself to be, what I think will ruin and destroy him, I mean as to the Happiness of a Relation, I acknowledge, I should have thought very well of it; and now I refuse it only, as I think she is not fit to make him a Wife.

Aunt. But if we will venture, you will not oppose it?

Fa. What mean you by *we*? If both the young Man and his Father are plainly and honestly told what I say, *and that I say it*; or will give me leave to tell it them myself, and will venture after that, *I have no more to say*; but as I said first, *I will have*

no Hand in it: I can have nothing to say to her or about her, till she alters her Behaviour: She is you know out of my Hands.

Aunt. Well, I have no more to say, but I *believe* we shall make a Wedding of it among us; and perhaps she may be brought to her Duty afterwards: Your Negative is not against *her* being married to *him*, but against *his* being married to *her*, which if they will venture, we reckon we have your Consent as far as you can give it.

Fa. I will have no Blame, if she proves all that's wicked to him.

Aunt. I'll clear you of that effectually; I hope she may be yet a good Woman, and make him a good Wife.

Fa. He runs more Risk than a Grenadier in storming a Counterscarp.

Mo. The Grace of GOD *may* reclaim her; I grant it, tho' we see but small Hopes of it; *However, Sister,* I engage you upon your Word, to give a faithful Account both to your Son and to his Father of all I have told you, of her Conduct; how she has treated her Parents, and how it may be expected she will treat her Husband; and if after being thus fairly warned by us, *you will venture*, we are honourably discharged; you see we have no Objection on your Son's Account; do as you please, only let it be acknowledged, that we have hid nothing from you.

End of the First Dialogue.



THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

AS in the former Dialogue, when the Aunt came to treat of a Marriage for the Daughter, we had of course the Mother telling us the History of the Conduct of her Son and Daughter, *after their coming home from the Garden from their Walk under the Lime-Trees*, to the time that both of them so rudely left their Father: So in this Dialogue, which is between the *Brother* and *Sister*, we shall from their own Mouths have an Account of the Measures they both took afterwards; *first as to her Part*, till just before she went to be married, and *secondly as to his Part*, till just before he went into the Army, and to his Travels, *as he called them*. What became of both afterwards, we shall see in a Part by itself.

The *Brother* being now preparing for his Journey or Voyage, and the *Sister* for her Wedding, they mutually desired to converse together about those things before they went on; and the *Brother* making his *Sister* a Visit, their first Conversation produced the following Dialogue.

The *Sister* begins *with a Sigh*.

Sister. **W**E L L, *Brother*, what is to become of us two? Methinks we are two odd People in the World.

Bro. Truly so we are; we look like two Exiles, or People rather gone into voluntary Banishment from their own Country.

Sist. I'll tell you : I have thought rather we are like two Malecontent Courtiers, who being disgusted at the Treatment they have received, *have left the Court*, and desire to retire, *as they call it*, into the Country.

Bro. I think so too ; and I believe it is with them *as it is with us*, or with me at least, that they generally wish they had not done it afterwards.

Sist. Why, do you repent then ?

Bro. *I don't say I repent* ; I think I have been ill used, and that I gave no Reason for such violent Treatment ; but I cannot say I am glad it has happened ; there are many things which make my present Condition less pleasant to me than it was before.

Sist. Well, *if you repent*, why don't you go home as the Prodigal did ? No doubt the old Man would kill the fatted Calf to have you again.

Bro. *Ay*, but I an't come to feeding of Hogs yet, and eating of Husks ; I don't know what I might do if it were come to that.

Sist. *Nor never will*, I hope ; there's no danger of that, Brother.

Bro. I hope not ; *yet I must needs say*, ever since I have fixed myself for my Travels, my Heart has been very heavy, and I dream every Night the *strangest things*.

Sist. What need you be so concern'd ? You have a good Estate of your own, you are as well as if you were at home.

Bro. No, *not so well neither* ; for *to go back to your Court-smile*, the discontented Courtier retires to his Estate in the Country, and *there* he can live very well ; *but still* Five or Six Thousand Pound a Year at Court, made a very good Addition, and made him a great deal better ; so that he is always a Loser by quitting his Post, *and so it is with me, Sister* : If I had staid with my Father, or gone abroad with his Consent, I had been subsisted at his
Expences,

Expences, or perhaps travell'd at his Charge; and then my own Estate would have increased; besides, my Father sure *would not ha' disinherited me for no other Crime, but merely having a little Estate of my own*: But now I suppose he has done with me intirely; and what's my Estate compar'd to living like a Gentleman?

Sist. I did not think you had been troubled with the Hyppo, *Brother*, of *all things*; why, you are quite cast down: I never saw the like of you; what must I *say* then, if you talk thus; *I that have nothing at all*, but am kept here of Charity.

Bro. No, I han't the Hyppo; I am not cast down, but I tell you what Thoughts I have sometimes.

Sist. Yes, *and Dreams too*, you say; what do they come from, but from the Hyppo? I believe you have got the Vapours; pray what did you dream?

Bro. I dream a Thousand things not worth naming; but however, one Dream was so particular, I cannot but tell it you, tho' perhaps you'll banter me for it too; but I'll tell it you, because you were a little concern'd in it, and acted a Part in it.

Sist. Pray what was it?

Bro. Why, you know, I suppose, that I have bought me a Commission.

Sist. I know *you* said that you intended it, but I did not know you had done it; I would not ha' had you done that; methinks I would not have had you been a Soldier on many Accounts; what need have you to go into the Army to be knock'd on the Head?

Bro. Well, *that is not the Case now*; we'll talk of that another time; *I have done it*.

Sist. But what's that to your Dream?

Bro. Why the same Night that I had bought my Commission, I had this *ugly Dream*: It seemed to me, that I had been some time in the Army, and had met with many Wounds and Misfortunes; But at last I had one of my Arms shot off, and had been a

long while under Cure, and sick, so that I was reduced to a mere Skeleton.

Sist. All *Hyppo!* All *Hyppo!* It's nothing in the World else.

Bro. Well, but this was not all; for I was reduced to such mean Circumstances, and so poor that I had not Necessaries; and was in the miserablest Condition that ever you heard of; and after suffering a great many Hardships, I wrote to my Father to relieve me, and he——

Sist. Refused; *I warrant that?* I know it's like him.

Bro. No, no, he did not do so neither; *you run too fast*; he sent me Money enough to bring me over to *England*, and I was brought in a Coach to his Door; but he would not let me be brought in, but ordered me to be carried to a Neighbour's House; where, *after an ordinary Manner*, I was taken Care of, and supplied with Necessaries, *though meanly enough*; and this *Part* put me into the greatest Passion, that I thought if any thing had been in my way, I would have murder'd myself.

Sist. It was very barbarous Usage indeed; *the more like the rest of his Doings with us*; but where's the Part I was to act in this melancholy Scene?

Bro. Why, *Good and Generous* like yourself, *you* no sooner heard of my Condition, but you came to visit me.

Sist. And *what could I do*, what Condition was I in to help you? Was I reconciled to my Father? *If you thought so*, I believe your Dream will never come to pass.

Bro. Yes, yes, you were married, kept your Coach, and lived gallantly; you came to me very chearful and gay, but very grave in your Carriage; you told me you were very sorry for my Condition, but you were sensible we had both been in the Wrong, and had pulled down the heavy Judgment of *G O D* upon me, by our disobedient Carriage to our Father.

Sist.

Sist. Could I be such a Brute?

Bro. Nay you spake kindly enough to me otherwise, and gave me a Handful of Gold for my Supply; but talked mighty religiously to me, about our Usage of my Father.

Sist. It's a Sign it was a Dream; Religion and a great deal of Gold! Alas! Brother, it's all a Dream, to be sure; I shall never have much of either of them: But go on.

Bro. I ask'd you, why my Father carried it so severe to me now, when he saw me in that Condition; you said, I might remember my Father had solemnly engaged himself, that if I went away I should never set my Foot within his Doors again, but as a Penitent; and unless he was satisfied that I acknowledged my Error, I could not expect he would break those Engagements; nor would he see me, till he had an Answer to it in positive Terms; I ask'd you, how then he came to be reconciled to you, for his Resentment was equal to us both, and we were both in the same Fact.

Sist. Ay, and what said I to this?

Bro. You told me with Tears, That you were not ashamed to say, you had heartily repented of it, and had asked Forgiveness of God, and your Father a thousand times: That you were sensible we had both offended God, and abused the Tenderneſs of the best of Fathers, and you never had done an Action which gave you so much Peace in your Life, as when you came upon your Knees to my Father, and begged his Pardon in the Face of all the Family; and if I had any Sense of Religion, or of natural Duty, you hoped I would do so too, and that you came on purpose to persuade me to it.

Sist. This is not only a Dream, but a Dream that I am sure will never come to pass; at least my Part of it, and I hope yours will not neither; Is there any more of it?

Bro. You said a great deal more to the same Purpose, that I cannot repeat.

Sist. I hope you minded none of it.

Bro. I cannot say that it has made no Impressions upon me, in spite of all my Opposition to it, for I hate to give way to such things.

Sist. How did it end, did you submit?

Bro. I do not remember either that I submitted, or that my Father did any thing for me: I remember this tho', that your Argument did not move me much, and your Example less; I could not see much Reason for Penitence, and I cou'd not be Hypocrite enough to counterfeit it; and I bad you tell my Father, *If I had offended him I was very sorry, and ask'd his Pardon.* But you told me, you feared that would not be sufficient; so you went away, and I remained as miserable as I was before; *till I awaked*, and was very glad it was but a Dream.

Sist. Dear Brather, I don't value Dreams, and of all Dreams, such a wild one as this, which I am satisfy'd can never come to pass; but I'll tell you what Use I'll make of it, and that is to desire you to make it impossible to come to pass.

Bro. How's that?

Sist. By resolving not to go into the Army.

Bro. That cannot be; it is too late now.

Sist. That's as much as to say, *There is a Fate upon you, and you must go:* By the same Rule of fatal Necessity, which some People harp much upon, all your Dream may be under a Necessity of coming to pass.

Bro. It may be so, for aught I know.

Sist. You give me the Vapours with but thinking of it.

Bro. What can I do? How can I help it now?

Sist. Why, I tell you how you may help it, *Do not go.*

Bro. But I tell you, I have bought a Troop of Dragoons.

Sist.

Sist. What then? you may sell it again.

Bro. That is not Honourable, I should be laugh'd at.

Sist. You have no Occasion in the World to act thus: You have an Estate, and may live happily, and settle your Mind; what may come this Way no Body can tell; the other Way you were out of Danger; this Way your Dream may come good for aught I know.

Bro. Now you have got the Hyppo, *Sister*.

Sist. Why, such a Dream, and such a Circumstance, is enough to give any Body the Vapours. I cannot think of your going to be murdered in the Army; if it had been my Lot, and I had been a Man, there had been some Sense in it. [She weeps.

Bro. Why you any more than me?

Sist. Why, because you have an Estate, as I told you before, I have nothing at all, but am turned out of my Father's House, and am kept here in Charity, as it were.

Bro. Charity! Why I hear you are going to be married.

Sist. Married! Who do you think will have me without any Portion?

Bro. Why I hear young Mr———, my Aunt's Son-in-Law, courts you.

Sist. There has been something talk'd of about it indeed, but that was, as I suppose, if this Breach had not happened: As it has, he knows better than to take me; and if it had not, I should ha' known better than to have had him.

Bro. Why, as to the last, I think you are wrong; he is a very pretty Gentleman, has a very good Estate; and you have been acquainted with his Humour, and you know he is a sober, sensible, good temper'd Man.

Sist. My Brother, but you know Sir Anthony?

Bro. But you know, *Sister*, on the other hand, Sir Anthony's Character is so bad, and his Estate but indifferent, and entangled too; so that you had no

room

room to think, *That my Father, tho' you and he had not differed,* would have ever been brought to like it: *Nor would he ha' been in the right if he had:* For Sir Anthony could have made you no Settlement; and besides, he is a Rake, I wonder you could fancy him.

Sist. Well, all that's over now, I am a fitter Match for my Uncle's Coachman, than for my Uncle's eldest Son.

Bro. That's all Hyppo too, Sister, prythee be as free with me as I am with you; tell me that Case; *I know something of it,* I know you may have him if you will, notwithstanding all your Circumstances; as for the Family Quarrel, he knows of it; and yet he is so in love with you, he'll take you whether he have any Portion or no, and venture reconciling your Father afterwards; *I think he offers fair.*

Sist. Indeed, he said so to me, which was very obliging, *I confess.*

Bro. What could you say to him in Return?

Sist. I told him I would not do him so much Harm, I was too much his Friend.

Bro. That was a mock Friendship, and what he did not thank you for, *I suppose,* what else could you say?

Sist. I told him *very plainly,* I would not be so much in Debt to any Husband, as to have him take me without a Portion: I would not put it into a Husband's Power to reproach me with having had nothing with me.

Bro. Come, tell me the whole Discourse now, I know you was able to keep him at Arm's-end a great while with your Tongue.

Sist. You are mistaken in me, and more in him, I assure you.

Bro. Go on, and tell me the utmost Opposition you could make of that kind.

Sist.

Sist. No, as you served me about your Dreams, *so I'll do now with you*, I won't trouble you with those single Banterers, which were of no Use; but I'll tell you the main Debate, because you are a little concerned in it too, *as I was in my Dream.*

Bro. With all my Heart.

Sist. Why, after he had two or three times proposed Marriage to me, and my Aunt had pressed me to a serious Consideration of it, I took the Liberty to speak my Mind very freely to him *one Night*, and to her too: *In short*, I made my Aunt downright angry with me; but I could get nothing from him, but what I confess was kinder, than, *as I told him*, I ever intended to deserve; and what was so very obliging, that I confess I think myself very rude to him, *I wonder he could bear it.*

Bro. I know he is a most obliging good-humoured Gentleman, and you ought not to have used him ill.

Sist. Well, I used him ill enough for all that; I asked him first, if he knew the Occasion of my being at their House? *He said*, yes, he did; *I told him*, I did not believe it.

Bro. That was rude indeed; it was unmannerly, *Sister.*

Sist. No, I was not rude that way neither; I did not give him the Lye, but I went on *immediately*, I told him, That he might perhaps know that it was a Breach between my Father and me, but did not suppose *as I did*, That it was a Breach that was impossible ever to be made up; *he looked a little surprized at that*, and said nothing, but my Aunt took me up short, and said, *Don't say so, Niece, I hope it shall easily be made up*: No, Madam, *said I*, it can never be made up; I thought you all went upon a wrong Notion, and therefore it was that *I said*, I did not believe it, when Mr. ——— said he knew the Affair of the Breach.

Bro. But why would you lay it down *so positively*, that it could never be made up?

Sist.

Sist. Why, I told them plainly, my Father thought me guilty of an unpardonable Fault, and I thought myself guilty of no Fault at all. My Father thought me *disobedient*, and I thought him *unnatural*: My Father had vowed never to receive me without Repentance, and I had resolved never to repent; and so it was impossible we could be reconciled.

Bro. That was laying it down *very plain* indeed; what could they say?

Sist. My Aunt was very warm with me; Indeed I thought she would ha' been downright angry at my saying, *I would never repent*. She alledged I ought not to say so in any Case whatsoever. *I was as warm as she, and told her*, if I was convinced I was in the wrong, I should repent of course, of that or any thing else; *if I was not*, could never repent by violence: That Fathers might sin against Children, as well as Children, against Parents: I would ha' said more, but I broke out into Tears, and could not talk.

Bro. *You're too warm*; you would have argued it better if you had been calmer.

Sist. She moved me, by seeming to condemn me, as I thought, without arguing; but when she saw me concerned, she said she was sorry to see things come to such a Height, and that if it was so, she was almost of my Mind, *that it would never be made up*; after which she added, *what vexed me worse than all the rest*, these Words; (*viz.*) *what then do you intend to do, Child?* This nettled me worse, as I said, than all: For it look'd as if she had said, *I was not to expect to live always there*; at which I returned, *a little too short*, I confess, *Go away, Madam, whenever you are weary of me*.

Bro. Fye, *Sister*, you should not ha' done so, for I know she is very kind to you, and loves you very well.

Sist. *That's true*, but I was vex'd; *However*, I ask'd her Pardon afterwards, *as you shall hear*.

Bro. How did she take it then?

Sist. Calmly and obligingly enough. *I see*, Cousin, said she, *you are moved*; I will take nothing ill from you, and therefore we will say no more of it now; I hope ways may be found to accommodate things between you and your Father *still*; and I will be very glad to be instrumental to bring it to pass for you, for your own sake.

Bro. That was kind, and very much like her, for she is a very good Woman.

Sist. It was so; *and moved me so much the other way*, that I went to her immediately, and kiss'd her, and ask'd her Pardon for being so rude to her, and would have kneel'd, but she would not let me.

Bro. And was the young Gentleman there to see all this?

Sist. Yes he was; and then it was, that as I said, he behaved so very obligingly to me; he told his Mother, for he seemed to speak *to her* rather than to me, That he had found out a Way effectually to reconcile my Father and me, if I would approve of it: I told him I could not but approve of any reasonable Way to be reconciled to my Father; for no body could suppose it was pleasant to me to be turned out of my Father's House; be look'd upon like a Vagabond, and having no Fortune or Subsistence, be left to go to Service, or to be kept as it were upon Charity. He turned short to me upon this, and said, you know, Madam, the Offers of Marriage I have made to you; your Aunt, *my kind Mother here*, knows I am sincere in the Proposal; if you accept me, let all the Breach lie on me: If, when your Father and I debate it, he insists that you are in the wrong, I'll ask him Forgiveness in your stead, and I doubt not to prevail upon him to accept of it; if you do not appear in the wrong, and yet he should be obstinate, I'll endeavour to make up the Loss of a Father to you, by doing every thing I can to make you forget the Affliction that is past; and I assure you, I shall never

ver enquire whether he will give you any Portion or no.

Bro. Was it possible for you to answer any thing to so kind a Proposal, when made in such serious Terms? Certainly you could not banter him then, Sister, as you did before.

Sist. No, I did not banter him, *I answered him thus*; I told him that his *Offer* was too much for him to make, and too much for me to refuse, without an Apology for not making him a suitable Return; but that he and I yet differ'd about the main Question, *viz. What it was my Father and I parted about*, and perhaps he and I should part about the same: For if beforehand I knew that he was against my Part, then he was not able to be an Advocate; but only took upon him to bear the Ignominy of a Submission for me; which was a Work I was not willing to put upon him, and a Debt I was not willing to owe him: That I had *too much* Respect for him to suffer him to do the first, and *too little* to load myself with the Obligation of the last. That on the other hand, if he justified me, and believed my *Father* in the wrong, all the Thoughts of reconciling of my Father were at an End. That as to taking me without it, I told him, *as I told you just now*, that I seemed a fitter Match for one of his Father's Footmen, than for *his Father's eldest Son*; and had too much Respect for the Family, to fill up such a Place upon such mean Conditions.

Bro. But he might have answered all that, *by telling you*, he took all that Part upon himself.

Sist. He did so, *and told me*, he would make the same Settlement upon me, as if I had my Father's Blessing and a Portion; and he would apply himself for both afterwards.

Bro. What could you say to that?

Sist. I turned then to my Aunt, for this was a publick Communing, *it was no Courtship at all*. I asked

asked her thus; Madam, there is another Impossibility in the Way, that you know of, which really ought to prohibit my speaking it, and that is this: Tho' this Breach happened between my Father and me, and I seem now, *as it were*, to be out of his Government; yet I do not think myself at Liberty by it, to dispose of myself without his Leave or Consent, or at least without asking it: If, upon any such Motion, he answers, Let her do what she pleases, as she has put herself out of my Care, so she shall be out of my Concern; if he says so indeed, I shall know then what I have to do; but till such or some other Answer is obtained from my Father, I don't think the Question ought so much as to be asked of me; at least if it be, I ought to give no other Answer to it.

Bro. That was very respectfully answer'd as to my Father, What followed?

Sist. My Aunt answered me, *Leave that to me, Child, I'll answer for that.* I answered, I shall leave it to you with all my Heart, Madam; but I can make no Answer then, till you shall be pleased to let me know *when I am* at Liberty to answer, and *when not*: Well, Niece, said my Aunt, to put you out of Pain about that, I have talked with your Father and Mother already about it; I find them indeed very angry, and dissatisfied with their Daughter, but upon no other Account backward or unwilling to the Proposal. Well, Madam, said I, a little surprized, then you have gone further in this Matter than I imagined: And *what's next*, said I? Next, Child, said she, why if you would go along with me, and speak but one Word to your Father, nay half so much as you did to me just now, *for no Cause at all*, it would be all over; and if the Family was uneasy to you upon any other Account, we should fetch you out of it again in as short a time as you could desire: *Do, Child*, says the good old Lady, *I'll introduce you, I'll make half your Submission for you.*

Bro.

Bro. Indeed I'd ha' gone with her; *I wonder at you*; if any one would do half so much for me, I'd go To-morrow Morning, as far as things are gone with me.

Sist. Well, I was once of the Mind to have gone too, but I did not.

Bro. What could you say to her?

Sist. I said these very Words; *Madam, I find a greater Obstacle here than before, and I don't know but if it had not been on this Account, I should ha' been glad of your Offer*; but do you think my Father shall say, *That whereas I would not submit to him upon the just Foundation, on which he differed with me, yet that I could come home to cry for a Husband!* No, *Madam, no one on Earth shall say that of me, I am not in such Distress yet.*

Bro. I should never have made that Scruple; indeed Sister, you are wondrous nice!

Sist. Why Brother, what would you think of any young Lady that should make way for your Addresses upon such low Terms, would you not think her very fond?

Bro. No, indeed; and he would not neither, I dare say.

Sist. I resolved I would not put myself so much at his Mercy.

Bro. What said he to it?

Sist. He said what was like himself, very obliging; he told me, *That now I laid a double Affliction upon him, for I made him that was willing to do anything in the World, to bring about my Return to my Father, be the only Obstacle in the Way of it*; I told him, he knew how to remove the Obstacle very easily, which was by thinking no more of me; and perhaps in time I might see my Mistake, and by my Aunt's Mediation, make my Peace with my Father; or my Father might abate his rigorous Humour, and it might go off again without it; or if neither happened, as I was not a Wife fit for a Gentleman,
and

and was too proud to take up with a Footman, I was in no haste, I could remain as I was.

Bro. You were extravagantly stiff.

Sist. Why, really, Brother, I think my Circumstance requires it more, than if I had been in my Father's House; *for to have consented one Moment sooner for my Condition*, had been the same thing as to be taken in Charity; besides, I foresaw the Dispute we *should have* about what our Family Breach began upon, and to which this was but an Introduction; and therefore I was resolved to be open and free with them before-hand, whether we came to agree at last or no: And as I have told you all this, only to bring in the other, so I'll omit all the rest of our Discourse, and come to that Point.

Bro. *Do so*, for I think you said I was a little concerned in it.

Sist. So you are, *but not much*. Well, Mr. — and my Aunt too, said a great many very kind things to me after that; but at last I turned to my Aunt, *Madam*, says I, I cannot but think all our Discourse remote and foreign; and since you will have me speak of a thing which I never had any Thoughts of, I ought to be very plain and free, *especially since you are pleased to give me Leave*: *Do so*, my Dear, said my Aunt. Why then, *Madam*, said I, we are talking of reconciling me to my Father, and *as I told you*, I shall be very glad of it; but as to making that Reconciliation a Means to what Mr. — proposes, I do not see it will be any thing to the Purpose, *Why so, Niece?* says my Aunt: *Why, Madam*, said I, this was the Reason why I have two or three times asked Mr. — if he rightly understood the Reasons and Circumstances of the Breach between me and my Father: He was pleased to say he did; *tho' I can hardly think it*. Now, *Madam*, says I, it is my Opinion that Mr. — and I shall differ as much *about the same things* as my Father and I did; *tho' perhaps*
not

not with so much Unkindness, *especially if we differ about it before-hand*; and therefore it is best Fighting that Battle *before* than *after*, for you see I can deliver myself from the Fury of a Father, but I know not my Case, *if it had been a Husband*: Besides, *Madam*, I think it is *honest*er and kinder to Mr. — to have all this Matter settled and disputed *now*, than to leave things to hereafter; when I *shall* have neither Liberty *to go away*, nor Freedom of Speech *at home*, which would be to make my *bad Case* ten times worse than it is.

Bro. But what said your Aunt to this;

Sist. She was stunned at it *at first*, and seemed willing to put it off to another time; which she afterwards told me, was, because she was afraid my Case should be represented too much to my Disadvantage: Mr. — seeing his Mother too backward to talk of it, thought there might be something she would not have him hear, and withdrew; which I was not pleased with; for since I saw they would make a Match of it, and I saw no great Reason to be averse, or at least obstinately so, I was willing to come to a Certainty, and know what Kind of Life I was to live; for I was resolved, I would no more be a *married Nun*, than I would be a *cloistered Daughter*; however he being withdrawn, my Aunt and I began the following Discourse, which I'll give you as short as I can. My Aunt spoke first *thus*:

“ *Aunt.* Come, Child, now my Son is gone, let
 “ me be plain with you; and pray take all the Free-
 “ dom and Liberty with me that you would now, if
 “ your Brother was here; and let us talk of this
 “ Matter, for I would not have you stand in your
 “ own Light *again*; you see how things stand with
 “ you and your Father; and, *as you said before*, I
 “ doubt it will be hard to bring you to an Accom-
 “ modation, but this Match will make you entirely
 “ easy.

“ *Niece.*

“ *Niece.* Madam, said I, as you give me a Liberty
 “ to speak freely, I hope you will not take it ill that
 “ I am very plain. I have no particular Objection
 “ against the Match with your Son *as to himself*; in-
 “ deed I did not look upon it at first to be a serious
 “ Proposal; but since you assure me it is, and as you
 “ are now instead both of a Father and a Mother to
 “ me; I shall give myself up to be intirely disposed
 “ of by you only: My present Difficulties relate to
 “ my own Circumstances; and the Ground and Rea-
 “ son of the Breach with my Father, seems to me to
 “ be a plain Foundation of the like with my Husband,
 “ if I should ever marry Mr.—, which would make
 “ me more miserable than I am now.

“ *Aunt.* You must explain yourself, *Child*: I know
 “ the Breach between you and your Father was begun
 “ about Religion, and the Reformation of his Family,
 “ which he has happily effected, and which you and
 “ your Brother opposed; I am loth to bring those
 “ things to your Mind: I observe they always bring
 “ Tears into your Eyes, *Things were carried too high*;
 “ we all have thought you were in the *Wrong*; but that
 “ is not the *Case* now.

“ *Niece.* Pardon me, Madam, said I, *that is just*
 “ *the Case* now, and as you have heard Parties against
 “ me, so I doubt not you will hear me too, for while
 “ you believe me in the *Wrong*, Mr.— and I
 “ can never be right; suppose I should do just by him
 “ as I did by my Father, what then?

“ *Aunt.* I hope you will not, my Dear.

“ *Niece.* No, Madam, indeed I will not, I will
 “ not go away from him: But to prevent that, I will
 “ never have him, till he and I adjust the Matter *as*
 “ *to what* Liberty I may expect, and *what not*; for
 “ I will never marry, *as I said*, to be my Husband’s
 “ *cloister’d Wife*, any more than I would stay at home
 “ to be my Father’s Nun.

“ *Aunt.*

“ *Aunt.* Why, Child, your Difference with your Father as I understand it, was, that when he set up the Worship of GOD in his Family, you would not join with him, but made a Scoff at his Resolution of reforming his Family, and several such things.

“ *Niece.* Did I not say, *Madam*, that I believe Mr. — and you also, had not had a fair Account of the thing: I cannot wonder, *Madam*, that you thought me in the Wrong; I wonder Mr. — could think of me for a *Wife*, if I had been such a Daughter.

“ *Aunt.* Come Child, undeceive me then, and let me hear it all.

“ *Niece.* No, *Madam*, let me only let you hear it right: My Father and Mother had bred up me and my Brother, as you know, till we were come to be what we call Men and Women: We had been used to Company, to good Manners, to converse in the World with People of Quality and good Breeding; and were come to an Age, in which we might be thought fit to be trusted with so much of the Government of ourselves, as to be past Schooling and Tutelage: We made no other use of those Liberties than became a modest Behaviour; they can charge us with nothing Criminal or Scandalous; no Vice, nothing injurious to our Reputation; when all of a sudden, without any Notice, we were fallen upon, abridged of all lawful Liberties, were to have new Lectures of Family Discipline read to us, which we were absolutely to submit to, and to commence Children again. *This you may be sure we thought hard*, and my Share was immediately to fall under Correction; for my Mother, without any Provocation, as I thought, flew to my Closet, took away all my Books, and flung them in the Fire, and laid her Hands upon me into the Bargain; this, I thought, at my Age, was unreasonable Usage.

“ *Aunt.*

“ *Aunt.* Well, Child, but you say you made no
 “ ill Use of your Liberties; whereas you went e-
 “ very L O R D’s Day abroad to the Park, and a
 “ Visiting; you went every Day (almost) to the
 “ Play, spent your Time at home in playing at
 “ Cards, reading Plays, and the like.

“ *Niece.* It is true, *Madam*, we did so; but we
 “ did not reckon those unlawful Liberties, *Madam*,
 “ nor do I yet think so.

“ *Aunt.* I am sorry for that, *my Dear*, I am quite
 “ of another Mind.

“ *Niece.* But, *Madam*, if they were so, who gave
 “ us the Example? Who bred us up in that Liberty?
 “ Did not *my Father and Mother* always go out with
 “ us to the Park a *Sundays*? And go with us to the
 “ Play? Nay, did they not lead us into it by their
 “ Example? And did not my Mother give me most
 “ of those very Books she threw into the Fire out of
 “ her own Closet? If this was a wicked Course, why
 “ had they not brought us up otherways, and not in-
 “ troduced us to it themselves?

“ *Aunt.* My Child; they own they were in the
 “ wrong, and that is their Grief; I have heard them
 “ express themselves with Tears, and a just Sorrow
 “ on that Account: And they are forward enough to
 “ charge themselves with it, as the Cause of all the
 “ Obstinacy of you and your Brother, in resisting their
 “ Measures of Reformation; and you should not re-
 “ proach them, *my Dear*, with what they repent of.

“ *Niece.* I do not reproach them, perhaps they have
 “ Cause for their Repentance; but still it may be al-
 “ lowed for a Reason against their so violently driving
 “ us into their new Measures, and breaking us off from
 “ all our Friends and Society at once, without any o-
 “ ther Reason, but that they thought fit to have it so;
 “ had we been little Children, it had been another Case.

“ *Aunt.* I can’t but be against you *Cousin* in it, tho’
 “ that Part may seem hard to you; for if the Thing

“ was necessary and just, you could not justify so great
 “ a Breach with your Father and Mother for the
 “ Manner of it.

“ *Niece.* This is what I look'd for, Madam, and is
 “ the Reason why I mention'd it; for if Mr. ———
 “ thinks to go on with what my Father has begun, I
 “ *am no Wife for him to be sure*; if I were, why
 “ should I come away from my Father?

“ *Aunt.* Why, if you were married to my Son—
 “ would you refuse to have him pray to GOD in his
 “ Family, or to join with him if he did! *Indeed, Cous-*
 “ *sin,* I love you very well, *but I have so much Respect*
 “ *for him also,* and above all, so much Zeal for the
 “ keeping up the Face of Religion in Families, that
 “ I could not in Conscience be for the Match.

“ *Niece.* If, Madam, that had been the Quarrel
 “ between my Father and me, *why did I come to your*
 “ *House?* Do I scruple going to Prayers with you all
 “ here? Did I omit going to Church with my Fa-
 “ ther? or do I omit it here? you are satisfied I
 “ knew the Orders of your Family before I came
 “ hither. *This makes it plain* it was not that made
 “ the Dispute, but the manner of his Acting, and
 “ abridging us of all those Liberties he had bred us
 “ up in, and then beginning a new Discipline; when
 “ he ought to have allowed us to be past Discipline:
 “ Why had he not without all that Ceremony, and
 “ those Severities upon us, called his Family to Prayers,
 “ and called us in, do you think, Madam, we would
 “ have run away, or have left our Father, because of
 “ his going to Prayers?

“ *Aunt.* Well, *Niece,* tho' he might have done so,
 “ yet I cannot think *you were in the Right of it,* nor
 “ your Brother neither; who I hear insults his Fa-
 “ ther very rudely since, because he has an Estate
 “ without him: But I fear that young Gentleman
 “ *will come to want Bread yet,* unless his Father help
 “ him; I am persuaded I shall live to see him
 “ brought

“ brought to his Father's Door in as bad a Condition as
“ the Prodigal, tho' without the Prodigal's Repentance.

“ I wish I am not too true a Prophetess.

“ Niece. This very Thing is the Reason, Madam,
“ why I am so willing to speak of this Case, before I
“ can talk any thing to the Purpose about Mr. —

“ Aunt. Why, Child, what does this relate to him ?
“ he knows it all, and we know it all, and yet we are
“ willing he should make you his Wife; if these
“ Things do not hinder on his Side, sure they can ne-
“ ver hinder on your Side.

“ Niece. I think just the contrary, Madam : and
“ I beg you will bear with me in speaking it plainly ;
“ it's true, he knows all this as well as you do, but
“ if he believes me in the wrong too, as you do, I
“ would be glad to know how I, that think myself in
“ the right, am to live with him, in the Case of such
“ Liberties which I justify, and he condemns ; to be
“ sure, if I thought them not justifiable, I would go
“ home to my Father this Minute, and ask his Par-
“ don upon my Knees ; and if I continue to think
“ them justifiable, I shall think it more hard to be
“ abridged by my Husband than I did by my Father.
“ And this is the Difficulty I mentioned before.

“ Aunt. Why, Child, what Liberties do you mean ?
“ Or what would you speak of in such a Case ? I hope
“ you would desire no unlawful unbecoming Liber-
“ ties, especially when you were a Wife and a Mistress
“ of a Family ?

“ Niece. I hope not, Madam ; nor any unbecoming
“ Restraints neither ; and that is the Reason of my
“ Discourse ; he may think himself willing to run the
“ Risque of the first, but I am not willing to run the
“ Risque of the last ; for our Power of acting under
“ them will be by no means equal.

[Just at this Word the young Gentleman comes in
again.

" *Aunt.* Here's my Son, let him answer for himself. State your Objection.

" *Niece.* No, Madam, you can do it much better.

[*The Aunt repeats the very Words to him.*]

" *Son.* I wonder, *Madam*, you should think I should practise Restraints with you; I see nothing in your Conversation that prepares me to expect you can want a Restraint, or that bids me fear it.

" *Niece.* I may be a worse *Wife* than I am a *Cousin*, as I have been a worse Daughter to my *Father*, than I have been a *Niece* to my *Aunt*.

" *Son.* I am not so willing to suppose that, as I am well satisfied of the contrary.

" *Niece.* But I would know what Restraints I am to expect.

" *Son.* You can hardly mention upon *what Occasion*.

" *Niece.* Upon the very probable Occasion of my being a *bad Wife*.

" *Son.* That's a general Head, and yet you shall have a particular Answer to it, *Madam*; I know no practical Restraints that a Husband can *honestly make use of*, than those of Intreaties, Persuasions, and kind Reasonings; and those I know you would allow.

" *Niece.* You are capable of learning, though you may know no other yet.

" *Son.* Pray, *Madam*, be so particular then as to name some of the Cases in which you apprehend I shall restrain you.

" *Niece.* Perhaps I will go to the Play, *What will you do?* You won't go with me.

" *Son.* To the Door, *Madam*, to see you safe, I should.

" *Niece.* Perhaps when you will go to Prayers, I go a Visiting.

" *Son.* If you won't let me pray *with you*, *Madam*, I hope you'll let me pray *for you*.

" *Niece.* Suppose I have a mind to go to the Park a *Sundays*?

" *Son.*

“ *Son.* I’ll shew you the Reasons why I dare not go
 “ with you ; and use all the Entreaties and Persua-
 “ sions I can with you not to act so much against your
 “ own Conscience ; and I hope to prevail with you
 “ too. But to wave such Suggestions ; upon the
 “ whole, *Madam*, it is my Principle, and I believe
 “ it will be my Practice, that between *Man* and
 “ *Wife* no Violence *can be justify’d*, but that of af-
 “ fectionate, tender Persuasion, and a reasoning Im-
 “ portunity. My Disposition does not lead me to
 “ Rudeness ; all the Government, and all the Obe-
 “ dience of the married State that I have any Notion
 “ of, consists in the Dominion of Love, and the Sub-
 “ jection of Love ; what Monster I may be trans-
 “ formed into, I cannot say, *but this is my Judg-*
 “ *ment*, and I persuade myself *you are not* apprehensive
 “ of the rest, any more than *I am* apprehensive of
 “ your acting as you say you will.”

Sist. This, Brother, was the Substance of our Dis-
 course, and an odd Sort of Courting you’ll say it was,
and thus the Case stands now ; what I shall resolve to
 do in it, I know not ? what would you advise me
 to ?

Bro. I’ll be very plain with you, *Sister*, if you were
 in as good Terms with your Father as ever you were,
 yet if this had offer’d then, I would have advis’d you
 to have had him, if ever you expected to be happy :
 He is a sober, virtuous, generous-spirited Gentleman,
 and such a one can never use you ill. *I know you love*
Sir Anthony——— but you are undone *if ever you*
have him ; for he is a Brute, and a Beggar ; he only
 wants your Money ; and if he marries you, he has
 neither Estate to maintain you, Sense to entertain you,
 or Manners to use you well.

Sister. I believe I shall take your Advice *truly*, but I
 shall not be too hasty.

Bro. I am glad to see you in so fair a way to come
 off of this ugly Family Broil.

Sist. I do not see that this will bring me off of it at all; my Father will be the same Man.

Bro. Yes, yes, it will bring you off; he will bring you to be reconciled, and my Aunt will work another way; and if it should be impossible, still you are provided for.

Sist. I can't say but I shall be provided for; yet I own I shall never enjoy myself; for whether I am right or wrong, I cannot say I am easy to be at such a Variance, as not to be in speaking Terms with my own Father and Mother.

Bro. That's just my Case, I know not what I shall do to go abroad, and perhaps may never see them again; and to go and not so much as see them, or have their Blessing, or take my leave of them: I know not what to do in it.

Sist. Dear Brother, then why will you go? I think you take the wrongest Step in the World.

Bro. In what, Child?

Sist. To go into the Army! What Occasion have you for it? You told me you should only go to travel.

Bro. Well, be easy, I am going to travel first, for a Year: I design to go into Italy.

Sist. But you must go to the Army at last.

Bro. Ay, but not a great while yet; though perhaps time enough to make my Dream good.

Sist. My Aunt's Words came into my Head, when you told me that ugly Dream: I wish there be not something in it at last; if you did not go into the Army, I should not be afraid of it.

Bro. I do not love to heed Dreams.

Sist. I have heard our Minister say, there is a just Medium to be observ'd in the giving heed to Dreams, (*viz.*) That we should not lay too much Stress upon them, and yet not wholly slight them.

Bro. I observe the Dreams that signify bad Things are true ofteneft; I dreamed exactly about
a Week

a Week before it happened, of our Breach with my Father.

Sist. Here comes my *Aunt*, we must talk no more of that now.

The End of the Second Dialogue.



T H E

THIRD DIALOGUE.



HE two last Dialogues are to be understood to be a Recapitulation of what had been acted some time past, in order to introduce this Part, and preserve the Connection of the History. The Daughter is now to be talked of, as having been married some time. The Son was gone to travel, and having been returned into *Flanders*, was gone to his Post in the Army, where being in the Confederate Service, and commanded out upon Action, he fell in with a Party of the *French*, and being very much wounded in the Fight, was taken Prisoner, and carried to *Cambray*; from whence he wrote his Sister a Letter, of which in its Course.

The new married Couple had for above two Years lived together, as they were at first, with his Father and her Aunt; during which time she had had two Children, and the Treatment she had met with there had been so kind, so diverting, and so obliging, that she could have no Reason to say that they had not perform'd fully the Engagement her Husband had made with her, to endeavour to make her forget the Affliction of the Breach with her Father.

Her Husband carried it with so much Tendernefs and Affection to her, as was capable to engage and

win a Temper far more refractory than hers, and by his obliging Carriage he prevented many little Excursions which her Inclination would otherwise have led her to; yet two Things remained, *First*, She could not persuade herself to like a regular kind of Family Government; she loved Company, which she had been accustom'd to, and a little to Play; and when she made her Visits, would sometimes stay at Cards or other Diversions very late. *Secondly*, She could not bear to think of stooping to own her Misbehaviour to her Father, or to make any Submission to him; nor could her Husband, tho' he failed in no Endeavour, bring that Breach to an End without it.

As her Family increased, and on the other hand, her Ways were not very agreeable to the Family she was in, it seemed necessary to think of settling themselves apart; and her Husband having a very good House of his own near the City, it was resolv'd they should do so; and accordingly, as we say, they began House-keeping.

And now began the Trial of her Husband's Temper and Patience to the utmost. The Case was thus; Being now to be a Master of a Family, he was obliged to take upon him the Charge of Family Government; he had not only been religiously educated, but, *as has been before observed*, was a very serious, religious Gentleman himself. It was his Affliction, that he found very little Complaisance in his Wife to any thing that was religious; and therefore, he enter'd into no Conference with her about establishing the Orders of his Family; but as soon as his House was furnished, and his Family removed, he resolv'd, like a true Christian, to begin with the Worship of God in his House; and that he might leave no room for her to dispute it, he did this without so much as mentioning it to his Wife, and as if it was a thing which ought to be taken for granted, was as naturally and necessarily to be done in a Family, as providing

viding Food and Conveniencies for their Subsistence : However, as if to make this more eligible, and to introduce it without any seeming Imposition upon his Wife, he invited his Father and Mother, and a Minister who was their Acquaintance, to sup with them *the first Night of their House-keeping* ; and before Supper, his Wife being in the Room, he ask'd the Minister aloud, *If he would please to be their Chaplain for that Night ?* The Wife could not offer to oppose it, tho' he could easily perceive she look'd a little strange at it ; so the Minister, as had been concerted, gladly accepted the Offer, Books were brought in, the Servants called together, and Family Prayers performed *the first Night* : After this was done, and Supper was over, he invited the Minister, *who it seems lived in the Country*, to stay two or three Days with him, which he also accepted ; so of course Prayers were had every Night and Morning while the Minister stay'd ; and thus the Worship of God was quietly introduced into the Family ; and after the Minister was gone, the Servants, to whom it was no Novelty, having been all in the Family before, came of course together at the usual Hour, and he perform'd it himself.

His Wife, who was more disgusted at his taking no Notice of it to her, than at the thing itself ; as *if it was a Beginning of some new Method which he intended to take with her*, took a great many Ways to let him see she was not very well pleased ; sometimes at the usual time, when he would say, *Come, call in the Servants*, she would give a Smile as a Signal of Contempt : Often she would be busy above Stairs, and not come down at all ; very often, tho' she would come, she would make him wait a good while, and when she came into the Room, would say with some Disdain, *What need you ha' staid for me.*

However, *he takes no Notice of all this* ; and tho' she strove by all the Ways she could to have made him speak of it first, yet he shunned it ; resolving not to

have any Dispute with her, *if it were possible to avoid it*; but she soon took care to make it unavoidable.

Being now become a *Mistress* of a Family, he hop'd she would have had some Consideration for the Station she was in, and have appeared with a little of that Gravity and Authority that became her; but on the contrary, she entirely omitted all Appearance of any such thing; she visited oftner than ever; she play'd at Cards abroad two or three times a Week; and *at home*, as often as she could get Company; she went almost nightly to the Play: In short, she began to lead a Life so different from the rest of the Family, and so uneasy to him, and all his and her Friends, that it was greatly afflicting and perplexing to him.

During all this time he treated her with the utmost Tenderness, and the most obliging Carriage that was possible; only it could not be concealed neither from her, nor from all the House, that his Wife's Conduct was an extreme Affliction to him: *and the more*, because he saw no possible Method to go about to reclaim her.

His Wife finding herself unrestrained, grew still worse, and at length contented not herself to give her Vanity its full Swing, but appeared discontented that he would not do the like: If she went to the Play, he would sometimes go with her to the Door, *as he had said he would when he courted her*, but would not go in, which she pretended she took very ill of him. When he visited any where *with her*, where he saw her resolved to stay late at Cards, he would excuse himself, and leave her; and it was much if she did not flout him before the Company in some such manner as this; *What, you want to go home and say your Prayers?* Which he would turn off with a Smile, or a Jest, and withdraw; but still these Things were very grievous to him.

During

During all this, and much more, *nothing anger'd her so much*, as that he would not take the Case into Debate with her, but he resolved to go on in the Duties of a Master in his Family, and to give her no Occasion to say he used her amiss; so that all this while he said nothing to her, till at last she began with him upon the following Occasion.

His eldest Child, a fine little Boy, was now almost three Years old: He had been but too well assured, that his Wife took little Care to teach the Child any thing that might lay an early Foundation of a religious Knowledge in its Mind; wherefore upon all Opportunities he would be talking to the little Creature in such Language as was fittest for him to understand, (*viz.*) *Of who made him? and who redeemed him? what God was? and that he must serve God*, and the like; *as is usual to say to little Children*: And his Wife takes that Opportunity to break in upon him one Day in pursuance of her former Resolution, and began with him while he was talking to his little Son in the following manner:

Wife. So Mr. — you are worthily imployed.

Husb. *My Dear*, I hope 'tis no ill Imployment.

Wife. No, no, only suitable to that absolute Government of your Family, which you entered upon at your beginning to keep House.

Husb. *My Dear*, I hope I have not encroached upon your Province?

Wife. No, no, my Province! to be sure I am not fit to instruct a Child of three Years old.

Husb. My speaking to the Child to let him know *who made him*, and *who redeemed him*, and *whom he was born to serve*, was a thing so innocent, and I thought so natural, that I wonder'd it should offend you, *my Dear*.

Wife. No, no, offend me! Why should it offend me? You know I cannot do it myself, having never been taught any thing, till I was almost twenty Years old?

Husb.

Husb. Tho' you have had Knowledge enough, *my Dear*, yet I have heard you say it had been better if your Father had begun earlier with his Family; and that it had prevented the Breach that has happened since.

Wife. Yes, yes, and made you have a better Wife.

Husb. *My Dear*, you never heard me complain.

Wife. No, your Reproofs are silent, but very legible, and easy to be understood.

Husb. Wherein, *my Dear*, do I reprove you?

Wife. Only by taking all your Family Measures without consulting your Wife; as one not worth having her Consent ask'd in the Matter, or rather not capable of giving it.

Husb. What Family Measures do you mean, *my Dear*? We have not been six Months in a Family yet, and I know not one single thing in the House that I have ordered without you.

Wife. Not one thing! *why*, did you not bring home your Chaplain without me? And set up your Family Orders without me? Why was not I worthy being spoke to about it? I suppose you fancied I would oppose it, *as you once had a Notion I did at my Father's*; and so you treated me as if I was first, an Atheist, that would oppose any thing that was good or religious; and secondly, an upper Servant, whose Business was not to join in making Orders, but to submit to them when made; *But I don't trouble you much at your Devotions.*

Husb. It is my great Misfortune that you have kept this in your Mind so long, and not let me know *that you took Offence at it* before: Nothing was ever done with more Innocence of Intention, or construed in a more contrary manner to my Meaning; I could have no Thought that you would oppose the natural Duty of all Creatures to worship and serve *the Being that created them*: How could I have such a Thought of you, *my Dear*, when I know you always willingly joined with

us,

us at my Father's, and when I heard you declare to your Aunt, that the coming to Prayers was no Part of the thing which made the Breach at your Father's? Do not take it ill, *my Dear*, indeed I had not the least Thoughts of what you suggest, and if I omitted any thing, which I ought to ha' done in respect to you, *my Dear*, I ask your Pardon.

[*Offers to kiss her, she turns away from him.*]

Wife. What signifies that, when you have used me so? You know I must submit to your Orders now they are made.

Husb. *My Dear*, Is there any thing in my Family Orders which offends you, or that you would not have done? If there is let me know, and it shall be alter'd.

Wife. No, no; it's past the Time to ask that Question now; you know it is my part to submit.

Husb. *My Dear*, I cannot but think it hard, you should talk of submitting where there is nothing impos'd; I impose nothing, and offer to alter any thing you shall direct to be altered.

Wife. Is it not imposing, when you did it all without so much as speaking a Word to me about it? tho' the Matter of it was never so good, yet the Manner of doing it was by imposing a Compliance in me, since I was not thought worthy to be spoken to about it: But you see *I do not trouble you much with my Company.*

Husb. That's my Grief, *my Dear*, and principally because I fear, that *at last* it will not be your Comfort.

Wife. What need that trouble you?

Husb. *My Dear*, if you suppose I love you, you cannot think I can be less concern'd for your future Happiness, than for your present.

Wife. I suppose none of the three.

Husb. If you do me Justice you will be satisfy'd of them all; but *you are angry now*, I'll wave that Discourse, till you are better satisfy'd.

Wife.

Wife. Your Grief you speak of, is nothing at all to the Occasions given me.

Husb. My Grief is, That the Occasion you take of being displeased, is from what is my indispensable Duty, and yours also.

Wife. The doing your Duty is none of my Grief.

Husb. My Dear, it is a double Grief to me, to hear you say the Reason of your Dislike is from my Error in the manner of introducing it; I had foreseen it, I would ha' made no Scruple to have laid down all my Authority, as you call it, *as a Master*, and ha' begged of you to let it be done.

Wife. Don't banter me; you would have asked my Leave to set up Family Worship! would you? what? if I had refus'd, would you ha' let it alone for that?

Husb. That is not a Question to be ask'd, I am sure you would not have refused; you could not have refused such a natural known Duty, and the Certainty of your free Consent was a very good Reason why I should omit the Ceremony; nay, if I had thought of it, I question whether I should have asked you; I rather should ha' thought I had obliged you in it, and should have offended in making it a Question whether you consented to it or no.

Wife. But the more ingenuous Truth of the two had been to ha' said, That if you had asked me, and I had refused to consent, yet that you would ha' done it against my Will, and therefore to avoid the Strife, you chose not to propose it; is not that the Case now?

Husb. My Dear, I own it is a Duty that I dare not omit; and tho' if I had thought that you expected it, I would have asked your Consent, yet I should have ask'd it upon a Presumption of your being ready to agree to it; and it would ha' been the greatest Affront to you in the World, to have suppos'd otherwise of you: We ought no more to ask one another's

other's leave to pray to G O D, than we ought to ask one another's Consent to eat or drink, rise up or sit down.

Wife. Well, you see, as I told you, I don't disturb you at it.

Husb. But if you knew how much that does disturb me, I believe you would consider of it.

Wife. I don't trouble myself about that, I assure you.

Husb. Well, my Dear, I remember, what I said to you before we were married at your Aunt's House upon this very Subject, *when I little thought you were in earnest*, but I'll perform it faithfully.

Wife. I remember nothing of it.

Husb. I told you, *if you would not let me pray with you, I would pray for you; and so I do heartily*, and I hope G O D will hear me at last; he has Ways to move your Heart, *tho' I cannot prevail*.

Wife. O, your Memory is very good, and that makes me remember something too that was said at the same time, *which I suppose you have forgot*.

Husb. What's that, my Dear?

Wife. Why, That I would have my Liberty, and would not be tied to your Formalities; but that I would go a Visiting when I pleased, *tho' it were when you were at your long Prayers; and that I would go to the Play, and to the Park, a Sundays too, if I pleased*.

Husb. My Dear, have not I given you as much Liberty as you have desired? Have I offered the least Restraint to you? I have not so much as used the Entreaties and Persuasions that I capitulated with you to have Liberty for.

Wife. But I can see well enough how you like it, and how ill you are pleased.

Husb. Nay, my Dear, I never promised you that I would like such things and be pleased with them; that's what you cannot say we agreed upon; nor I believe

believe you have so little Sense to expect *that I can like it*; but hitherto you have not had the least Trouble of a Complaint from me: I believe, and *heartily pray*, that GOD will in his own Time open your Eyes to see that you are in the wrong, and to restore you to me and your Friends, that we may yet have the Comfort of one another, and till that time, I bear all you think fit to do, with as much Patience as I can.

Wife. But still you are going on with your Family Government, and now you are for catechising your Children, as if I was not able to tell them *who made them* as well as you.

Husb. I never questioned your Ability, *my Dear.*

Wife. No, nor my Unwillingness *neither*, for you never asked me whether I had done it, or would do it, or not; what was this but exposing me to all the House, as if I was not fit to be trusted with teaching a little Child; but that you were fain to do it yourself?

Husb. Instructing our Children is the natural Work both of Father and Mother; and my talking to the Child in that Manner, no ways implies that you *do not* or *cannot*, or that I think so; in that your Inference is not just, *my Dear.*

Wife. I think it below you.

Husb. *My Dear*, how can you think that? When you said to me of your *own Father*, That if he had done it sooner by you, the fatal Breach among you had never happened?

Wife. That Case and this is not alike; I never refused or omitted it, what need you meddle with it?

Husb. Well, *my Dear*, so the Children be but early and rightly instructed, you and I will never differ about *who shall do it*; do but grant me this, That it ought to be done.

Wife. Yes, yes, it ought to be done to be sure.

Husb.

Husb. Then, my Dear, if you will allow me so much Plainness, I'll prove to you, that I have not done amiss, because it had not been done to this Child, and therefore it was my Duty to do it, you having thought fit to omit it.

Wife. How do you make that out, *that I have omitted it?*

Husb. You shall have unanswerable Evidence immediately for your Conviction. Come hither *Harry*, come hither, *my Dear*.

[*He calls the little Boy, and examines him.*]

Fa. Who made you, *my Dear?*

Child. GOD.

Fa. Who told you so?

Child. You did, *Pappa*.

Fa. When, *my Dear?*

Child. Just now, *Pappa*.

Fa. Did no Body ever tell you so before?

Child. No, *Pappa*.

Mo. Sirrah, did not I tell you so?

Child. No, *Mamma*.

Mo. Nor Nurse neither?

Child. No, *Mamma*.

Mo. You tell a Lye, Sirrah.

Child. No indeed, *Mamma*.

Husb. Nay, *my Dear*, Children and Fools you know, &c.

Wife. I am sure he tells an Untruth now.

Husb. Why, *my Dear*, do not be angry with the Child; for I ask'd him over and over, *who made him?* and he said, *he could not tell*; then I ask'd him, *if no Body ever told him?* He said, *No*; and if he had not answered me so, which a little surprized me, and troubled me too, I should not have committed this Invasion upon your Office.

Wife. Well, well, 'tis time enough to teach him all that, he is not three Years old.

Fa.

Fa. *My Dear*, I thank God it is yet early enough; but never let thee and I dispute about *whose Work it is to instruct our Children*; if we do our Duty, and instruct them well, it will find us both Work enough, as they grow up; we shall be glad to help one another, and not think it an Incroachment upon our Office.

Wife. But it is Nonsense to meddle with Children at three Years old, they will answer like Parrots, and say what they are bid; but they understood nothing of what they say.

Husb. With Submission, *my Dear*, that is a Mistake; an Awe and Sense of the Greatness and Majesty of God, and the Fear we ought to have of offending him, is capable of being received by a Child as soon as it can speak.

Wife. I do not see 'tis to any manner of Purpose.

Husb. *My Dear*, does he know you?

Wife. Yes, to be sure.

Husb. Does he know you have a Rod, and that he must not be a naughty Boy, and that if he does, he will make you angry, and you must correct him?

Wife. What's all that to the Purpose?

Husb. By the same Rule he is capable of receiving due Impressions of his Maker.

Wife. Not at all.

Husb. No doubt as soon as God has impowered his Soul to receive any Knowledge at all, it is our Duty to help him to receive some Knowledge of God: Besides, *my Dear*, you are not ignorant how soon a little Infant will be taught to sin, and I think we ought to study to be beforehand with the Devil; and lay a Foundation of Good in our Children, before he can get in, to lay a Foundation of Evil.

Wife. You are wiser than I *to be sure*, and therefore you thought fit to begin *as you suppose* before me; but *to be sure*, before you enquired of me, or consulted with me any thing about it.

Husb.

Husb. You are disposed to be angry, my Dear; my Comfort is, you have no Reason, and that I have done nothing but what I think my Duty, and *not even that*, with a Design to displease you.

Wife. You fancy yourself very obliging.

Husb. I would be always so to you, *my Dear*.

Wife. Mighty obliging indeed! In letting me go alone always; I suppose you are ashamed of your Wife; if you had, you should not have taken me, *I did not court you*.

Husb. *My Dear*, I never let you go alone, but to Places where I cannot agree to go to, such as the Play-house, and to my Lady ———'s, where, you know, the Company and the Gaming are things I ha' not been bred to, and cannot comply with.

Wife. What, your Conscience will not let you play a Game at Cards?

Husb. *My Dear*, suppose it would, *as to the simple Action*, yet I own it will not *as to the Circumstances*.

Wife. What Circumstances, I beseech you.

Husb. Why first, *I can employ my Time better*, and they that know the Value of Time, and the Haste we are all making to Eternity, will think themselves obliged to waste as little of their Time as they can, and think it their Duty always to employ it in the best manner they can possibly.

Wife. I think Time spent in good Company, is not mis-spent.

Husb. *My Dear*, when you come nearer the End of your Time, *you will think* otherwise.

Wife. That's more than you are sure of.

Husb. For your Sake, *my Dear*, I hope you will; *it will be a sad Day for you if you should not*, and for me too, if I should live to see it.

Wife. Well, That is but one of your Niceties, pray what are the rest?

Husb. Why, *my Dear*, it is true I have other Scruples; and *my second is this*; I am now a Father and a Master

Master of a Family, and have Servants, and Children growing up; I have Duties upon me now which were not my Duties before, and particularly Family Worship. Thirdly, I am obliged in Duty to set no evil Example either to Children or Servants; and on the contrary, to let my Conversation be in all things exemplary, that I may not have either my Servants or Children justify themselves in any Excesses by my Example.

Wife. What's all this to lawful Things, such as visiting a Friend, seeing a Play, or playing a Game at Cards? Those things that you speak of relate to unlawful Excesses only; such as Drunkenness, Lewdness, and such things as those.

Husb. Ay, and other things too; and those Circumstances make some things unlawful to me, which are not so in themselves; particularly, *my Dear*, you stay there at Cards till One or Two in the Morning; if I did so, I must neglect my Duty in my Family, and cause a Game at Cards to supersede the Worship of God; would not that Game at Cards be a Sin?

Wife. Yes, yes, I told you at Sir Anthony's, you must go home and say your Prayers.

Husb. That was not the kindest thing that ever you said to me in your Life, *my Dear*.

Wife. I shall always use you so, when you are so rude to me, to leave the Company.

Husb. Then I hope you will excuse me from going again, *my Dear*.

Wife. You may stay away if you please.

Husb. Indeed, *my Dear*, I must stay away, or offend you by coming away before you; for I cannot dispense with my Duty to God upon any Account whatsoever; I am very sorry you will not take that for a sufficient Excuse.

Wife. What need you make Excuses to me? any thing will serve to a Wife, you know.

Husb.

Husb. I am very loth to disoblige you, *my Dear*, and therefore I am giving you just Reasons for my Behaviour in every Part, that your own Judgment may oblige you to say you have no Cause to take it ill.

Wife. Other Husbands do not live so : Do you think any body, but me, have their Husbands go to the Playhouse Doors with them, and then run away, and leave them ?

Husb. Indeed, *my Dear*, I cannot comply with you in that Part ; and told you so before I married you : If you will excuse me going to the Door with you, I shall take it very kindly ; but as for going to the Plays, *as I said of Playing at Cards*, I can much better employ my Time.

Wife. Yes, yes, you can go home to your Prayers ; I wonder you don't make your Prayers an Excuse for going to Dinner.

Husb. *My Dear*, I'm sorry to hear you make a Jest and Scoff at *praying to God*. You never heard me make an Excuse for doing any thing that becomes me to do in my Life ; I am none of those that make a Shew or a Boast of my Duty ; I intreat you, upon what do you ground this Banter ? Did I ever tell you when I carried you to the Playhouse, that I must go home to my Prayers ? I tell you plainly, *and did so before we were married*, I go to no Plays ; but I never said, I did not, because I must go to my Prayers.

Wife. No, no, but your spending your Time better implies it ; for can you spend it better than in your Prayers ? And you say you are always to spend your Time as well as you can.

Husb. You talk to me of my Praying, *my Dear*, as if I were a mere Pharisee, and said my Prayers at the Corner of every Street.

Wife. You make more ado about 'em a great deal, I think, than you need.

Husb.

Husb. I make no boast of 'em, nor do you know any more of them than needful Family Worship requires; if I offered any such thing as Private Prayer with you, I fear you would but make a Mock of it.

Wife. No, no, not I; you may pray all Night and all Day too if you please; for you know you are to spend all your Time as well as you can.

Husb. My Dear, there are Duties in a Christian Life for every Part of Time; without letting 'em interfere one with another; and yet, my Dear, when you are at the Play, I don't know whether it might not be as proper a Time for me to pray, as at any Time, especially upon your Account.

Wife. Why then, I beseech you, more than at another Time?

Husb. For the same Reason that Job was offering Sacrifice for his Sons and Daughters, when they were making merry, (*viz.*) That they might not be led into Temptation.

Wife. I desire none of your Prayers.

Husb. For that Reason you have the more Occasion for them, my Dear, and I the more Reason to pray for you.

Wife. I had rather you would go to the Play with me.

Husb. I am sorry for the wretched Choice you make, and very sorry you make it impossible for me to oblige you: I had much rather you would put yourself in a Condition that I might, according to my own Inclination, deny you nothing.

Wife. You will have your own Way; you will be a worse Husband before you are a better.

Husb. I believe you will be a better Wife, before you are a worse.

Wife. You have too much Religion to be a kind Husband.

Husb. LORD! give you more Religion, my Dear, then you will be a kinder Wife.

Wife.

Wife. Don't trouble your Head to pray for me, I tell you, till I put up a Bill to you as they do at Church.

Husb. I shall always pray for you, *my Dear*.

Wife. You'll ha' no Thanks for it, your Labour is all lost.

Husb. I hope not, *my Dear*, but I entreat you let us have no more of this Kind of Discourse, you mix it with so much Prophaneness, as well as Unkindness, that it is very grievous, and very afflicting to me; I was in hopes never to have seen you come this Length.

Wife. What Length am I come?

Husb. I desire not to enter into Particulars, I fear you are laying in a great Stock for Repentance, and our Discourse does but increase it, therefore I forbear saying any more, for in multiplying Words there wanteth not Sin.

Wife. I desire to be used better, or I shall be a worse Wife.

Husb. You are disposed to be out of Temper at this Time, *my Dear*; I hope you will be of another Mind when you have considered of it, I'll leave you a while.

Wife. For as long as you please.

[*He withdraws, and goes up Stairs.*]

When her Husband was gone, and she had sate a while, and mused upon what she had done; her Passion began to abate, and Reason takes place again in her Soul; and first her Unkindness to her Husband began to shew itself to her; I believe, *says she to herself*, I have anger'd him heartily; well, it can't be help'd now, let him even take it how he will.

But a little further thinking brought her more to herself, and then her Affection to him stirred in her, she breaks out again; But *why should I treat him thus? He never was unkind to me in his Life, he has been the tenderest Husband that ever Woman had,*
and

and has taken me with Circumstances ill enough; I'll go and heal it all again, take him in my Arms, and speak kindly to him.

Away she goes to speak to him, but cannot find him; she enquires for him, the Servants say he is in his Closet; up she flies thither, but he was come down again, and was gone out; then looking out at the Window, she saw him at a Distance walking very melancholy in some Fields near the House all alone by himself: By this time she was entirely come to herself, and seeing him walk so solitary, it made her very uneasy; she sends a Servant to him, to tell him she desired to speak with him, and in hopes of his coming, she run out into the Garden to meet him, but the Boy brought her Word again he was gone, and he could not find him.

Now she began violently to reproach herself with her ill Usage of her Husband, and shutting herself into her Chamber, she reflected bitterly on herself.

What a Brute have I been, said she, to the best Husband that ever Woman had! That took me without a Farthing Portion, when I was turned out of Doors by my Father and Mother; that never said an unkind Thing to me in his Life; that, when I have lost 50l. at a time at Play, never said so much as, Why did you do so? or grudged parting with his Money! What barbarous Language have I given him! And how calmly and tenderly has he returned all along, without one unkind Word; sure I am the veriest Brute of a Wife that ever Man had! And don't deserve that ever he should have the least Value for me again. She stopt a while and wept vehemently, and then went on with her Exclamations upon herself thus:

Then, what have I quarrelled with him for! but for what all the Women in the Nation but I would value a Man for; (viz.) For his being sober and virtuous,

virtuous, and religious; and did ever a Fool talk to a Husband as I did, about his Family Orders! his praying to God! and the like; why, my own Conscience tells me, that he is in the right, and I am in the wrong, and tho' I mind nothing myself, I cannot but own he does well; sure I am the worst Creature alive! There are many Women and Men too, that have Religion little enough; but sure never any Woman abused a Husband for being better than herself before?

Here she burst out into Tears again, and still impatient, upon every little Noise she heard in the House, to know if her Husband was come home.

Her Husband had borne all her Taunts with the utmost Patience as above, and had not withdrawn at last, but that he found himself moved by her talking irreli- giously and prophanely; when fearing he should fly out in a Passion too, and so give her any indecent Language, as she did him, and which he thought himself obliged to avoid, he withdrew.

He was however not only surprized, but extremely afflicted at his Treatment; and not only at this as an Accident, but at the sad Prospect of what he was to expect from the Continuance of it; and that both as it respected the Conduct of herself abroad, which began to be publick; and also the Treatment he was to have from her at home.

However, as the best Remedy for the Disorder of his Passions, he went immediately into his Closet, and prayed earnestly to God for a patient submissive Frame in himself to all his Providences; that he might not lay any Stress upon the Instrument, but view the Meaning and Design of Sovereign Goodness in all those Things; not forget- ting at the same time to pray very sincerely for his Wife, That God would open her Eyes, convince her of her Sin, and bring her home to himself, by a true Repentance and Reformation.

This brought him to a perfect Composure of Mind; and after some Time spent thus, he went out, and

took a Walk in some Fields behind his House, where his Wife afterwards, *as is noted above*, discover'd him from her Chamber Window; but before the Messenger she sent came thither, he was gone, having walked into the City; and as he went, he accidentally met with his Wife's Father, and going to take a Glass of Wine together, the following Discourse happened between them.

Fa. Well, *Son*, I hear you are gone to House-keeping. I give you Joy of your Settlement, how does all your Family?

Son. We should do all much better, if we had your Blessing, Sir, and might have some of your Company.

Fa. Indeed, *Son*; you have my Blessing, and good Wishes very heartily, I have no other Reason.

Son. I thank you for it so far, Sir, but we are without it in a Family Way; which is what I long to have over; is there no Way, Sir, to obtain your Pardon?

Fa. GOD has not oblig'd us to pardon Offences that are never acknowledged, *Son*.

Son. Sir, your Daughter and I are *one* now, be pleased to accept my Acknowledgment for her; I do most freely own she has been in the Wrong in every Part, and I'll beg your Pardon for her on my Knees.

Fa. If you will say, *she desires you to do so*, I'll grant it at first Word, and abate you the Ceremony of Kneeling.

Son. I wish I could say so, Sir, *honestly*, but I dare not say so, unless it were true.

Fa. I know that very well, and therefore I put it upon your bare saying it.

Son. It is my Great Grief, That it is not so much so, as I would have it; but can you abate nothing, Sir?

Fa. Nay, *Son*, I'll leave it to you; is it meet I should come and say, *Daughter, I am in the Wrong, I ought not to ha' reformed my Family! or if I had, I ought*

ought not to ha' expected you or your Brother should have complied with it : And therefore you ha' been in the Right, and I am very sorry it has gone so far, pray come and see me ?

Son. No, Sir, I never so much as thought you were in the Wrong ; nor do I say but my Wife ought to come and acknowledge her Fault, and ask you Pardon, but she has had ill Advisers ; if I had Influence enough on her to prevail, she should neither eat or sleep, till she ask'd you Pardon in the humblest Manner possible.

Fa. For your Sake, Son, and to let you see how willing I am to heal a Family Breach ; if she will send one Word by you, That she acknowledges she has failed in her Duty, and desires me to be reconciled to her, I'll come to your House and see her To-morrow.

Son. It is my Grief, Sir, That I cannot promise for her, that she should comply with what is so reasonable, and so kind ; I acknowledge, Sir, you cannot ask less.

Fa. Nay, I do not expect it ; I know she won't do it ; did she not refuse so much as to see me, when she had no Reason but to think she was upon her Death-bed ?

Son. I am sorry to own to you, Sir, That I ha' not Interest enough in her to prevail it for what is so just, and so much her Duty ; it is my Affliction ; I did not think she would have stood out so long.

Fa. I do not expect it of you, Son ; I know her ; I wish you could prevail with her upon some other Accounts ; she manages herself very strangely, as I hear.

Son. I hope Time may shew her the Mistakes she commits ; they are not of any great Consequence, she will be wiser, Sir, with a little more Experience.

Fa. But in the mean time she ruins her Reputation, and may ruin your Estate ; for she goes so much abroad, she is very seldom at home ; and more than that, I hear she plays.

Son. I have no doubt at all of her Virtue ; tho' she may err in her Prudence, *Sir*, and that makes me say, I hope a little Time will rectify it all ; as to *Play*, she does not play *high*.

Fa. Why, *Son*, I hear she lost 50 *l.* at *Sir Anthony's* a few Nights ago. I wonder you will let her go there ; I forbid her that House when she was a Maid ; nay, her Brother, *give him his due*, blamed her for going there ; he is the rakishest Fellow in the Town, and his Sisters, whom she used to visit, are no better than they should be ; I would have you, for her sake as well as your own, persuade her against it.

Son. Alas, *Sir*, she is not to be persuaded by me to Things of less Consequence than that !

Fa. Then you must restrain her.

Son. That is a Task I am no way qualified for, any farther than the Violence of Entreaties and Persuasions will have an Effect.

Fa. Why then a Wife may ruin herself and you too ; I thought you had been fitter to make a Husband than that comes to ; why, it is not ill using a Wife, it is Love to her, to restrain her from ruining her own Reputation and your Estate ; do you think I would persuade you to use her ill ? tho' she has not behaved well to me, she is my Daughter ; and was once my best beloved Daughter ; nay, I love her very well still, and I would not have my Scores paid that Way.

Son. Truly, *Sir*, if that be required of a Husband, *I am not fit for a Husband* ; and as to ruining me, indeed, if my Wife will ruin me, *I may be ruin'd* ; for I can never frame my Temper to use any Violence or Restraint with her ; besides, her Temper is such, she would set all the House in a Flame, and expose herself to all the World.

Fa. Pray, what said she to you for losing 50 *l.* at *Play* ? I heard you paid it for her.

Son.

Son. No, Sir, I would not dishonour her so much; I gave it her immediately to pay for herself; she said of her own Accord, she was in the Wrong, and she would play no more: I wish she would lose 500*l.* tho' I paid it this very Night, so she might but be prevail'd with to leave it off.

Fa. I hear she behaves very ill to you at home, too.

Son. No, no, Sir, I do not complain of her, she would be a very good Wife to me, Sir, if I could persuade her to leave off keeping Company with two or three Families, and I hope in time she will be tired of them.

Fa. I cannot but be glad that I fairly told you all I feared of her, *before you had her*; you ha' nothing to blame me for.

Son. Sir, I blame no Body; she is a very good Wife.

Fa. Well, you are kind to her; but I blame her extremely, and it is a Grief to me, that any thing out of my Family should behave so: I am sensible how obliging you have carry'd it to her, *and do still*, and how tenderly you use her; and I wanted an Occasion to tell you, that tho' she has not Grace to make you a suitable Return for it, *I shall never forget it*, nor I hope forget to reward it.

Son. Sir, you lay too much Stress upon what is nothing but my Duty, and what she very well deserves; for, *give her her Due*, when she is not prejudic'd by her Passions, which are hasty, and which hurry her too violently after the Gaieties of the Town, and the Company which she is fond of, she is of the most engaging Temper in the World; and no Man that has any Sense or Affection can be unkind to her: I may have Faults on my Side, and I should think it hard she would not bear with them, and I see nothing in her but I can bear with, and wait patiently for the Return of her Temper; *nothing*

that afflicts me so much in her, as to see her so entirely empty of any thing that is religious, that she will hardly bear with our Family Orders, and the common Worship of GOD; but as that must be wrought by the immediate Hand of GOD, I hope still it will come in his due Time; she wants no Sense of Things, nor Knowledge of what is our natural Duty, either to GOD or one another.

Fa. Well, Son, you have more Hopes of her than I have, I assure you; I cannot but say if any thing on Earth can bring her to a Sense of her Duty, either to GOD or Man, it must be such a winning obliging Carriage as she receives from you; if that will not work on her, she must be the ungratefulest Creature on Earth; considering in what Circumstances you took her, and that you ha' had her three Years without having had a Penny with her.

Son. Sir, as I told her before I marry'd her, I would never ask any thing of you on that Account, till I had if possible brought her and you to be reconciled; so I have been as good as my Word, I am sure she has suffered no Inconvenience on that Account.

Fa. But I shall not be so unjust to you as to let you suffer on that Account; and therefore tho' I cannot receive her as a Daughter, yet I shall always value you, and treat you as a Son, nay as my own Son; and tho' for her I would not disburse a Shilling, yet I ha' resolved, and ha' wanted an Opportunity to tell you, That I will give you for your own sake, not for hers, as much as I would have given her, if she had never disoblig'd me; and if you are willing to have it settl'd on either or both your Children I will do it when you please.

Son. It is more, Sir, than I can ask, and therefore it shall be settl'd as you shall think fit; I hope my Wife will think herself oblig'd to thank you, Sir, as well as I.

Fa.

Fa. I do not expect or regard her Thanks, while she stands out against her Duty: The Submission I have insisted upon, is no Ceremony, I demand it not in respect to myself, but as a Debt due to the World, in acknowledgment of her Duty to GOD and her Parents; and as I had never withheld her Portion, but in expectation that, *some Time or other*, she would have comply'd, and ha' come to herself; so I make no Advantage of the Delay, but you shall have the Interest of it from the Day of her Marriage; and *as I say*, *this is done to oblige you*, and as an Acknowledgment of your extraordinary Behaviour to my Daughter, so you shall not take it ill that I desire her to take Notice, I will not now accept of her Submission, or be any ways concern'd with her, or for her, upon any Account whatsoever.

Son. Sir, as the Goodness you are pleas'd to express to me, is more than I have Merit to balance, or Reason to expect, so I beg you would not let your Kindness to me be clogg'd with any farther Severity to my Wife; for since our good or evil Being in this World, is inseparable, this would be laying a heavy Load on me, at the same time that you are obliging me in the highest Manner possible; nay, this would be an unspeakable Grief to me, since all the Prospect of Happiness, I have in this World, consists in the Hopes I have of one Day making up this wretched Breach, to the Comfort and Satisfaction of us all.

Fa. Well, however, you may deliver this as a Message to your Wife from me; only, noting for your own private Satisfaction, That I do not make this with the same unalterable Resolution, as I have the other.

Son. Then, Sir, I entreat you let me not be the Messenger of any thing to my Wife, that I know will grieve her.

Fa. If the Absence from her Father had been any Grief to her, she would ill ha' born it out so long; I cannot suppose it any Grief to her.

Son. But, Sir, I have many Reasons to believe it is a Grief to her; and many more to hope, that it will be much more a Grief to her than it is, when GOD shall be pleas'd to shew her, both the Sin of what is past, and what is her Duty for Time to come; which Time I earnestly pray for, and not without Hope; and, Sir, as I shall always make it my Endeavour to convince her, how much 'tis her Duty to acknowledge her Offence both to God and her Father, and humbly to ask Pardon of both; I beg you would not put a silencing Argument in her Mouth to answer my Entreaties and Persuasions with, by saying to me, *don't you know 'tis too late, and has not my Father said, if I do submit myself to him now, he will not accept me.* If God should say so at the same time, Sir, she would be undone; and the having you say so *on the one hand*, may tempt her to despair of God's Mercy *on the other*, and so make that Conviction which I hope shall be her Mercy, *whenever it comes*, be her Ruin.

[*The Father embraces him.*]

Fa. Dear Son, you are fitter to be a Father than I am; I am fully answer'd by your Arguments; nothing can be more engaging than the Affection you discover *for a Wife*, that I doubt never deserv'd it from you, and *I believe never will*; I will forbear the Message; say to her then whatever you will, and whatever GOD shall direct you, in order to bring her to her Duty; you give me some Hopes that God will be merciful to her, in that he has fixed such a Concern for her Good, in one so capable of being a prevailing Instrument with her; I pray God bless your Counsel, to her Good.

[*They part, and the young Gentleman goes home to his Wife.*]

His Wife had impatiently waited for his Return; her Passion was entirely over, and her Affection to her Husband acting now as violently the other Way: She had afflicted herself exceedingly at his not coming home;

home; infomuch, that her Grief put her very much out of Order, and she had thrown herself down upon a Couch in her Chamber; but had ordered her Servants not to fail to call her as soon as their Master came in.

As soon as he came in, *which was later than his usual Time*, and upon enquiring for his Wife, was told by the Servants, that she was very ill, he ran directly up Stairs into her Chamber before any Body could give her Notice of his being come; *but she* who listened too attentively to want a Messenger, heard him coming up Stairs, and rising hastily off the Couch, she ran to the Top of the Stairs to him, and taking him violently in her Arms, *My Dear!* says she, *forgive me, that I have ungratefully insulted, and basely provok'd the tenderest Husband, and the best Temper in the World.* Tears choaked her Words, and she could say no more, and having risen up and run cross the Room too hastily, the Violence of that Motion, and of her own Passions, overcame her, and she fainted.

He called out for Help, and the Servants immediately running in, she was carry'd back to her Chamber, and in some short time she came to herself again; but finding her Husband sitting by her, and very anxious for her, it renew'd her Grief, and made her for some time unable to express herself freely.

When she was entirely recovered, and fit to converse, she ordered the Servants to withdraw; and then with abundance of Tears she acknowledged to him how sensible she was, that she had used him ill; and that she had not behav'd herself as became her, in any Carriage to him; how afflicted she had been at his Absence so long, believing that she had exasperated him, and grieved him; and in short assured him, she would endeavour to make him amends by a quite different Behaviour to him all her Life after.

The Grief he had conceived at her Swooning away, and the Surprize of it, together with the Extreme of Joy he felt within himself at her declaring

her Resolutions of altering her Conduct, caus'd him to speak little to her, except what he thought proper to comfort her, till she pressed him by often repeating such Questions as these, *My Dear, do you forgive me? Are you not angry? Were you not very angry?* and the like; which made him, after some Pause, answer thus,

Husb. My Dear, I am not angry, nay, I was not angry; I never knew what it was to be angry with you; but I cannot say I was not grieved, and heartily afflicted; but you have abundantly made me amends, and much more than ever I desired of you, for I can allow of no Submissions and Subjections between you and me, but those of Love; but you will add to my Satisfaction more than you are aware of, or than I can express, if you will give me Leave to ask you one Question.

Wife. What is that, my Dear, I'll answer you any Question you can ask, as well as I can.

Husb. How long, my Dear, after I left you, was it before your Affections prevailed over your Passion; to work this blessed Change upon your Mind.

Wife. My Dear, you were not gone a Quarter of an Hour, before my Heart struck me, that I had been unkind to you; and I acknowledge that you had not deserved it at my Hands.

Husb. My Dear, I am satisfy'd, fully satisfy'd! The Work is of God, to his shall be the Glory, and I will take it for a blessed Token, that it shall not end here, for his Works are all perfect.

The Wife had no Guess at what he meant by this, and therefore made no Reply; but his Joy at her Answer proceeded from this, That he knew the Change was wrought in her that very Time, nay, as near as he could guess the very Moments that he, *as is noted before*, was earnestly praying to God, not only to give him Patience to bear the Affliction, but in his own Time to open her Eyes to her Duty, convince

vince her of her Sin, and bring her to a sincere Repentance; *vide Page 376*, and this was an unspeakable Comfort to him.

This affected him so much, that as soon as he could possibly leave his Wife, he retir'd to his Closet, and, with great Thankfulness and Joy, gave Praises to the Divine Goodness for this Beginning of Mercy, not forgetting earnestly to pray, That God would be pleased to carry on this Work, to a thorough Awakening the Conscience of his Wife, and bringing her to a sincere Repentance for her former Errors; in which how he was heard, and how effectually he was answer'd, will appear in the following Part of this Work.

The Father of this young Lady having, as is said above, been discoursing with her Husband some time; when they parted he went home, where he found a Letter directed to his Daughter, and which had come inclosed in one to him from his Son, who had gone abroad into the Army, as is noted already. This Letter he immediately sent away by a Servant to his Daughter, and it was brought to her just at that time when her Husband was withdrawn, as above, so that when he came back, he found his Wife all in Tears again; he began to comfort her, *thinking it was the Effect of the same thing which had affected her before*; but she undeceived him by shewing him a Letter, from her Brother, which was to this Purpose.

DEAR SISTER,

WHILE I had a Hand to write to you, I too seldom paid you the Respect, which my Affection and Duty to you required; and now I have neither a Hand to write, or a Heart to dictate: my last gave you an Account of my being wounded at the Siege of Doway, of which after some time I was cured; tho' I lay all the Winter sick at Lisle; now I am the miserablest Object in the World: I was taken Prisoner of War last Week, and am brought

to.

to this Place, having my right Arm broken by a Musket-Ball, and To-morrow it must be cut off: GOD is just, Sister. I cut off my Father's right Arm, as to his Family, when I broke from him by Violence and went Abroad against his Consent; now I lose my right Arm as a just Retaliation; I insulted my Father upon my having an Estate without him, now I must come a Begging to my Father for Bread, or perish in Misery; for my Estate is gone, and I am out of Commission: GOD is just, Sister! He is very just! I hope you have begged my Father's Pardon, and obtained his Blessing; tho' I may never live to do it. I have wrote to my Father for some Assistance, but have little Reason to expect it. Adieu.

Cambray, ———,
1709.

Your dying Brother.

The Grief of this surprizing Letter, and the Concern she had been in before, upon her Breach with her Husband, put her into such an Agony that she spoke not a Word, but incessantly grieved and wept; nor could the tenderest, most affectionate Expressions of her Husband, who never stir'd from her, procure a Word from her all that Evening; she went to Bed indeed, but got no Sleep that Night, and by the next Morning it had thrown her into a high Fever, which brought her to Death's Door, *as we call it*; and as it pleased GOD, that during the Violence of her Distemper, she retain'd the perfect Use of her Senses; so the Sense of her Danger awakened her to a Sense of her Duty, as will appear in the next Dialogue.

The End of the Third Dialogue.

T H E



T H E

FOURTH DIALOGUE.



THE last Dialogue gave an Account of the Accident which had thrown the young marry'd Lady into a dangerous Fever, and left her in a very weak Condition; her Husband, as he was a tender affectionate Relation, and was in the utmost Concern and Affliction for her, seeing a great deal of Danger of her Life; so, as he was also a serious Christian, he could not be without inexpressible Anxieties for her future State: He had been backward to speak to her of Death, or of any of the Perplexities which were upon him for her Condition, lest the Impression should be assistant to the Disease; yet he thought it was his indispensable Duty, not to be wanting to make her sensible of her Danger as to her Soul's Condition; and especially as to the Breach with her Father, which he always acknowledged was unjustifiable, and a great Sin in her both against God and her Father.

While he was sitting mournfully by her, and his Heart oppress'd with the Struggle he had between his Duty to tell her his Thoughts, and his Fear of injuring her Health by it; she put an End to his Trouble of that kind, by beginning with him *thus*;

Wife. My Dear, you see I am dying, but I cannot go out of the World without repeating my Acknowledgment to you, that I ha' not carried it to you as became me, or done either the Duty of a Wife, or a Christian, as to you in particular; especially your Kindness to me considered; and therefore I repeat
my

my asking you Pardon, *Forgive me, my Dear, and let me be assured, you do it freely, for this is not a Time to compliment me.*

Husb. My Dear, I have been backward to speak, because I would not oppress, and discourage thee; but I cannot deny, that I fear thy Danger is great: As for what troubles thy Mind about any Carriage to me, be as easy, as if we were not yet come together; I have not the least Regret or Resentments in my Heart about it: It is all to me as if it had never been done.

Wife. Then say you *forgive me*, you must say so; say you *forgive me, my Dear.*

Husb. If I did not say so plainly before, it was because I would not call it an Offence; but since you will have me call it so, *I do forgive* all that can be thought an Offence against me, with all the Freedom and Joy I am capable of: *The LORD forgive all our Offences against him.*

Wife. Then, *my Dear,* I am satisfied, and thankful; and if God spare me farther Life, I'll make thee full amends if it be in my Power; if not, *my Request is,* Let it answer all the Reproaches that shall be cast upon me after I am gone, by telling the whole World, that I acknowledged, and ask'd your Pardon.

Husb. My Dear, let it take up none of your Thoughts, Matters of greater Moment are before thee; if thy Life is in Danger, *as I fear,* I beg of thee, *my Dear,* look up to him that gives Life, and to whom *are the Issues of Life, and of Death.*

Wife. I have had a sad Prospect within! A guilty Soul, and a hardened Heart.

Husb. But *there is Forgiveness with him, that he may be feared; and he will take away the Heart of Stone, and give a Heart of Flesh.*

Wife. But it is very late to ask it now! *very late!* A Sick Bed is an ill Time to repent in! when the Body is burdened with the Force of a Disease, the Soul

Soul oppress'd with a fearful View of Eternity, and the Senses seldom free to act their Part.

Husb. My Dear, but tho' it be *very late*, it is never *too late*; powerful Grace is not restrained to Time, or limited by Circumstances; one relenting Thought, sincerely cast up to Heaven; one hearty Wish, one returning Sigh, can reach Heaven; be not afraid to cast thy Soul at his Feet, *whose Nature and Property is ever to have Mercy, and to forgive.*

Wife. I cannot say, That it is too late.

Husb. Remember then the Words of our blessed Saviour himself, *be not afraid, only believe: My Dear*, shall I desire the Minister to make thee a Visit, and pray with thee, it may be GOD may direct him to speak something to thy Comfort.

Wife. No, my Dear, those Prayers of thine, which I have wickedly and unkindly made my Jest, shall be now my only Comfort! and as GOD *is just*, in bringing me to want thy Prayers, which I too much slighted, so he *is good*, and may be pleased to do me good by the Means that I so wickedly contemned; that others may know the Duty of so near a Relation as Husband and Wife; and I may, *if I should live*, know how to value them for the future! *Will you pray with me, my Dear?*

Husb. As well as my Grief will permit me, *my Dear*, I will with all my Heart.

Upon her earnest Request her Husband prayed with her, and she seemed so affected with *the Confession of Sin*, which he made to be as it were the introductory Part of his Prayer, that from that time forward, he entertained great Hopes of her being a true Penitent.

He avoided being long, in respect of her Weakness; but as he was never from her, either Night or Day, she caused him to pray with her almost every two Hours, and sometimes would break out in short ejaculatory Prayers herself; in which he could perceive,

ceive, mingled with deep Humiliation and Confession, plain Appearances of her having more Hope of her future State, than before.

Her Husband encouraged by this, in one of his Prayers, making Confession of Sin, mention'd something of the Errors and Mistakes of Youth, which we are hurried into by the Violence of our Passions, and the violent Affection with which we entertain our Pleasures and Vanities; and then went on to a Confession of the Sin of rejecting the Counsel of our Instructors, and refusing to stoop to the just Reproofs of those, whom we are committed to by the Consequence of our Relation, or by our Dependence upon them; and whom it is our Duty to submit to; thus proceeding to point out, *tho' gently*, the Sin she had been guilty of in resisting the Admonitions of her Parents; imploring GOD's Pardon for it, and that her Eyes might be opened, to see and acknowledge it.

As soon as this Prayer was over, she turned herself towards him, *and reaching out her Hands to him*, she embraced him with as great Passion and Earnestness as her Strength would permit; *my Dear*, said she, I bless GOD for what he has put into thy Heart to say upon the Subject; I am convinced I have sinned greatly in that Matter of my Father; *I am convinc'd, I am convinc'd*, repeating the Words several times with very great Earnestness, and Abundance of Tears.

Her Husband told her he was very glad to hear her say so much; that it had lain much upon his Mind to mention it to her, *but that he was loth to grieve her*, but he hoped that as God had been pleased to make her sensible of the Evil of it, so he would, *as of old in the Case of the great Penitent David*, no sooner give her a Resolution to confess the Sin, but add the Comfort of his Pardon. *I said, I will confess my Transgression to the LORD, and thou forgavest the Iniquity of my Sin.*

She

She looked up with a kind of a Smile at these Words, and said, God will forgive me, *my Dear*, tho' my Father won't; at which her Husband said, *my Dear*, if God forgive us, it is not so much to us, if others do not; but I dare say, if thy *Father* heard thee, he would not wait for any farther Acknowledgment: Shall I let him know it, said her Husband, I know his Heart mourns for thee: *My Dear*, said she, I am in an ill Condition to ask him Forgiveness now, but *if he was here*, I would do it as well as I could, with all my Heart; and here her Tears again interrupting her she said no more.

Her Husband found it was not proper to say much more to her at that Time, her Distemper being violent, so he withdrew; secretly pleased to hear her speak with so much Earnestness and Concern about her Father; and immediately sent a Servant to her Father, with a Letter to tell him, he desired to see him in the Morning; and withal wrote some Account of the Occasion. The Father, tho' he took the News of her Illness very heavily, for he still loved her very tenderly; yet receiving this Part of the Account with great Satisfaction, came early in the Morning to the House, where his Son-in-law gave him an Account of all the Particulars of his Wife's Discourse.

But it was too late; for her Fever had increased upon her with so much Violence in the Night, that when her Father came into the Room, she was speechless; and to all outward Appearance, at the very Point of Death.

Her Husband, tho' passionately afflicted at so sad a Sight, yet willing to give her all the Consolation he could, spoke close to her Ear, that her Father was come, but she did not seem to take any Notice of it; he repeated it, adding, he was come to give her his Blessing, and assure her that he had forgiven all the Breach between them; at which Words she opened her Eyes, and look'd at her Father, but closed them
imme-

immediately, and remained speechless; *My Dear!* said her Husband, *give us a Sign if you understand us, would you have your Father forgive you?* At which she lifted up her Hand; and *pray for thee*, said her Husband? At which she lifted up her Hand again, and just opened her Eyes, *but could not speak.*

This was a melancholy Sight for two such near Relations to bear; nor did it afford any thing more, that serves to our present Purpose. The Father prayed by her Bedside, and gave God Thanks for any Appearances of Mercy to her Soul; and committing her into the Hands of her Redeemer, they retired, expecting her departing every Moment.

But Providence had otherwise determined it; for tho' she lay in that Condition two or three Days, yet it pleased God, *after that*, the Fever seemed to abate, and she came to her Speech again, and in a few Days more grew better, tho' so very weak, as made her Recovery be very slow.

Now a new Care and Anxiety seiz'd upon her Husband; who tho' truly joyful at the Hopes he had of his Wife's Recovery, which a few Days before there was no Room to expect; yet he could not but be fearful, lest her Convictions should wear off with a Sense of her Danger, *as is usual in the Case of Death-bed Repentance*; and that *the near Prospect of Death now disappearing*, her Love of Vanity and Pleasure should return with her Health; and therefore *like one that truly loved her Soul's Advantage, as well as her personal Welfare*; he began early to put her in mind of the Debt she owed to the Goodness of God; which seemed to be giving her a new Life: And to whom the Hours he should now bestow ought to be dedicated, as given for that Purpose: His often repeating these Things, gave Occasion to the following Discourse, which tho' it suffered several Intermissions from her Weakness, yet it being all to the same Purpose, will be very well read as one continued Dialogue: She began with her Husband

upon

upon the Occasion, as I have noted, of his often repeating his Cautions against forgetting, after her Recovery, the Sense of her State which she had upon her Mind when she was in Expectation of Death.

Wife. My Dear, says she, I see what you are afraid of; you fear I shall forget God's Goodness to me, as soon as I am recovered.

Husb. I hope, my Dear, you cannot forget neither what you are, or what you were.

Wife. But I see plainly you are anxious about it.

Husb. My Dear, do not take it ill; we are not ignorant of Satan's Devices: Our Adversary the Devil, like a roaring Lion, goes about seeking whom he may devour. We are all too subject to forget the Vows of our afflicted Condition; I am no otherwise afraid for thee, than as we are all apt to do so.

Wife. But has he not snatched me as a Brand out of the Fire? Zech. ii. 3.

Husb. It is very true, my Dear.

Wife. Has he not ransomed me from the Power of the Grave? Hos. xiii. 14.

Husb. He has, I hope, ransomed thy Soul too.

Wife. Has not my Soul been precious in his Sight? I Sam. xxvii. 21.

Husb. May God keep the Remembrance of it always upon thy Mind, my Dear.

Wife. I am assured he will do so.

She breaks out in an Extasy of Thankfulness, and repeats the 2d, 3d, and 4th Verses of the 103d Psalm, Bless the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits. Who forgiveth all thine Iniquities, who healeth all thy Diseases. Who redeemed thy Life from Destruction. Who crowneth thee with loving Kindnesses and tender Mercies.

Husb. Let me join, my Dear, said her Husband, Psalm lxxxvi. 2, 3, 4, 5. O thou my God, save thy Servant that trusteth in thee, be merciful unto me, O Lord, for I cry unto thee daily; for thou O Lord, art good,

good, and ready to forgive, and plenteous in Mercy to them that call upon thee.

Wife. Psalm lxxxviii. 9, 10. LORD, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched out my Hands unto thee; wilt thou shew Wonders to the Dead? Shall the Dead arise and praise thee?

Husb. My Dear, I will be an Echo to all thy Breathings of this Kind, Psalm xcii. 12. It is a good Thing to give Thanks unto the Lord; and to sing Praises to thy Name, O most High! to shew forth thy loving Kindness in the Morning, and thy Faithfulness every Night!

Wife. Psalm cii. 11, 24. I said, O my GOD, take me not away in the midst of my Days. My Days are like a Shadow that inclineth, and I am withered like Grass. Psalm cxvi. 1, 2, 3. I love the LORD, because he hath heard my Voice, and my Supplication; because he hath inclined his Ear unto me; therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.

Husb. The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that are bow'd down, he will fulfil the Desire of them that fear him: He also will hear their cry, and will save them. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him. To all them that call upon him in Truth.

They continued thus in this blessed Extasy of praising and giving Thanks to GOD for some time, every Day; and whenever he came into the Chamber to see her, he came always with some comforting Text of Scripture in his Mouth, which he had found out while he had been absent; and this way of Conversation between them lasted 'till she was thoroughly well; when being come down Stairs, and beginning to take upon her again the Affairs of her Family, after having been at Church to render more solemnly her Thanks to GOD in publick for her Recovery, she called her Husband to her, and began this short Discourse with him.

Wife. My Dear, Now GOD has been pleased to give me a new Life, and restore me to thee, and to

my Family: It is my part to testify my Thankfulness to his Goodness, by a new way of Living, and therefore I wish you would begin with a solemn giving Thanks in the Family, at your usual Time of Family Worship.

Husb. With all my Heart, *my Dear*.

Wife. You shall see, *my Dear*, I shall no more discountenance the Service and Worship of God in my Family, as I formerly did, to my Shame be it spoken.

Husb. Do not mention that any more, *my Dear*, I hope 'tis forgotten above! *He remembreth our Sins no more*, and it is meet it should be forgotten with me.

Wife. But I shall never forget to mention it with Shame and Reproaches upon myself, as long as I live! And therefore it is, that I desire to be now the first to promote and forward that blessed Work, which I was so much the Hindrance of before.

Husb. I rejoice, *my Dear*, at the Encouragement you will give to our doing the Duty of our Station; but the bare Performance of a Course of Worship, is the meanest Part of what is required: Our whole Lives must be squared according to those Rules which God has set us to walk by, that we may adorn the Profession we make of Religion, and *walk in the Commandments and Ordinances of God blameless*, Luke i. 6.

Wife. *My Dear*, I am not supposing that the Form of our Duty is the Substance of it, but as *it is true*, that there may be the outward Performance without the Heart; *it is as true*, that where the Heart is engaged, there will be no Omission of the outward Performance; and therefore I first thought myself obliged to give you this Assurance of my Willingness to comply with the outward Performance, and the rather, because of what is past.

Husb. *My Dear*, let us have no more Reflections on what is past between us, the Remembrance of it is, with great Satisfaction, buried with me.

Wife.

Wife. But, *my Dear*, you must allow me to look back with Regret, and keep it always in my View; I shall endeavour to remember you of it no otherwise, than by shewing you the Reverse of it in my future Behaviour.

Husb. That shall be a Remembrance that will issue only in Praises, and Thankfulness to God's infinite Goodness, and in an Increase, *if that be possible*, of my Affection to, and Delight in thee, while I live.

Wife. First then, *my Dear*, be satisfied and assured, I have entirely done with the Follies of my former Life; and that I shall throw away no more Time at the *Play-house*, or in Gaming; those Thieves of the Affections, and prodigal Wasters of Time; which Time I have learn'd to know the Value of, at the Appearance of Eternity, and hope I have now been furnished with Knowledge from Experience, how to employ it to better Advantage.

[*He embraces her with Tears of Joy running down his Cheeks.*]

Husb. God of his infinite Mercy support those Resolutions.

Wife. *My Dear*, why do you shew a Concern at it? Why those Tears?

Husb. They are Tears of Joy, *my Dear*; Tears proceeding from a Satisfaction otherwise inexpressible.

Wife. Are they not mingled with some Doubt, and proceeding from some Fear, that I shall break in again upon these Resolutions, as I have oftentimes done before, and as many People do after their Death-bed Astonishments are over.

Husb. No, *my Dear*, I hope God, in whose Strength you have made these Vows, will give you Grace and Strength to keep them.

Wife. *My Dear*, these Thoughts of mine are not digested into formal Vows and Protestations; Things which often being made in our own Strength, we are justly forsaken by the Divine Assistance in, and are left to break

break and fall from; relapsing with greater Violence into the very Sins, we in that manner abjure. But I find my Heart so fully convinced of the Folly and Vanity of these Diversions, the unsatisfying uninstrueting Pleasure of them; the Expence of those invaluable Moments in them, which at Death we would give Millions to retrieve, and the many other attending Snares, they are inseparable from; that I look on them with the utmost Detestation, and reproach myself with the greatest Admiration at the Influence which those Things had upon me.

Husb. My Dear, this is a greater Assurance to me of the Stability of thy Resolutions than a thousand formal Oaths and Vows against them; which, as you well observe, *being often made in our own Strength,* God is pleased, *for our Mortification,* to leave us to break; and which also the Devil never gives over soliciting us to forget and undervalue.

Wife. Well, *my Dear,* I hope I shall never alter my Sentiments of these Things; and you may, I hope, depend upon it, that neither the Practice itself, or the Company that used to make those things delightful to me, will ever be tolerable to me again.

Husb. My Dear, you must be civil to your Acquaintance.

Wife. Truly it will be with Difficulty, that I shall be so to *some of them*; and I shall miss no Occasion of wearing out the Acquaintance with them, especially that of Sir *Anthony* and my Lady *Lighthouse*.

Husb. I believe, *my Dear,* their Company can be little Diversion to you, I cannot think they ever really were; they have so little in them, I think it was impossible.

Wife. They have been Engines in the Hand of the Devil to do me Mischief, and to make me run a *dreadful Length* in my own Ruin, both Soul and Body.

Husb. It must be by mere Drollery and Mimick then; for they had neither of them any such thing as solid Wit, or agreeable Behaviour.

Wife.

Wife. It has been by that bewitching Thing called Gallantry and Honour, by which, *my Lady especially*, as it were, banter'd me out of a Sense of all Kind of Duty, either to GOD or Man; made me think it below me to regard relative Obligations, and ungenteeled to be bound by the Duties either of a Child to my Father, or of a Wife to my Husband.

Husb. She has done thee no Harm in the main, I hope.

Wife. She has employ'd me, *my Dear*, these five Years, in diligently laying up a vast Stock for Repentance, and making Work for Tears and Reproaches, as long as I live.

Husb. Those Things often end worse, *my Dear*, I fear they will end worse with them.

Wife. If the End is any thing with me but Ruin of Soul and Body, it must be the Effect of infinite Mercy, and the free Grace of GOD.

Husb. And is not that a blessed Fruit?

Wife. But in the mean time it is a Fountain of secret Regret, Self-Abhorrence, constant Reproaches, and Sighs that break the very Soul: This is *the Fruit* I have of *those Things whereof I am now ashamed*.

Husb. A blessed Fruit it is however, in the End, (*viz.*) *The peaceable Fruit of Righteousness, to the saving of the Soul.*

Wife. But what Mortification! What Regret! What Havock has it made in my Soul! Here I have been an undutiful Child! A Terror to my Relations! A Grief to my Father and Mother! The Ruin of my Brother!

Tears stop'd her Speech for a while, at the Mention of her Brother.

Husb. Do not mention that now, *my Dear*.

Wife. Not mention it! Yes, I must mention it! he is undone! And I was Partner with him in his Sin. Nay, I was worse than he! Why has GOD ruin'd him, and spared me: I was a Rebel to my Father,
I have

I have been a Traitor to thee, *my Dear*, and above all, a Forsaker of GOD, and a Despiser of Religion! and all that was good! And why am not I destroy'd, rather than my dear Brother?

Husb. But GOD that gives Repentance gives also Pardon! and blessed be GOD thou art now rejoicing in Hope!

Wife. Ay, *my Dear*, but what Work is here for Repentance, not towards GOD only, but to every one else! I have ask'd Forgiveness of thee, *my Dear*, and I ought to do it to my Brother, and of my Father, and they ought all to refuse me.

Husb. But I am sure we are all too glad of the Occasion to entertain such a Thought; where GOD is pleased to pardon, *who is Man*, that he should resent? I dare say thy Father *forgives thee freely*.

Wife. Well, whether he will or no, it is my Duty to acknowledge my Fault to him.

Husb. *My Dear*, thou hast done it already, and he is satisfy'd, he will be here to visit us to Night.

Wife. But that is not sufficient to me.

Husb. Here's thy Father come already.

Her Father knocks at the Door, and comes in, she runs to him, falls on her Knees, and cry'd, My dear Father! but fainted again, and could not speak a Word more, and continued so ill afterward, that she was obliged to be carry'd to Bed; which put the Family into a great Disorder, fearing the Return of her Distemper: After she had lain some Time, and was a little refresh'd, she desired her Father and Husband to come up into her Chamber: While she lay indisposed on her Bed, her Husband had related to her Father all the Discourse that had passed between them; which so affected her Father, that he could not bear giving her the Uneasiness of farther Confessions; and therefore when she sent for them up, the Father spoke to her Husband thus:

“ Son, I desire you will go up first, and tell her,
 “ *Word for Word*, what I say to you, as near as you
 “ can remember.

“ First, tell her you have related to me the Dis-
 “ course that has been between her and you, and
 “ that I am fully satisfy’d with, and rejoyce in the
 “ Acknowledgment she has made of her former Car-
 “ riage to me, and of her Design to acknowledge it
 “ farther: That I already think it more than enough;
 “ that as neither her Weakness *on the one hand*, can
 “ bear it; so neither can my Affection to her on the
 “ other hand bear any more Submissions: And
 “ therefore I will not come up to her, unless she will
 “ promise you not to speak one Word to me of it
 “ more; but only hear what I shall say to her, and
 “ so put an intire End to it.

Her Husband did so, and with much Difficulty pre-
 vailed with her to promise; upon which her Father
 being brought in, went to her, and *kiss’d her* as she lay,
 and praying earnestly in few Words to GOD to bless
 her, and continue his Goodness to her; he comforted
 her in the following manner:

“ *My dear Child*, said he, I have Acknowledg-
 “ ments enough, and am fully satisfy’d; my Joy and
 “ Comfort is, that GOD has given you a due and
 “ deep sense of your Offences *against him*, and I
 “ hope has pardoned you also; your Offence against
 “ me is nothing, but *as it was* a Sin against him, nor
 “ had I ever any other Resentment of it, but what
 “ my common Affection could have prevailed over;
 “ I rejoyce that God has given you Repentance, and
 “ I think it as much my Duty to forgive you now,
 “ as I thought before I was obliged *not to do it*, till
 “ you had acknowledged it; therefore I freely and
 “ heartily forgive you, as if you had never offended
 “ me; and I make but this one Condition of my
 “ Forgiveness, which I oblige you to comply with,
 “ (*viz.*) That you say not one Word more by way
 “ of

“ of asking Pardon ; for as you cannot bear to do it,
“ so neither can I bear to hear it.”

She kept her Word as to speaking, but Abundance of Tears testify'd how sensible she was of what her Father said to her ; and thus an intire Reconciliation was made of all that was past ; and she proved ever after, a sober, religious and shining Christian, a dutiful affectionate Daughter to her Parents, a tender and obliging Wife to her Husband, and a careful instructing Mother to her Children.

The tragical Part of this Story remains, and will make the Conclusion of this Work. The Subject is, the miserable wretched Case of the young Gentleman, the Brother to this Lady ; and who had gone abroad, as has been said, but was partly by his Wounds, Sickness, and Misfortune, but principally by his Vices and Extravagance, reduced to the last Extremity of Misery ; had wasted his Estate, sold his Commission, lost one of his Arms, and was brought to the Necessity of writing to his Father for Subsistence, and for Money to bring him over to *England* ; of which the Particulars will appear in the next Dialogue.

The End of the Fourth Dialogue.



THE FIFTH DIALOGUE.

IN the last Dialogue you have some Account of the Condition the young Gentleman formerly mentioned was reduced to, in a Letter to his Sister, dated from *Cambray*; where he was under Cure of his Wounds.

It seems his Extravagance had reduced him to the last Extremity, and having had his Arm cut off, and falling into a long Fit of Sicknefs after it; tho' he was exchanged by Virtue of the Cartel for Exchange of Prisoners, and so had his Freedom; yet he could not be removed, and was at last obliged to sell his Commission; after which, seeing himself reduced to great Extremities; and the utmost Misery, even of wanting Bread, being in his View, he wrote a second Letter to his Father, which being brought by a Person who gave a particular Account of his Condition, moved his Father to take Compassion of him, and relieve him.

His Letter to his Father was thus:

S I R,

A S I have little Reason to expect any Relief from you, so Duty ought to have moved me not to have given you the Affliction of knowing my Condition; perhaps, however, while you may be moved with my Disasters, it may be some Satisfaction to you to see, that he who went away without your Blessing, is brought to the Necessity of seeking to you for his Bread; if it be your Plea-

Pleasure, that I shall perish here, in Misery, and friendless, I am ready to submit to the Sentence from your Mouth, as a just Punishment; but if you have so much Concern for my Life, as to cause me to be brought over, that I may die in my native Country, the Bearer will acquaint you, how such undeserved Bounty will be received by, &c.

The tender compassionate Father, tho' he resented his Son's Treatment of him deeply enough, and steadily adhered to the Resolution of never receiving him into his Family, unless he acknowledged his first Crime, (*viz.*) of withstanding the Reformation of his Father's House; yet being by no means obliged by that Resolution, not to relieve him in Distress, or to let him starve in a strange Country, having enquired into the Particulars of his Circumstances, from the Gentleman who brought the Letter; and understanding by him that his Son was reduced to the utmost Distress, he immediately remitted Money over to a *Dutch Merchant at Lisle*, with Orders to give him present Subsistence, and to bring him from *Cambray* thither, in order to his being sent over to England; all which the said Merchant effectually perform'd, and the poor reduced Gentleman arrived at *London* soon after.

It was the very same Day of his Arrival, when he caused his Father to have Notice that he was coming to lay himself at his Door; but the Father, tho' he had relieved him, and designed to take care that he should not want; yet judging it needful to let him know that his Resentments had been very just, and that he was to be satisfy'd farther, with relation to Things past, before he could be restored to the State of an Eldest Son, if ever that was to be done at all; gave him the Mortification of signifying to him by a Messenger, that he was not to be admitted to see his Father, or to come into his House yet; but that he was to go to such a Place, not far off, where a Lodging was provided for him.

This afflicted him extremely; at first it threw him into a violent Passion, expostulating with the Messenger in such Words as these; What, has my Father brought me thus far, but to trample on my Misery, and to make his Resentment sink the deeper? Or has he brought me like a Criminal to the Place of Execution; thus, *as he may think*, to do Justice upon me! Why had he not suffered me to perish where I was, rather than come hither to die with the more Affliction and Reproach? The Messenger told him his Business was not to dispute with him, but to deliver his Message; that he had no farther Instructions; and so giving the Coachman Directions where to go, he told the poor Gentleman he would go before to receive him, and took his Leave.

The unhappy Gentleman bid the Coachman go on, and in a little time he found himself passing by his Father's Door; this struck him with an inexpressible Grief, even into an Agony of Shame, Anger, and Despair; when in that very Moment his Dream came into his Mind, which he had related to his Sister; and which we have set down in the first Dialogue of this *Part* (*viz.*) *how, that having his Arm shot off, and being relieved by his Father abroad, and brought over; tho' he came to his Father's Door, yet he would not take him in, but had order'd him to a Neighbour's House, &c.*

“ As soon as this revolved upon his Thoughts, it
 “ immediately quieted him, and he broke out into
 “ this Expression: *Well! Now I see that nothing*
 “ *befals us without the determinate Will of that So-*
 “ *vereign Power that guides and governs the whole*
 “ *World: This was so long ago represented to me*
 “ *in a Dream; how exactly is every Step of it come*
 “ *to pass upon me! God is just! And it is my Part*
 “ *to submit.*”

This

This quieted his Mind for some time, and he went on to the House which his Father had appointed him ; where he found the Servant, who, *as he had said*, went before ; who help'd him in ; for he was so weak he could hardly go ; and coming into a Chamber provided for him, *fetching a deep Sigh*, he threw himself on the Bed without speaking a Word, and in this Condition he remained all that Night, and Part of the next Day ; no body coming to him, but the People of the House, who were however directed to attend him and supply him with Necessaries.

In the Evening he heard a Coach stop at the Door ; and soon after a Lady coming up Stairs, who was brought up into his Chamber, and whom he presently knew to be his Sister ; she found him very weak, sitting in a Chair by the Fire, leaning his Head upon his Hand, and his Elbow on a Table that stood by him ; his Eyes fixed on the Ground ; his Countenance to the last degree dejected, pale and thin ; and, in short, as like a Spectre as any thing that was real Flesh and Blood could be supposed to be : As she came forward into the Room, he lifted up his Eyes, and said only this Word, *Sister !* And would have risen up, but had not Strength ; she designed to have embraced him, but when she saw him she was frightened and amazed, and sat down over against him at some Distance, being ready to swoon away : At first she could hardly be convinced it was really her Brother ; and when she was satisfy'd of that, the very seeing him in that Condition, struck her with such Grief, that she could not speak a Word to him for a great while. Being recovered a little, *My Dear Brother !* said she, and would have gone on, but she burst out into Tears ; however, these Transports, which the Surprise of seeing him in such a Condition might very well be supposed to work in so near a Relation, being a little over, they began to discourse a little together,

gether, and after the usual Questions concerning his Health, and the proper Remedies to be used to recover his Strength, *and the like*; the following Dialogue contains the Substance of their Discourse.

Sist. Dear Brother, but what makes you so dejected; and why have you lost your Courage so much at your Disaster? I hope, with taking Care of yourself, and proper Remedies being used, you may recover. But if your Spirits are sunk, you will fall under the Weight of your own Melancholy, and be lost without Remedy.

Bro. Dear Sister, not all my Disasters, not the Loss of my Arm, or the cruel Operations of the Surgeons, not the having wasted my Estate, not my being reduced to want Bread; not all that has befallen me, or that could befall me in the World, has ever been able to sink my Spirits, and cast me so low, as this Part of my Tragedy.

Sist. What Part, Brother?

Bro. Why, that my Father, who kindly relieved me when I wrote to him in my Distress; who order'd me to be brought home, *as I thought*, that according to my Request I might die in my Native Country; should instead of that common Compassion, which Nature dictates for Men in Misery, bring me hither *but just as they do Malefactors*, to die with the more Shame; and not suffering me to come within his Doors, should send me hither, *as it were*, to an Hospital, to be kept upon his Charity; like one, who altho' he would not have starved, he had relieved, not in Favour, but that he might die with the most exquisite Tortures of the Mind: This he could not but know such a thing would produce, and must produce in a Soul that had any Sense of Misery left.

Sist. You lay it too much to Heart, Brother; that is not my Father's Design.

Bro.

Bro. Yes, yes, that is the Design! Why else had he not ordered me to some Hospital, or Place of Retreat? Some Place where I need not have been a Spectacle to, and the Reproach of his Servants, and the Contempt of all my Acquaintance? But he shall have his full Satisfaction over me; and I will, *as I dream'd I had done*, cause myself to be carried to his Gate, that he may say he had the Pleasure to see his eldest Son die at his Door.

Sist. Your Grief permits you not to make a right Judgment of Things; I beg you will weigh the Circumstances of every Part, and you will find *my Father* has quite other Designs towards you.

Bro. It cannot be, Sister! For why this Triumph then over my Disasters? It is impossible!

Sist. You cannot think so hardly of my *Father*: You should rather conclude, that his bringing you so near him, is in order to restore you entirely, and a little Patience would give you Light into that Matter.

Bro. Has he so much as given me the least Intimation of it? On the contrary, has he not brought me to pass by his very Door, and sent his Messengers to command me to come no nearer to him, nor himself so much as vouchsafed to see me!

Sist. You should consider, *Brother*, the Terms on which you stand with my Father, with respect to your going away; and the Obligation he is under of expecting some Terms before you are restored.

Bro. I know what you mean, *Sister*; I could have made any Submissions, had he not brought me thus, *as it were upon a Stage*, to be a Spectacle to all People: And make a private Breach become publick, by a scandalous Penance: Now I can never do it, tho' I were much more convinced of the Crime than I am: It is impossible! No, I cannot do it! If I starve here!

Sist. Dear Brother, do not talk of that, you shall not starve: I have had too much Hand in your Miseries to suffer you to starve, tho' my Father would; but you will not find my Father inclines to any thing unkind. But, dear Brother, you are, I hope, too sensible of the Mistake we both committed, to be unwilling to give *my Father* that small Satisfaction he requires; which is but a bare Acknowledgment of having done amiss. I have done it with the greatest Sincerity, and with the greatest Peace and Satisfaction to myself in the World; *to tell you true*, I had really no true Peace or Satisfaction till I did do it.

Bro. Well, Sister, before I speak of that, let me observe to you, that your Words put me in mind of my old Dream again; which you cannot but remember, I told you of at my Aunt's, and it is fulfilled in every Part: For I am brought to my Father's very Door, and being refused Leave to come in, am sent hither to be kept as in an Hospital under Cure; and you only, just as I dreamed, are come to visit me, acknowledging you have submitted to my Father, and persuading me to do the same: God is just, *Sister!* God is just! And I have brought all this upon myself! But my Father is cruel, and tyrannizes over my Distress, and that I cannot bear.

Sist. Dear Brother, it is very wonderful, and I have often thought on that Dream, and of my Aunt's Prediction also, about the same time, (*viz.*) That you would be brought to want Bread, and to beg my Father to relieve you; tho' I was in hopes it would never have come to pass.

Bro. It is a Testimony that *nothing befalls us* without an invisible Hand; I acknowledge his Justice; but I cannot but think that my Father is very severe, and indeed very cruel.

Sist. That is, *because* you take the first Part of this Affair, without the subsequent, which is in his Design;

sign; and which I hope will make all end well still, if you can be persuaded to act with Temper and Patience.

Bro. That is upon Supposition, *I perceive*, that my Condition will oblige me to make the utmost Submissions, meerly for want of Subsistence, whether I am sensible of the Crime or no.

Sist. Dear Brother! I hope you are sensible of it; If such Judgments as you have met with, cannot make you sensible, nothing will! However, as all your Dream is not come to pass, I shall fulfil the rest, by which, besides my Respect to you, that Excuse shall be taken away, (*viz.*) That you are necessitated to make Submissions for Bread; I hope you will do it from a meer Sense of the Sin, and of God's Anger and Justice, as well as of your Father's Displeasure: And that you may not be in a Necessity of doing it otherwise; take that Part of your Dream too, for your present Comfort, you dream'd I brought you some Money.

[*She puts a Purse of Gold into his Hand.*]

Bro. Dear Sister, you are too kind; but I am past this kind of Consolation.

Sist. As you are reduced to want Necessaries, you cannot be past receiving some Satisfaction from a Supply.

Bro. If *with my Estate* I had lost all Sense of Honour, were grown as low-spirited as I am low-circumstanced, I might cringe and stoop as a Beggar at a Door; but if my Father seeks to suppress the Soul, by the Afflictions of the Body, as it is more than cruel *in him*, so it is insupportable to me, and I must deliver myself, *Sister*.

Sist. If you had not at first disobliged him to the highest Degree, you would have had Reason in what you say; but if what my Father expects now be no more than he expected, when you were in your best
Cir-

Circumstances, no more than he made the Condition of your Return, by receiving the Assurance of its being the Consequence of your going away, and that even before you went; and above all, if it be *no more* than as a Parent and a Master of a Family, he was obliged to do, to preserve that Authority which you and I unhappily oppos'd, then you cannot call his carrying it thus to you now, an imposing upon you, or insulting your Misery; *I know* it is not in his Nature to do so; if it had, *Brother*, why did he answer your Letters, send you Relief, be at the Expence of bringing you over, and providing for you here; has not this Pity saved your Life?

Bro. But is not this Way of giving Life worse than Death? I know how to deliver myself; he that dares die, knows how to revenge himself of all the World.

Sist. That is talking more like a Soldier, *Brother*, than a Christian: Nay, according to the Notions of Philosophy, which you and I used to talk of, it is talking like a Coward, not like a Man of Courage; since what they call *true Courage*, consists in sustaining the Mind, under the most pressing Afflictions, and *passive Valour* is the greatest Extreme of true Magnanimity; whereas he that destroys himself is a Coward, and dies for fear of the Bitterness of Life.

Bro. There are some Circumstances which may overcome even human Nature itself; and among these, to be insulted in Distress, is the most insupportable: I could die by Torture with much more Ease.

Sist. But, *dear Brother*, you put the falsest Constructions imaginable upon your present Circumstances: My Father has put no Insult upon you, and means you none: You know the just Engagements he is under bind him to what he does.

Bro. Is it no Insult, *Sister*, to bring me to his own Door, and then send a Servant to tell me, I must not be taken in, but go to such a Place?

Sist. Had there been nothing between you before, that makes that Proceeding reasonable, it might have been thought hard; but you cannot but own *my Father* has been provok'd.

Bro. You were of another Mind *once*, *Sister*.

Sist. Dear Brother, I acknowledge with the greatest Affliction imaginable, that I was doubly unhappy in being so; that I was too much the wicked Instrument to encourage you in that Course, which has reduced you to this Misery; and it has cost me more Tears than you can imagine, to think that I that loved you so dearly, should have so much Hand in your Ruin.

Bro. It has cost me more Blood than it has cost you Tears.

Sist. That may be true too, but my Repentance has been severe enough.

Bro. And pray how has it issu'd? I wish you would give me the short History, that I may judge how to regulate my Conduct by yours.

Sist. I was your unhappy Pattern before, *I pray GOD extend the same Grace to you now*, that as we sinned together, we may be Witnesses together of our Repentance. My Case is thus;

[*Here she relates to him all her own Story, from her Marriage to her Reconciliation with her Father, as related in the Dialogues foregoing.*]

Bro. Your Story is very remarkable! Indeed your Husband's Conduct must be admired: But, dear *Sister*, my Father did not deal with you, as he does with me; if he had, it would have fir'd your Spirits, and

and filled you with Indignation, rather than have engag'd you to an Acknowledgment.

Sist. You misconstrue my Father's Intentions extremely.

Bro. What Misconstruction can it be? Am I not here? Was I not brought to his Door? Was I not shut out, and turned here, after five Years Absence? Has my Father or Mother, or any of the Family come, or so much as sent a Servant to see me?

Sist. Dear Brother, do not let your Passions be your Temptations: *I am come to see you.*

Bro. You are like yourself, kind, and good! But what's this to them?

Sist. Are you supposing then, Brother, that I came without my Father's Knowledge? No, Brother, I came to discourse with you, that you may be easy, and that my Father may have Room to act what his own compassionate Inclinations move him to: And to receive you with the same Freedom and Affection that he did me.

Bro. Then I am not to treat with you now, as my Sister, but as an Ambassador, or a Mediator.

Sist. I intreat you, dear Brother, let us be serious: It is for your Life.

Bro. My Life! alas! that is not worth a Treaty; I wish, as it is in my Power to give it, it were in his to take it; you should see, I would die like his Son, but scorn to be fed by his Charity.

Sist. But, Brother, I am not treating with you on the Subject of Charity: I will protect you myself from the Need of any one's Charity; but as the Foundation of this Breach was wrong, and as I hope you are now convinc'd of it, as well as I am; I would fain persuade you to a dutiful Accommodation with my Father, who is ready to abate you the Ceremony, if he can but have the Reality of such a Repentance, as God and your Duty calls for: And that you may do

do this freely, and not under Pretence of being reduced to it by your Circumstances, I brought you the Relief you have, nor shall you be suffer'd to want, let it go how it will.

Bro. What would you have me do?

Sist. Your own Sense will dictate that to you.

Bro. I acknowledge I am very sorry I have given him Offence, and especially that I went away without his Leave; methinks what I suffer'd for that Crime should be enough.

Sist. You may be sure I shall relate this with all the Advantage I can to my Father, but the Matter itself is so plain, the Message you might send would as plainly put an End to it.

Bro. What plainer can I say.

Sist. Nay, *Brother*, you do not want me to dictate.

Bro. You would have me say, I acknowledge I gave him just Cause for all he did; that I acted very wickedly in opposing him in his Family Orders; and that I beg Pardon of him, and so fall down on my Knees, &c. Dear Sister, if I should, I am such a Cripple, I cannot get up again.

Sist. Dear *Brother*, I am sorry to see how it is with you; I see plainly it is not in your Heart; and all that is in Appearance, will be but from the Lip outward, what can I do!

Bro. I could have made any Submissions, if he had not brought me hither, to do it in this Manner; but Death I think would be a much easier Potion to me now.

Sist. It is in vain for you and I to dispute it, *Brother*; tell me then what shall I say for you, or what shall I do for you?

Bro. Say as above, which is the Truth, that I regret so much the Usage of me at last; that I have nothing left to do, but to satisfy my Father that I will be as short a Burthen to him as possible.

Sist.

Sist. Dear Brother, I cannot carry such a Message; consider of something fit for me to say, and do not provoke him at last, when you are just casting yourself upon him.

Bro. Tell him then, what your kindest Thoughts to me can suggest; only not omitting to let him know, that the Repulse I have met with here, is greater to me than all that has befallen me; that I was prepared to have ask'd him Pardon, and in general I will do so still; but that this has put me past all Temper; tell him just so, and let it issue as it will.

Sist. It is an uncomfortable Message for me to carry; but I must do as you bid me.

Bro. I cannot say less, without feigning a Temper, which if I should see my Father, I cannot make good, or act over again; for I cannot counterfeit; and if I say more, you will not be willing to carry the Message; therefore let it go so, come of it what will.

Sist. If I decline carrying any Message, it is for your sake, that I may not injure your Interest with my Father, and for no other Reason.

Bro. I know it, Sister, and understand it also; I hope you do not take amiss what I said.

Sist. Not at all; I am only grieved that I do not see a Prospect of doing you all the Good I would do.

Bro. I am such an Object now, that I do not see what Condition to desire, Sister: Had my Father received me kindly, I should not have behaved unworthily of him, though in so ill a Condition; but this Indignity has placed me so far below any thing of a Son, that I shall be the Contempt of his Servants if I should come in.

Sist. What then shall I ask of him?

Bro. Nothing Sister, nothing at all: Let him do just as he pleases.

Sist. Dear Brother, you act just the desperate Part now, where will it end?

Bro.

Bro. In the Grave, *Sister*; there I would have it end.

Sist. I am sorry to see you so obstinate in your own Ruin, however I'll do as well as I can for you.

She leaves him in this Humour, not being able to obtain any thing of him; and goes directly to her Father, who was waiting impatiently to hear what his Son had said to her, being himself dispos'd to have treated him with the utmost Kindness and Tenderneſs. As soon as he ſaw her, he began thus;

Fa. Well, Child, have you ſeen your Brother?

Dau. Yes, Sir, I have ſeen a miſerable Object, I am glad you did not ſee him at firſt!

Fa. Why ſo?

Dau. I believe it would break your Heart to ſee him; he is lame with a Wound in his Knee, one Arm cut off, thin and lean as one dying of a Conſumption: He looks pale and melancholy, and indeed is to the laſt Degree dejected and diſconſolate: And withal, he is mean and ſhabby in Cloaths; I never ſaw ſuch an Object!

Fa. But what Temper is he in?

Dau. An Accident has diſorder'd him, otherwiſe he is as he uſ'd to be.

Fa. What Accident?

Dau. *Why*, the Servant you ſent, ſurpriz'd him, with telling him too haſtily, that you had ordered him to a Lodging, and not to bring him home: And then to increaſe it, the Coach very unhappily drove by the Door here; and it grieved him ſo much, to ſee himſelf brought to his Father's Door, and could not have Leave to come in, that he fell into a violent Paſſion, the People ſay, he raged ſo much all Night, though they knew not at what, that they were afraid he would deſtroy himſelf; and he lays it ſo to Heart ſtill, that it grieves me, I know not what to do for him.

[*She weeps.*

Fa.

Fa. I heard indeed that he flew out into a Passion. The Fellow was a Fool to deliver his Message insolently, and also to bring him by the Door; there was no need of it; but as for not coming in, he knew my Terms of his Return, and I know that he expected no other before he came over; but he might easily think my bringing him hither, was in order to receive him kindly, and make his Submissions as cheap to him as I could.

Dau. He would have scrupled no Submissions I believe, if this had not happened.

Fa. But he does now, it seems.

Dau. No really, he bids me say to you, that he is very sorry he has given you Offence, and especially that he went away without your Leave, and that he will ask your Pardon with all his Heart.

Fa. But, *Child*, does he come to the main Point; will he acknowledge his Sin against God and his Father, in resisting the just Measures taken for the Reformation of our Family, and his leaving the House upon that Account. For which I solemnly declared to him, *That if he went away upon that Score, he should never return, but as a Penitent.*

Dau. I hope, Sir, you will construe his asking you Pardon in general to contain all that.

Fa. Why, should I construe it *Child*, a Way that he does not declare it to be understood? For I have had some Information already, that he resolves the contrary.

Dau. I am in hopes, Sir, he will not declare that, and I hope you will let his Condition plead a little for him; Misery disorders our Tempers, as well as our Body.

Fath. But if his Misery will not allow him to make so just an Acknowledgment, nor he will not free me from the Engagements which he knows I am under; if he refuses to come in, it is not I that shut him out;

out; it is a sad Sign, if so much Suffering has not reach'd his Heart, to convince him of his Sin!

Dau. Perhaps he may be better, *Sir*, when his Concern at this Accident is a little over; I am loth to afflict him, for he is so weak, I fear disturbing him may kill him.

Fa. I could find in my Heart to go to him myself.

Dau. I cannot say, *Sir*, whether it may be better or worse; if he be in Temper, it must needs be to his Advantage, to have you see him; but if his Disturbance at this Affair is not over, though he be so low reduced, I fear his obstinate Temper.

Fa. What, does he think that I take Occasion from his Misery, to force him to a Submission?

Dau. I cannot say but *something of that* is upon his Mind.

Fa. Come then, I have a Thought of an Expedient to remove his Resentment; for I will not leave him the least Room to complain of me, nor indeed do I desire, or value a forced Submission; if God has not wrought a Change upon him by his Afflictions, it is not my forcing him that will do any good: If he makes any Acknowledgments from the Power of his present Necessities, they will be but hypocritical and insincere; and such a kind of Penitence as will not be acceptable to God, I am sure will be very unsatisfying to me.

Dau. That's very true, *Sir*.

Fa. I'll tell you what you shall do; go back to him, and tell him, I had no Design to put any Affront upon him, or to oppress him in his Affliction at all; and if my Servant behaved ill to him, it was without my Order.

Dau. That will be a great Comfort to him, I dare say.

Fa. Then tell him, he knows the Reason why I cannot

cannot agree to take him home, which Reason it is in his Power to remove when he pleases. Tell him, that when he thinks fit to remove it effectually, he shall be receiv'd with as much Affection and Kindness as he can expect, but that it is below me to take Advantage of his Misery to oblige him to that Submission, though I have good Reason to do so: And that therefore I allow him to remove whither he pleases to go for his Accommodation; and I will allow him 50*l.* a Year for his Subsistence; and there's 10*l.* for him, for his present Supply: Thus he is left intirely free, either to comply with his Father, or not to comply with him, as GOD shall please to influence his Mind; he can complain of no Force or ill Usage on my Side.

Dau. Indeed, Sir, I must acknowledge for him, it is more than he can expect! I'll carry him the News, and remove him this very Night, for he will break his Heart if he stays there; he reckons that he is only sent into an Hospital: *But whither shall I remove him!*

Fa. Wherever he will go.

Dau. Are you pleased, Sir, that I shall carry him home to my House.

Fa. I will direct nothing in that.

[*She goes away to return to her Brother, and coming up to him, finds him on the Bed.*]

Sist. Brother! What, are you not well?

Bro. Never worse, Body and Mind.

Sist. Come, will you get up?

Bro. I cannot without Help, I am an Emblem of Mankind: *They can fall when they will, but cannot rise without Help.*

Sist.

Sist. Come, I'll help you up: Alas! you are no heavier than a little Child.

[*She lifts him up.*]

Bro. Well, have you seen my Father?

Sist. Dear Brother, We have such a Father as no Children in the World but us could ever offend.

Bro. Why, what does he say?

Sist. He is very angry with his Servant for treating you so rudely, and bringing you up to the Door, and has turned him out of Doors for it: He says he ordered no such thing, and that you may not lay any thing of that to Heart, he has given me leave to carry you away from hence, where I will; or, *in short*, given you leave to remove to any Part of the Town, where you please.

Bro. Sister, I am willing enough to construe every Thing my Father does in the best Sense; but you mistake me, the Servant did not behave rudely, nor was it his Fault that I was brought up to the Door, the Servant only did his Message: It was the Nature of the Message, not the Manner of it, that was my Surprise, and for the rest it was only casual or providential: The Way I know lay by my Father's Door, and the Coachman, who knew nothing of it, drove that Way of Course. But it is the Matter of the Message, the sending me hither as to an Hospital, to be kept in Sight of his House, and not admitted till I had performed *so* and *so*.

Sist. Well, Brother, however, my Father says you quite mistake him: He says he should have been very glad your own Inclinations had led you to give him the Satisfaction which he thinks is your Debt, and which you know he cannot go from; that he hoped you had been convinc'd by the Hand
of

of God upon you, both of your past Sin, and your present Duty; but that he scorns to put any Force upon you, or to press you by the Violence of your Necessities to comply with him, it must be God's Work, or it can be no Satisfaction to him, and therefore he leaves you to your Liberty.

Bro. What does my Father call Liberty, Sister? He leaves me to my Liberty; that is, either to submit, or starve; come on my Knees to him, or beg: Is this leaving me to my Liberty?

Sist. Dear Brother, see now how your Passions and Impatience misguide you; my Father is none of those Tyrants; he says he hopes God may still open your Eyes, that Repentance is God's Gift, it is not in his Power to force it; that however you refuse or decline your Duty to him, he will do his Duty to you, and leave the Issue to Time: To this Purpose he will allow you 50*l.* a Year for your handsome Subsistence, and has sent you 10*l.* for your present Supply; and as you know the Conditions of Reconciliation to your Father, he says you have the Keys of his Door, and the Key of his Affections too, in your own Pocket; you may come in when you please.

Bro. Did my Father say all this?

Sist. Yes indeed; and if I had not prevented him, I believe he would have come and told you so himself.

Bro. Why did you hinder him?

Sist. Why, Brother, I was afraid of your Passions, lest by too warm Expressions, you should do yourself a Prejudice, and lessen that affectionate Concern he has for you; I know the different Influence of Words, as they are well or ill placed.

Bro. I am easily overcome by Kindness, never by Violence.

Sist. Will you not allow your Father the same Effect of Flesh and Blood?

Bro. Had my Father come hither in that Temper, and said those Words you say from him, I should have thrown myself at his Feet with more Submission than he can expect.

Sist. Then I am sorry I hinder'd him; I'll go and fetch him still.

Bro. No, do not do that, I cannot promise for myself at second Hand.

Sist. O Brother! You have not a Sense of the Crime, tho' you have some Sense of the Kindness. I hope still Time may open your Eyes; for the present, I would be glad to recover your Spirits, and cheer your Thoughts a little, that you may consider Things with more Composure: Will you tell me what Course you will take?

Bro. Any Course you shall direct, only to remove me from this Place.

Sist. I doubt not it grieves you to look out of the back Window, and see your Father's Garden Gate.

Bro. Many other Things make this Place hateful to me.

Sist. Come, you shall go home with me to my House; I am sure my Dear will make you very welcome.

She takes him home in her Coach, where she us'd him with all the Kindness and Tenderness in the World, but could never bring him to any Sense of his Duty to God, or his Father; after some Time, having still his Allowance from his Father, he grew melancholy and disturb'd, and offer'd two or three Times to destroy himself; but being recover'd from that, he remov'd from his Sister's, and God having not pleas'd to grant him either the Grace of Repentance for his former Sins, or to prevent future, he fell

fell into an extravagant Life, ill Company and drinking, and dy'd in a miserable Condition, Atheistical and Impenitent; having never seen his Father, nor so much as desiring it, till on his Death-bed, being delirious, he cry'd out for *his Father! his Father!* That he had abus'd his Father; and begg'd to see his Father, that he might ask him Forgiveness: But he dy'd before his Father, who happened to be in the Country, could be sent for.

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